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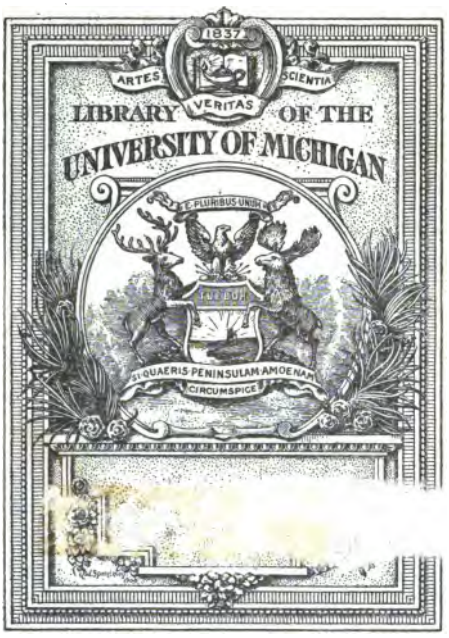
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

45-49 f

AUTHOR

OF THE

NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

REVISED AND CORRECTED BY HIMSELF.

VOL. II.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

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M.DCC.XCII.

9-16-29. EHW.

THE

REVENGE:

A

TRAGEDY.

ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE,

1719.

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Manet alta mente repostum. VIRG.

PROLOGUE,

BY A FRIEND.

OFT has the buſkin'd Muſe, with action mean,
Debas'd the glory of the Tragic ſcene;
While puny villains, dreſs'd in purple pride,
With crimes obſcene the heaven-born rage bely'd.
To her belongs to mourn the Hero's fate,
To trace the errors of the Wiſe and Great;
To mark th' exceſs of paſſions too refin'd,
And paint the tumults of a God-like mind;
Where, mix'd with rage, exalted thoughts combine,
And darkeſt deeds with beauteous colours ſhine.
Such lights and ſhades in a well-mingled draught,
By curious touch of artful pencil wrought,
With ſoft deceit amuſe the doubtful eye,
Pleas'd with the conflict of the various dye.
Thus, thro' the following ſcenes, with ſweet ſurprize,
Virtue and guilt in dread confuſion riſe;
And Love and Hate, at once, and Grief and Joy,
Pity and Rage, their mingled force employ.
Here the ſoft Virgin ſees, with ſecret ſhame,
Her charms excell'd by friendſhip's purer flame;

Forc'd,

PROLOGUE.

Forc'd, with reluctant virtue, to approve
The generous Hero, who rejects her love.
Behold him there with gloomy paſſions ſtain'd,
A wife ſuſpected, and an injur'd friend;
Yet ſuch the toil where innocence is caught,
That raſh ſuſpicion ſeems without a fault.
We dread a while, leſt beauty ſhould ſucceed,
And almoſt wiſh e'en virtue's ſelf may bleed.
Mark well the black Revenge, the cruel Guile,
The traitor-fiend trampling the lovely ſpoil,
Of Beauty, Truth, and Innocence oppreſs'd;
Then let the rage of furies fire your breaſt.
Yet may his mighty wrongs, his juſt diſdain,
His bleeding country, his lov'd father ſlain,
His martial pride, your admiration raiſe,
And crown him with involuntary praiſe.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Don ALONZO, the *Spaniſh* General,	Mr. BOOTH.
Don CARLOS, his Friend,	Mr. WILKS.
Don ALVAREZ, a Courtier,	Mr. THURMOND.
Don MANUEL, Attendant of Don CARLOS,	Mr. WILLIAMS.
ZANGA, a Captive *Moor*,	Mr. MILLS.

WOMEN.

LEONORA, ALVAREZ's Daughter,	Mrs. PORTER,
ISABELLA, the *Moor*'s Miſtreſs,	Mrs. HORTON.

SCENE, *SPAIN.*

THE

THE REVENGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter ZANGA.

ZANGA.

WHETHER firſt nature, or long want of peace,
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;
But horrors now are not diſpleaſing to me;
I like this rocking of the battlements.
Rage on, ye winds; burſt, clouds, and waters roar!
You bear a juſt reſemblance of my fortune,
And ſuit the gloomy habit of my ſoul.

[*Enter* Iſabella.

Who's there? My love!

ISABELLA.

Why have you left my bed?
Your abſence more affrights me than the ſtorm.

ZANGA.

The dead alone, in ſuch a night can reſt;
And I indulge my meditation here.
Woman, away: I chooſe to be alone.

ISABELLA.

I know you do, and therefore will not leave you;
Excuſe me, *Zanga*, therefore dare not leave you.
Is this a night for walks of contemplation?
Something unuſual hangs upon your heart,
And I will know it; by our loves, I will.
To you I ſacrific'd my virgin fame;
Aſk I too much to ſhare in your diſtreſs?

ZANGA.

In tears? Thou fool! Then hear me, and be plung'd
In hell's abyſs, if ever it eſcape thee.
To ſtrike thee with aſtoniſhment at once,
I hate *Alonzo*. Firſt recover that,
And then thou ſhalt hear farther.

ISABELLA.

Hate *Alonzo!*
I own, I thought *Alonzo* moſt your friend;
And that he loſt the maſter in that name.

ZANGA.

Hear then: 'Tis twice three years ſince that great man
(Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me)
Made me the captive of his arm in fight:
He ſlew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
While I, with pious rage, purſu'd revenge:
I then was young; he plac'd me near his perſon,
And thought me not diſhonour'd by his ſervice.
One day (may that returning day be night,
The ſtain, the curſe of each ſucceeding year!)
For ſomething, or for nothing, in his pride
He ſtruck me; (While I tell it, do I live?)

He

He ſmote me on the cheek—I did not ſtab him;
For that were poor revenge—E'er ſince, his folly
Has ſtrove to bury it beneath a heap
Of kindneſſes, and thinks it is forgot.
Inſolent thought! and like a ſecond blow!
Affronts are innocent, where men are worthleſs;
And ſuch alone can wiſely drop revenge.

ISABELLA.

But with more temper, *Zanga*, tell your ſtory:
To ſee your ſtrong emotions ſtartles me.

ZANGA.

Yes, woman, with a temper that befits it.
Has the dark adder venom? So have I,
When trod upon. Proud *Spaniard*, thou ſhalt feel me!
For from that day, that day of my diſhonour,
I from that day have curs'd the riſing ſun,
Which never fail'd to tell me of my ſhame:
I from that day have bleſt the coming night,
Which promis'd to conceal it; but in vain;
The blow return'd for ever in my dream:
Yet on I toil'd, and groan'd for an occaſion
Of ample vengeance: None is yet arriv'd.
Howe'er, at preſent I conceive warm hopes
Of what may wound him ſore, in his ambition;
Life of his life, and dearer than his ſoul.
By nightly march he purpos'd to ſurprize
The *Moriſh* camp; but I have taken care
They ſhall be ready to receive his favour.
Failing in this, a caſt of utmoſt moment,
Would darken all the conqueſts he has won.

ISABELLA.

Juſt as I enter'd an expreſs arriv'd.

ZANGA.

To whom?

ISABELLA.

His friend, Don *Carlos*.

ZANGA.

Be propitious,
O *Mahomet*, on this important hour,
And give at length my famiſh'd ſoul revenge!
What is revenge, but courage to call in
Our honour's debts, and wiſdom to convert
Others' ſelf-love into our own protection?
But ſee the morning ray breaks in upon us;
I'll ſeek Don *Carlos*, and enquire my fate. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MANUEL *and Don* CARLOS.

MANUEL.

My lord Don *Carlos*, what brings your expreſs?

CARLOS.

Alonzo's glory, and the *Moors* defeat.
The field is ſtrew'd with twice ten thouſand ſlain,
Though he ſuſpects his meaſures were betray'd.
He'll ſoon arrive. O how I long t'embrace
The firſt of heroes, and the beſt of friends!—
I lov'd fair *Leonora* long before
The chance of battle gave me to the *Moors*,
From whom ſo late *Alonzo* ſet me free;
And while I groan'd in bondage, I deputed
This great *Alonzo*, whom her father honours,
To be my gentle advocate in love,
To ſtir her heart, and fan its fires, for me.

MANUEL.

And what ſucceſs?

CARLOS.

Alas! the cruel maid—
Indeed, her father, who, though high at court,
And powerful with the king, has wealth at heart,

To

To heal his devaſtations from the *Moors*,
Knowing I'm richly freighted from the Eaſt,
My fleet now ſailing in the ſight of *Spain*,
(Heav'n guard it ſafe through ſuch a dreadful ſtorm!)
Careſſes me, and urges her to wed.

MANUEL.

Her aged father, ſee! leads her this way.

CARLOS.

She looks like radiant youth
Brought forward by the hand of hoary time—
You to the port with ſpeed; 'tis poſſible
Some veſſel is arriv'd: Heav'n grant it bring
Tidings, which *Carlos* may receive with joy!

Enter ALVAREZ *and* LEONORA.

ALVAREZ.

Don *Carlos*, I am labouring in your favour
With all a parent's ſoft authority,
And earneſt counſel.

CARLOS.

Angels ſecond you!
For all my bliſs or miſery hangs on it.

ALVAREZ.

Daughter, the happineſs of life depends
On our diſcretion, and a prudent choice;
Look into thoſe they call unfortunate,
And cloſer view'd, you'll find they are unwiſe:
Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath,
And 'tis the trick of fools to ſave their credit,
Which brought another language into uſe.
Don *Carlos* is of antient, noble blood;
And then his wealth might mend a prince's fortune:
For him the ſun is labouring in the mines,
A faithful ſlave, and turning earth to gold:
His keels are freighted with that ſacred pow'r,

By which ev'n kings and emperors are made.
Sir, you have my good wiſhes: and I hope [*To* Carlos.
My daughter is not indiſpos'd to hear you. [*Exit* Alv.

CARLOS.

O *Leonora!* why art thou in tears?
Becauſe I am leſs wretched than I was?
Before your father gave me leave to woo you,
Huſh'd was your boſom, and your eye ſerene.
Will you for ever help me to new pains,
And keep reſerves of torment in your hand,
To let them looſe on every dawn of joy?

LEONORA.

Think you my father too indulgent to me,
That he claims no dominion o'er my tears?
A daughter ſure may be right dutiful,
Whoſe tears alone are free from a reſtraint—

CARLOS.

Ah my torn heart!

LEONORA.

Regard not me, my lord;
I ſhall obey my father.

CARLOS.

Diſobey him,
Rather than come thus coldly; than come thus
With abſent eyes, and alienated mien,
Suff'ring addreſs, the victim of my love.
O let me be undone the common way,
And have the common comfort to be pity'd,
And not be ruin'd in the maſk of bliſs,
And ſo be envy'd, and be wretched too!
Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty;
Thoſe eyes, that tell us what the ſun is made of;
Thoſe lips, whoſe touch is to be bought with life;
Thoſe hills of driven ſnow, which ſeen are felt:
All theſe poſſeſt are nought, but as they are

The

The proof, the ſubſtance of an inward paſſion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

LEONORA.

Alas! my lord, we are too delicate;
And when we graſp the happineſs we wiſh'd,
We call on wit to argue it away:
A plainer man would not feel half your pains;
But ſome have too much wiſdom to be happy.

CARLOS.

Had I known this before, it had been well:
I had not then ſolicited your father
To add to my diſtreſs; as you behave,
Your father's kindneſs ſtabs me to the heart.
Give me your hand—Nay, give it, *Leonora:*
You give it not;—nay, yet you give it not—
I raviſh it.——

LEONORA.

I pray, my lord, no more.

CARLOS.

Ah! why ſo ſad? You know each ſigh does ſhake me;
Sighs there, are tempeſts here.——
I've heard, bad men would be unbleſt in heav'n:
What is my guilt, that makes me ſo with you?
Have I not languiſh'd proſtrate at thy feet?
Have I not liv'd whole days upon thy ſight?
Have I not ſeen thee where thou haſt not been,
And mad with the idea, claſp'd the wind,
And doated upon nothing?

LEONORA.

Court me not,
Good *Carlos*, by recounting of my faults,
And telling how ungrateful I have been:
Alas! my lord, if talking would prevail,
I could ſuggeſt much better arguments,
Than thoſe regards you threw away on me;

Your

Your valour, honour, wiſdom, prais'd by all:
But bid phyſicians talk our veins to temper,
And with an argument new-ſet a pulſe;
Then think, my lord, of reaſoning into love.

CARLOS.

Muſt I then deſpair? Do not ſhake me thus;
My tempeſt-beaten heart is cold to death:
Ah! turn, and let me warm me in thy beauties.
Heav'ns! what a proof I gave, but two nights paſt,
Of matchleſs love! To fling me at thy feet,
I ſlighted friendſhip, and I flew from fame;
Nor heard the ſummons of the next day's battle:
But darting headlong to thy arms, I left
The promis'd fight; I left *Alonzo* too,
To ſtand the war, and quell a world alone. [*Trumpets.*

LEONORA.

The victor comes. My lord, I muſt withdraw.

CARLOS.

And muſt you go?

LEONORA.

Why ſhould you wiſh my ſtay?
Your friend's arrival will bring comfort to you,
My preſence none; it pains you and myſelf:
For both our ſakes, permit me to withdraw.

[*Exit* Leonora.

CARLOS.

Sure, there's no peril, but in love. O how
My foes would boaſt to ſee me look ſo pale!

Enter ALONZO.

CARLOS.

Alonzo!

ALONZO.

Carlos!—I am whole again:
Claſpt in thy arms, it makes my heart entire.

CARLOS.

Whom dare I thus embrace? The conqueror of *Africk*?

ALONZO.

Yes, much more; Don *Carlos'* friend.
The conqueſt of the world would coſt me dear,
Should it beget one thought of diſtance in thee:
I riſe in virtues to come nearer thee:
I conquer with Don *Carlos* in my eye;
And thus I claim my victory's reward. [*Embracing him.*

CARLOS.

A victory indeed! Your godlike arm
Has made one ſpot the grave of *Africa*,
Such numbers fell; and the ſurvivors fled
As frighted paſſengers from off the ſtrand,
When the tempeſtuous ſea comes roaring on them.

ALONZO.

'Twas *Carlos* conquer'd; twas his cruel chains
Inflam'd me to a rage unknown before,
And threw my former actions far behind.

CARLOS.

I love fair *Leonora*: How I love her!
Yet ſtill I find (I know not how it is)
Another heart, another ſoul, for thee:
Thy friendſhip warms, it raiſes, it tranſports
Like muſic; pure the joy without allay;
Whoſe very rapture is tranquillity:
But love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliſs,
Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleaſures;
But mingles pangs and madneſs in the bowl.

Enter ZANGA.

ZANGA.

Manuel, my lord, returning from the port,
On buſineſs, both of moment and of haſte,
Humbly begs leave to ſpeak in private with you.

CARLOS.

CARLOS.

In private!—Ha—*Alonzo*, I'll return;
No buſineſs can detain me long from thee. [*Exit* Car.

ZANGA.

My lord *Alonzo*, I obey'd your orders.

ALONZO.

Will the fair *Leonora* paſs this way?

ZANGA.

She will, my lord; and ſoon.

ALONZO.

Come near me, *Zanga*;
For I dare open all my heart to thee.
Never was ſuch a day of triumph known!
There's not a wounded captive in my train,
That ſlowly follow'd my proud chariot wheels,
With half a life, and beggary, and chains,
But is a god to me: I am moſt wretched.
In his captivity, thou know'ſt, Don *Carlos*,
My friend, (and never was a friend more dear)
Deputed me his advocate in love,
To talk to *Leonora*'s heart, and make
A tender party in her thoughts, for him.
What did I do? I lov'd myſelf. Indeed,
One thing there is might leſſen my offence
(If ſuch offence admits of being leſſen'd);
I thought him dead; for (by what fate I know not)
His letters never reach'd me.

ZANGA. [*Aſide.*]

Thanks to *Zanga*,
Who thence contriv'd that evil which has happen'd.

ALONZO.

Yes, curs'd of heav'n! I lov'd myſelf; and now,
In a late action reſcu'd from the *Moors*,
I have brought home my rival in my friend.

ZANGA.

ZANGA.

We hear, my lord, that in that action too,
Your interposing arm preserv'd his life.

ALONZO.

It did—with more than the expence of mine;
For, O! this day is mention'd for their nuptials.
But see, she comes—I'll take my leave, and die.

ZANGA. [*Aside.*]

Hadst thou a thousand lives, thy death would please me.
Unhappy fate! My country overcome;
My six years hope of vengeance quite expir'd!———
Would nature were—I will not fall alone;
But others' groans shall tell the world my death.

Enter LEONORA.

ALONZO.

When nature ends with anguish like to this,
Sinners shall take their last leave of the sun,
And bid the light adieu.

LEONORA.

The mighty conqueror
Dismay'd! I thought you gave the foe your sorrows.

ALONZO.

O cruel insult! are those tears your sport,
Which nothing but a love for you could draw?
Africk I quell'd, in hope by that to purchase
Your leave to sigh unscorn'd; but I complain not;
'Twas but a world; and you are—*Leonora.*

LEONORA.

That passion, which you boast of, is your guilt;
A treason to your friend. You think mean of me,
To plead your crimes as motives of my love.

ALONZO.

You, Madam, ought to thank those crimes you blame;
'Tis they permit you to be thus inhuman,

Without the cenſure both of earth and heav'n—
I fondly thought a laſt look might be kind.
Farewel for ever.—This ſevere behaviour
Has, to my comfort, made it ſweet to die.

LEONORA. [*Aſide.*]

Farewell for ever!—Sweet to die!—O heav'n!
Alonzo, ſtay; you muſt not thus eſcape me;
But hear your guilt at large.

ALONZO.

O *Leonora!*
What could I do? In duty to my friend,
I ſaw you; and to ſee is to admire:
For *Carlos* did I plead, and moſt ſincerely;
Witneſs the thouſand agonies it coſt me:
You know I did; I ſought but your eſteem;
If that is guilt, an angel had been guilty:
I often ſigh'd; nay wept; but could not help it;
And ſure it is no crime to be in pain!
But grant my crime was great, I'm greatly curs'd.
What would you more? Am I not moſt undone?
This uſage is like ſtamping on the murder'd,
When life is fled; moſt barbarous and unjuſt.

LEONORA. [*Going.*]

If from your guilt none ſuffer'd but yourſelf,
It might be ſo——Farewel.

ALONZO.

Who ſuffers with me?

LEONORA.

Enjoy your ignorance, and let me go.

ALONZO.

Alas! what is there I can fear to know,
Since I already know your hate? Your actions
Have long ſince told me that.

LEONORA.

LEONORA.

They flatter'd you.

ALONZO.

How? Flatter'd me!

LEONORA.

O ſearch in fate no further!
I hate thee, O *Alonzo!* How I hate thee!

ALONZO.

Indeed! and do you weep for hatred too?
O what a doubtful torment heaves my heart!——
I hope it moſt—and yet I dread it more.
Should it be ſo; ſhould her tears flow from thence;
How would my ſoul blaze up in extaſy!
Ah, no! How ſink into the depth of horrors!

LEONORA.

Why would you force my ſtay?

ALONZO.

What mean theſe tears?

LEONORA.

I weep by chance; nor have my tears a meaning——
But, O! when I firſt ſaw *Alonzo*'s tears,
I knew their meaning well.

[Alonzo *falls paſſionately on his knees, and takes her hand.*

ALONZO.

Heavens, what is this? That excellence for which
Deſire was planted in the heart of man;
Virtue's ſupreme reward on this ſide heav'n;
The cordial of my ſoul! and this deſtroys me——
Indeed I flatter'd me that thou didſt hate.

LEONORA.

Alonzo, pardon me the injury
Of loving you: I ſtruggled with my paſſion,
And ſtruggled long; let that be ſome excuſe.

ALONZO.

Unkind! You know I think your love a bleſſing
Beyond all human bleſſings; 'tis the price
Of ſighs and groans, and a whole year of dying:
But O the curſe of curſes! O my friend!

LEONORA.

Alas!

ALONZO.

What ſays my love?——Speak, *Leonora.*

LEONORA.

Was it for you, my lord, to be ſo quick,
In finding out objections to our love?
Think you ſo ſtrong my love, or weak my virtue,
It was unſafe to leave that part to me?

ALONZO.

Is not the day then fix'd for your eſpouſals?

LEONORA.

Indeed, my father once had thought that way;
But marking how the marriage pain'd my heart,
Long he ſtood doubtful; but at laſt reſolv'd
Your counſel, which determines him in all,
Should finiſh the debate.

ALONZO.

O agony!
Muſt I not only loſe her, but be made
Myſelf the inſtrument? Not only die,
But plunge the dagger in my heart myſelf?
This is refining on calamity.

LEONORA.

What! do you tremble leſt you ſhould be mine?
For what elſe can you tremble? Not for that
My father places in your power to alter.

ALONZO.

What's in my power?—O yes, to ſtab my friend!

LEONORA.

To ſtab your friend were barbarous indeed!
Spare him—and murder me—I own, *Alonzo*,
You may well wonder at ſuch words as theſe;
I ſtart at them myſelf; they fright my nature:
Great is my fault; but blame not me alone:
Give him a little blame, who took ſuch pains
To make me guilty.

ALONZO.

Torment!

[*After a pauſe*, Leonora *ſpeaks*.

LEONORA.

O my ſhame!
I ſue, and ſue in vain; it is moſt juſt:
When women ſue, they ſue to be deny'd.
You hate me, you deſpiſe me: You do well:
For what I've done, I hate and ſcorn myſelf.
O night fall on me! I ſhall bluſh to death.

ALONZO.

Firſt periſh all.

LEONORA.

Say; what have you reſolv'd?
My father comes; what anſwer will you give him?

ALONZO.

What anſwer? Let me look upon that face,
And read it there—Devote thee to another!
Not to be borne! A ſecond look undoes me.

LEONORA.

And why undo you? Is it then, my lord,
So terrible to yield to your own wiſhes,
Becauſe they happen to concur with mine?
Cruel! to take ſuch pains to win a heart,
Which you was conſcious you muſt break with parting.

ALONZO. [*Runs and embraces her.*]
No, *Leonora*; I am thine for ever,
In ſpite of *Carlos*.—Ha! Who's that? My friend!
[*Starts wide from her.*
Alas! I ſee him pale; I hear his groans:
He foams, he tears his hair, he raves, he bleeds;
(I know him by myſelf) he dies diſtracted.

LEONORA.
How dreadful to be cut from what we love!

ALONZO.
Ah! ſpeak no more.

LEONORA.
And ty'd to what we hate!

ALONZO.
Oh!

LEONORA.
Is it poſſible?

ALONZO.
Death!

LEONORA.
Can you?

ALONZO.
Oh——
Yes, take a limb; but let my virtue 'ſcape.
Alas! my ſoul, this moment I die for thee. [*Breaks away.*

LEONORA.
And are you perjur'd then for virtue's ſake?
How often have you ſworn! But go for ever.—[*Sweeps.*

ALONZO.
Heart of my heart, and eſſence of my joy!
Where art thou?—O, I'm thine, and thine for ever!
The groans of friendſhip ſhall be heard no more;
For whatſoever crimes I can commit,
I've felt the pains already.

LEONORA.

LEONORA.

Hold, *Alonzo*;
And hear a maid, whom doubly thou haſt conquer'd:
I love thy virtue, as I love thy perſon;
And I adore thee for the pain it gave me:
But as I felt the pain, I'll reap the fruit;
I'll ſhine out in my turn, and ſhew the world
Thy great example was not loſt upon me.
Be it enough, that I have once been guilty;
In ſight of ſuch a pattern, to perſiſt,
Ill ſuits a perſon honour'd with your love.
My other titles to that bliſs are weak:
I muſt deſerve it by refuſing it:
Thus then I tear thee from my hopes for ever.
Shall I contribute to *Alonzo*'s crimes?
No, though the life-blood guſhes from my heart,
You ſhall not be aſham'd of *Leonora*,
Or, that late time may put our names together.
Nay, never ſhrink; take back the bright example
You lately lent: O take it while you may;
While I can give it you, and be immortal. [*Exit.*

ALONZO.

She's gone, and I ſhall ſee that face no more;
But pine in abſence, and till death adore.
When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,
And my eyes darken, from my fault'ring tongue
Her name will tremble in a feeble moan,
And Love, with Fate, divide my dying groan.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter MANUEL *and* ZANGA.

ZANGA.

IF this be true, I cannot blame your pain
For wretched *Carlos:* tis but human in you.
But when arriv'd your diſmal news?

MANUEL.

This hour.

ZANGA.

What, not a veſſel ſav'd?

MANUEL.

All, all, the ſtorm
Devour'd; and now, o'er his late envy'd fortune,
The dolphins bound, and wat'ry mountains roar,
Triumphant in his ruin.

ZANGA.

Is *Alvarez*
Determin'd to deny his daughter to him?
That treaſure was on ſhore; muſt that too join
The common wreck?

MANUEL.

Alvarez pleads indeed,
That *Leonora*'s heart is diſinclin'd,
And pleads that only; ſo it was this morning,
When he concurr'd: The tempeſt broke the match,

And

And ſunk his favour, when it ſunk the gold:
The love of gold is double in his heart;
The vice of age, and of *Alvarez* too.

ZANGA.

How does Don *Carlos* bear it?

MANUEL.

Like a man,
Whoſe heart feels moſt a human heart can feel,
And reaſons beſt a human head can reaſon.

ZANGA.

But is he then in abſolute deſpair?

MANUEL.

Never to ſee his *Leonora* more:
And, quite to quench all future hope, *Alvarez*
Urges *Alonzo* to eſpouſe his daughter
This very day; for he has learnt their loves.

ZANGA.

Ha! was not that receiv'd with ecſtaſy
By Don *Alonzo*?

MANUEL.

Yes, at firſt; but ſoon
A damp came o'er him; it would kill his friend.

ZANGA.

Not if his friend conſented; and ſince now
He can't himſelf eſpouſe her——

MANUEL.

Yet to aſk it
Has ſomething ſhocking to a generous mind;
At leaſt *Alonzo*'s ſpirit ſtartles at it.
Wide is the diſtance between our deſpair,
And giving up a miſtreſs to another.
But I muſt leave you. *Carlos* wants ſupport
In his ſevere affliction. [*Exit* Manuel.

ZANGA.

ZANGA.

Ha! it dawns——

It riſes to me like a new-found world
To mariners long time diſtreſs'd at ſea,
Sore from a ſtorm, and all their viands ſpent;——
Or like the ſun juſt riſing out of chaos,
Some dregs of antient night not quite purg'd off:
But I ſhall finiſh it—Ho! *Iſabella!*

[*Enter* Iſabella.

I thought of dying; better things come forward;
Vengeance is ſtill alive; from her dark covert,
With all her ſnakes erect upon her creſt,
She ſtalks in view, and fires me with her charms.
When, *Iſabel*, arriv'd Don *Carlos* here?

ISABELLA.

Two nights ago.

ZANGA.

That was the very night
Before the battle—Memory, ſet down that;
It has the eſſence of a crocodile,
Though yet but in the ſhell—I'll give it birth—
What time did he return?

ISABELLA.

At midnight.

ZANGA.

So——

Say, did he ſee, that night, his *Leonora?*

ISABELLA.

No, my good lord.

ZANGA.

No matter—Tell me, woman,
Is not *Alonzo* rather brave than cautious;
Honeſt than ſubtle; above fraud himſelf;
Slow therefore to ſuſpect it in another?

ISABELLA.

ISABELLA.

You beſt can judge; but ſo the world thinks of him.

ZANGA.

Why that is well——Go fetch my tablets hither.

[*Exit* Iſabella.

Two nights ago, my father's ſacred ſhade
Thrice ſtalk'd around my bed, and ſmil'd upon me;
He ſmil'd, a joy then little underſtood———
It muſt be ſo—and if ſo, it is vengeance
Worth waking of the dead for.

[*Re-enter* Iſabella *with the tablets.* Zanga *writes, then reads as to himſelf.*

Thus it ſtands—
The father's fixt—Don *Carlos* cannot wed———
Alonzo may—but that will hurt his friend———
Nor can he aſk his leave——If he did,
He might not gain it———It is hard to give
Our own conſent to ills, tho' we muſt bear them.—
Were it not then a maſter-piece, worth all
The wiſdom I can boaſt, firſt to perſuade
Alonzo to requeſt it of his friend,
His friend to grant—then, from that very grant,
The ſtrongeſt proof of friendſhip man can give,
(And other motives) to work out a cauſe
Of jealouſy, to rack *Alonzo*'s peace?——
I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of woes,
Which ſting the heart of man, and find none equal:
It is the *Hydra* of calamities;
The ſeven-fold death: The jealous are the damn'd.
O jealouſy, each other paſſion's calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the ſoul!
Thou king of torments! thou grand counterpoize
For all the tranſports beauty can inſpire!

ISABELLA.

ISABELLA.

Alonzo comes this way.

ZANGA.

Moſt opportunely.
Withdraw.—Ye ſubtle *Dæmons*, which reſide [*Exit* Iſa.
In courts, and do your work with bows and ſmiles,
That little engin'ry, more miſchievous
Than fleets and armies, and the cannon's murder,
Teach me to look a lye; give me your maze
Of gloomy thought, and intricate deſign,
To catch the man I hate, and then devour.
[*Enter* Alonzo.
My lord, I give you joy.

ALONZO.

Of what, good *Zanga?*

ZANGA.

Is not the lovely *Leonora* yours?

ALONZO.

What will become of *Carlos?*

ZANGA.

He's your friend;
And ſince he can't eſpouſe the fair himſelf,
Will take ſome comfort from *Alonzo*'s fortune.

ALONZO.

Alas! thou little know'ſt the force of love;
Love reigns a ſultan with unrivall'd ſway,
Puts all relations, friendſhip's ſelf, to death,
If once he's jealous of it. I love *Carlos*;
Yet well I know what pangs I felt this morning
At his intended nuptials: For myſelf
I then felt pains, which now for him I feel.

ZANGA.

You will not wed her then?

ALONZO.

ALONZO.

Not inſtantly:
Inſult his broken heart the very moment!

ZANGA.

I underſtand you; But you'll wed hereafter,
When your friend's gone, and his firſt pain aſſuag'd?

ALONZO.

Am I to blame for that?

ZANGA.

My lord, I love
Your very errors; they are born from virtue:
Your friendſhip (and what nobler paſſion claims
The heart?) does lead your blindneſs to your ruin.
Conſider, wherefore did *Alvarez* break
Don *Carlos'* match, and wherefore urge *Alonzo's*?
'Twas the ſame cauſe; the love of wealth: To-morrow
May ſee *Alonzo* in Don *Carlos'* fortune;
A higher bidder is a better friend;
And there are princes ſigh for *Leonora*.
When your friend's gone, you'll wed; why then the cauſe,
Which gives you *Leonora* now, will ceaſe.
Carlos has loſt her; ſhould you loſe her too,
Why then you heap new torments on your friend,
By that reſpect which labour'd to relieve him.——
'Tis well; he is diſturb'd; it makes him pauſe. [*Aſide.*

ALONZO.

Think'ſt thou, my *Zanga*, ſhould I aſk Don *Carlos*,
His goodneſs will conſent that I ſhould wed her?

ZANGA.

I know it would.

ALONZO.

But then the cruelty
To aſk it; and for *me* to aſk it of him!

ZANGA.

ZANGA.

Methinks, you are ſevere upon your friend:
Who was it gave him liberty and life?

ALONZO.

That is the very reaſon which forbids it:
Were I a ſtranger, I could freely ſpeak:
In me, it ſo reſembles a demand,
Exacting of a debt, it ſhocks my nature.

ZANGA.

My lord, you know the ſad alternative.
Is *Leonora* worth one pang or not?
It hurts not me, my lord, but as I love you;
Warmly as you, I wiſh Don *Carlos* well;
But I am likewiſe Don *Alonzo*'s friend:
There all the difference lies between us two:
In me, my lord, you hear another ſelf,
And, give me leave to add, a better too,
Clear'd from thoſe errors, which, tho' caus'd by virtue,
Are ſuch as may hereafter give you pain.——
Don *Lopez* of *Caſtile* would not demur thus.

ALONZO.

Periſh the name! What! ſacrifice the fair
To age and illneſs, becauſe ſet in gold?
I'll to Don *Carlos*, if my heart will let me:
I have not ſeen him ſince his ſore affliction;
But ſhunn'd it, as too terrible to bear:
How ſhall I bear it now? I'm ſtruck already. [*Exit* AL.

ZANGA.

Half my work is done. I muſt ſecure
Don *Carlos*, ere *Alonzo* ſpeaks with him.
[*He gives a meſſage to a ſervant, then returns.*
Proud, hated *Spain!* oft drench'd in *Mooriſh* blood;
Doſt thou not feel a deadly foe within thee?

Shake not thy tow'rs where-e'er I paſs along,
Conſcious of ruin, and their great deſtroyer?
Shake to the centre, if *Alonzo*'s dear.
Look down, O holy prophet! ſee me torture
This Chriſtian dog, this infidel, which dares
To ſmite thy votaries, and ſpurn thy law;
And yet hopes pleaſure from two radiant eyes,
Which look as they were lighted up for thee!
Shall he enjoy thy paradiſe below?
Blaſt the bold thought, and curſe him with her charms.—
But ſee the melancholy Lover comes.

Enter Don CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Hope, thou haſt told me lies from day to day,
For more than twenty years; vile promiſer!
None here are happy, but the very fool,
Or very wiſe; and I want fool enough,
To ſmile in vanities, and hug a ſhadow;
Nor have I wiſdom to elaborate
An artificial happineſs from pains:
Ev'n joys are pains, becauſe they cannot laſt. [*Sighs.*
Yet much is talk'd of bliſs; it is the art
Of ſuch as have the world in their poſſeſſion,
To give it a good name, that fools may envy;
For envy to ſmall minds is flattery.
How many lift the head, look gay, and ſmile,
Againſt their conſciences! And this we know;
Yet, knowing, diſbelieve; and try again
What we have try'd, and ſtruggle with conviction:
Each new experience gives the former credit,
And reverend grey Threeſcore is but a voucher,
That Thirty told us true.

ZANGA.

ZANGA.

My noble lord,
I mourn your fate: But are no hopes ſurviving?

CARLOS.

No hopes. *Alvarez* has a heart of ſteel:
'Tis fixt; 'tis paſt; 'tis abſolute deſpair.

ZANGA.

You wanted not to have your heart made tender
By your own pains, to feel a friend's diſtreſs.

CARLOS.

I underſtand you well. *Alonzo* loves;
I pity him.

ZANGA.

I dare be ſworn you do:
Yet he has other thoughts.

CARLOS.

What canſt thou mean?

ZANGA.

Indeed he has; and fears to aſk a favour,
A ſtranger from a ſtranger might requeſt;
What coſts you Nothing, yet is All to him:
Nay, what indeed will to your glory add,
For nothing more than wiſhing your friend well.

CARLOS.

I pray be plain: His happineſs is mine.

ZANGA.

He loves to death; but ſo reveres his friend,
He can't perſuade his heart to wed the maid,
Without your leave, and that he fears to aſk
In perfect tenderneſs: I urg'd him to it,
Knowing the deadly ſickneſs of his heart,
Your overflowing goodneſs to your friend,
Your wiſdom, and deſpair yourſelf to wed her;

I wrung

I wrung a promiſe from him he would try;
And now I come a mutual friend to both,
Without his privacy, to let you know it,
And to prepare you kindly to receive him.

CARLOS.

Ha! if he weds, I am undone indeed:
Not Don *Alvarez'* ſelf can then relieve me.

ZANGA.

Alas! my lord, *you know his heart is ſteel:*
'Tis fixt! 'tis paſt! 'tis abſolute deſpair.

CARLOS.

O cruel heav'n! and is it not enough
That I muſt never, never ſee her more?
Say, is it not enough that I muſt die;
But muſt I be tormented in the grave?
Aſk my conſent!—Muſt I then give her to him?
Lead to his nuptial ſheets the bluſhing maid?
O! *Leonora!* never, never, never!

ZANGA. [*Aſide.*]

A ſtorm of plagues upon him! He refuſes.

CARLOS.

What! wed her?—and to-day?

ZANGA.

To-day, or never:
To-morrow may ſome wealthier lover bring,
And then *Alonzo* is thrown out like you;
Then whom ſhall he condemn for his misfortune?
Carlos is an *Alvarez* to his love.

CARLOS.

O torment! whither ſhall I turn?

ZANGA.

To peace.

CARLOS.

Which is the way?

ZANGA.

ZANGA.

His happineſs is yours:

I dare not diſbelieve you.

CARLOS.

Kill my friend!

Or worſe! Alas! and can there be a worſe?——

A worſe there is! nor can my nature bear it.

ZANGA.

You have convinc'd me, 'tis a dreadful taſk.
I find, *Alonzo*'s quitting her this morning,
For *Carlos*' ſake, in tenderneſs to you,
Betray'd me to believe it leſs ſevere
Than I perceive it is.——

CARLOS.

Thou doſt upbraid me.

ZANGA.

No, my good lord; but ſince you can't comply,
'Tis my misfortune that I mention'd it;
For had I not, *Alonzo* would indeed
Have dy'd, as now; but not by your decree.

CARLOS.

By my decree! Do I decree his death?
I do——Shall I then lead her to his arms?
O! which ſide ſhall I take? be ſtabb'd? or—ſtab?
'Tis equal death, a choice of agonies.——
Ah, no! all other agonies are eaſe
To one—O *Leonora!*—Never, never!
Go, *Zanga*, go; defer the dreadful trial,
Tho' but a day; ſomething perchance may happen
To ſoften all to friendſhip, and to love:
Go; ſtop my friend; let me not ſee him now;
But ſave us from an interview of death.

ZANGA.

My lord, I'm bound in duty to obey you.——

If

If I not bring him, may *Alonzo* proſper! [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Zanga.

CARLOS.

What is this world?—Thy ſchool, O miſery!
Our only leſſon is to learn to ſuffer;
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.
Tho' deep my pangs, and heavy at my heart,
My comfort is, each moment takes away
A grain at leaſt from the dead load that's on me,
And gives a nearer proſpect of the grave.
But put it moſt ſeverely—ſhould I live——
Live long—Alas! there is no length in time;
Not in thy time, O man! What's fourſcore years?
Nay, what indeed the age of time itſelf,
Since cut from out eternity's wide round?
Away then. To a mind reſolv'd and wiſe,
There is an impotence in miſery,
Which makes me ſmile, when all its ſhafts are in me.
Yet *Leonora*——She can make time long;
Its nature alter, as ſhe alter'd mine:
While in the luſtre of her charms I lay,
Whole ſummer ſuns roll'd unperceiv'd away;
I years for days, and days for moments told,
And was ſurpriz'd to hear that I grew old;
Now fate does rigidly its dues regain,
And ev'ry moment is an age of pain.

As he is going out, Enter ZANGA *and* ALONZO, ZANGA *ſtops* CARLOS.

ZANGA.

Is this Don *Carlos?* This the boaſted friend?
How can you turn your back upon his ſadneſs?
Look on him; and then leave him, if you can.
Whoſe ſorrows thus depreſs him? Not his own:

This moment he *could* wed without your leave.

CARLOS.

I cannot yield, nor can I bear his griefs.
Alonzo! [*Going to him, and taking his hand.*

ALONZO.

O *Carlos!*

CARLOS.

Pray, forbear.

ALONZO.

Art thou undone, and ſhall *Alonzo* ſmile?
Alonzo! who perhaps in ſome degree
Contributed to cauſe thy dreadful fate?
I was deputed guardian of thy love;
But, O! I lov'd myſelf. Pour down, *Afflictions!*
On this devoted head; make me your mark;
And be the world by my example taught,
How ſacred it ſhould hold the name of friend!

CARLOS.

You charge yourſelf unjuſtly; well I know
The only cauſe of my ſevere affliction.
Alvarez, curs'd *Alvarez*—So much anguiſh,
Felt for ſo ſmall a failure, is one merit
Which faultleſs virtue wants. The crime was mine,
Who plac'd thee there, where only thou could'ſt fail;
Though well I knew that dreadful poſt of honour
I gave thee to maintain. Ah! who could bear
Thoſe eyes unhurt? The wounds myſelf have felt,
Which wounds alone ſhould cauſe me to condemn thee;
They plead in thy excuſe; for I too ſtrove
To ſhun thoſe fires, and found 'twas not in man.

ALONZO.

You caſt in ſhades the failures of a friend,
And ſoften all; but think not you deceive me:
I know my guilt; and I implore your pardon.

As

As the ſole glimpſe I can obtain of peace.

CARLOS.

Pardon for him who, but this morning, threw
Fair *Leonora* from his heart, all bath'd
In ceaſeleſs tears, and bluſhing with her love?
Who, like a roſe-leaf, wet with morning dew,
Would have ſtuck cloſe, and clung for ever there?
But 'twas in thee, through fondneſs to thy friend,
To ſhut thy boſom againſt ecſtaſies;
For which, whilſt this pulſe beats, it beats to thee;
While this blood flows, it flows for my *Alonzo*;
And every wiſh is levell'd at thy joy.

ZANGA. [*To* Alonzo.]

My lord, my lord, this is your time to ſpeak.

ALONZO. [*To* Zanga.]

Becauſe he's kind? It therefore is the worſt;
For 'tis his kindneſs which I fear to hurt:
Shall the ſame moment ſee him ſink in woes,
And me providing for a flood of joys,
Rich in the plunder of his happineſs?
No; I may die; but I can never ſpeak.

CARLOS. [*Aſide.*]

Now, now it comes! they are concerting it;
The firſt word ſtrikes me dead—O *Leonora!*
And ſhall another taſte her fragrant breath?
Who knows what after-time may bring to paſs?
Fathers may change, and I may wed her ſtill.

ALONZO. [*To* Zanga.]

Do I not ſee him quite poſſeſs'd with anguiſh,
Which, like a dæmon, writhes him to and fro;
And ſhall I pour in new? No, fond deſire;
No, love! One pang at parting, and farewel:
I have no other love but *Carlos* now.

CARLOS.

Alas, my friend! why, with ſuch eager graſps,

Doſt preſs my hand, and weep upon my cheek?

ALONZO.

If, after death, our forms (as ſome believe)
Shall be tranſparent, naked every thought,
And friends meet friends, and read each other's hearts,
Thou'lt know, one day, that thou waſt held moſt dear.
Farewel.

CARLOS.

Alonzo, ſtay—He cannot ſpeak— [*Holds him.*
Leſt it ſhould grieve me—Shall I be outdone?
And loſe in glory, as I loſe in love? [*Aſide.*
I take it much unkindly, my *Alonzo*,
You think ſo meanly of me, not to ſpeak,
When, well I know, your heart is near to burſting.
Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?
Your ſmalleſt friendſhip's liberty and life.

ALONZO.

There, there it is, my friend; it cuts me there.
How dreadful is it, to a generous mind,
To aſk, when ſure it cannot be deny'd!

CARLOS.

How greatly thought! In all he tow'rs above me. [*Aſide.*
Then you confeſs you would aſk ſomething of me.

ALONZO.

No, on my ſoul.

ZANGA. [*To* Alonzo.]
Then loſe her.

CARLOS.

Glorious ſpirit!
Why, what a pang has he run through for this!
By heaven, I envy him his agonies.
Why was not mine the moſt illuſtrious lot,
Of ſtarting at one action from below,
And flaming up into conſummate greatneſs?
Ha! Angels ſtrengthen me!—It ſhall be ſo——

I can't

I can't want ſtrength. Great actions, once conceiv'd,
Strengthen like wine and animate the ſoul,
And call themſelves to being. [*Aſide.*]——My *Alonzo!*
Since thy great ſoul diſdains to make requeſt,
Receive with favour that I make to thee.

ALONZO.

What means my *Carlos?*

CARLOS.

Pray obſerve me well:
Fate and *Alvarez* tore her from my heart;
And, plucking up my love, they had well nigh
Pluck'd up life too; for they were twin'd together:
Of that no more—What now does reaſon bid?
I cannot wed——Farewel my happineſs;
But, O my ſoul! with care provide for hers:
In life, how weak! how helpleſs is a woman!
Soon hurt, in happineſs itſelf unſafe,
And often wounded, while ſhe plucks the roſe;
So properly the object of affliction,
That heav'n is pleas'd to make diſtreſs become her,
And dreſſes her moſt amiably in tears.
Take then my heart in dowry with the fair;
Be thou her guardian, and thou muſt be mine;
Shut out the thouſand preſſing ills of life
With thy ſurrounding arms—Do this; and then
Set down the liberty and life thou gav'ſt me
As little things, as eſſays of thy goodneſs,
And rudiments of friendſhip ſo divine.

ALONZO.

There is a grandeur in thy goodneſs to me,
Which with thy foes would render thee ador'd:
But have a care; nor think I can be pleas'd
With any thing that lays in pains for thee:
Thou doſt diſſemble, and thy heart's in tears.

CARLOS.

My heart's in health, my ſpirits dance their round,
And at my eye pleaſure looks out in ſmiles.

ALONZO.

And canſt thou, canſt thou part with *Leonora?*

CARLOS.

I do not part with her; I give her thee.

ALONZO.

O *Carlos!*

CARLOS.

Don't diſtruſt me; I'm ſincere;
Nor is it more than ſimple juſtice in me:
This morn didſt thou reſign her for my ſake;
I but perform a virtue learnt from thee;
Diſcharge a debt, and pay her to thy wiſhes.

ALONZO.

Ah! how?——But think not words were ever made
For ſuch occaſions: Silence, tears, embraces,
Are languid eloquence: I'll ſeek relief
In abſence from the pain of ſo much goodneſs;
There thank the bleſt above, thy ſole ſuperiors,
Adore, and raiſe my thoughts of them by thee. [*Exit.*

ZANGA. [*Aſide.*]

Thus far ſucceſs has crown'd my boldeſt hope:
My next care is to haſten theſe new nuptials;
And then my maſter-works begin to play.
Why that was greatly done, without one ſigh [*To* Carlos.
To carry ſuch a glory to its period.

CARLOS.

Too ſoon thou praiſeſt me. He's gone; and now
I muſt unſluice my over-burden'd heart,
And let it flow: I would not grieve my friend
With tears, nor interrupt my great deſign;
Great, ſure, as ever human breaſt durſt think of.

But now my ſorrows, long with pain ſuppreſt,
Burſt their confinement with impetuous ſway,
Oreſwell all bounds, and bear e'en life away:
So, till the day was won, the *Greek* renown'd,
With anguiſh wore the arrow in his wound;
Then drew the ſhaft from out his tortur'd ſide,
Let guſh the torrent of his blood, and dy'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter ZANGA *and* ISABELLA.

ZANGA.

O JOY, thou welcome ſtranger! twice three years
I have not felt thy vital beam; but now
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart;
A fiery inſtinct lifts me from the ground,
And I could mount——The ſpirits numberleſs
Of my dear countrymen, which yeſterday
Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,
Are all aſſembled here, and o'er inform me——
O bridegroom! great indeed thy preſent bliſs;
Yet ev'n by me unenvy'd; for be ſure
It is thy laſt, thy laſt ſmile, that which now
Sits on thy cheek; enjoy it whilſt thou may'ſt;
Anguiſh, and groans, and death, beſpeak to-morrow.
My *Iſabella!*

ISABELLA.

What commands my *Moor?*

ZANGA.

My fair ally! my lovely miniſter!
'Twas well *Alvarez*, by my arts impell'd,
(To plunge Don *Carlos* in the laſt deſpair,
And ſo prevent all future moleſtation)
Finiſh'd the nuptials ſoon as he reſolv'd them;
This conduct ripen'd all for me, and ruin.

Scarce

Scarce had the prieſt the holy rite perform'd,
When I, by ſacred inſpiration, forg'd
That letter, which I truſted to thy hand;
That letter, which, in glowing terms, conveys,
From happy *Carlos* to fair *Leonora*,
The moſt profound acknowledgment of heart
For wond'rous tranſports, which he never knew.
This is a good ſubſervient artifice,
To aid the nobler workings of my brain.

ISABELLA.

I quickly dropt it in the bride's apartment,
As you commanded.

ZANGA.

With a lucky hand;
For ſoon *Alonzo* found it. I obſerv'd him
From out my ſecret ſtand: He took it up;
But ſcarce was it unfolded to his ſight,
When he, as if an arrow pierc'd his eye,
Started, and, trembling, dropt it on the ground.
Pale and aghaſt awhile my victim ſtood,
Diſguis'd a ſigh or two, and puff'd them from him;
Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again:
At firſt he look'd as if he meant to read it;
But, check'd by riſing fears, he cruſh'd it thus;
And thruſt it, like an adder, in his boſom.

ISABELLA.

But if he read it not, it cannot ſting him;
At leaſt not mortally.

ZANGA.

At firſt I thought it ſo;
But farther thought informs me otherwiſe,
And turns this diſappointment to account.
He more ſhall credit it, becauſe unſeen,
(If 'tis unſeen) as thou anon may'ſt find.

ISABELLA.

ISABELLA.

That would indeed commend my *Zanga*'s ſkill.

ZANGA.

This, *Iſabella*, is Don *Carlos*' picture;
Take it, and ſo diſpoſe of it, that, found,
It may riſe up a witneſs of her love,
Under her pillow, in her cabinet,
Or elſewhere, as ſhall beſt promote our end.

ISABELLA.

I'll weigh it as its conſequence requires;
Then do my utmoſt to deſerve your ſmile. [*Exit* Iſab.

ZANGA.

Is that *Alonzo* proſtrate on the ground?——
Now he ſtarts up like flame from ſleeping embers,
And wild diſtraction glares from either eye.
If thus a ſlight ſurmiſe can work his ſoul,
How will the fulneſs of the tempeſt tear him!

Enter ALONZO.

ALONZO.

And yet it cannot be—I am deceiv'd—
I injure her: She wears the face of heav'n.

ZANGA. [*Aſide.*]

He doubts.

ALONZO.

I dare not look on this again:
If the firſt glance, which gave ſuſpicion only,
Had ſuch effect, ſo ſmote my heart and brain,
The certainty would daſh me all to pieces.
It cannot—Ha! it muſt, it muſt be true. [*Starts.*

ZANGA. [*Aſide.*]

Hold there, and we ſucceed. He has deſcry'd me,
And (for he thinks I love him) will unfold
His aching heart, and reſt it on my counſel.
I'll ſeem to go, to make my ſtay more ſure.

ALONZO.

ALONZO.

Hold, *Zanga*; turn.

ZANGA.

My lord.

ALONZO.

Shut cloſe the door,
That not a ſpirit find an entrance here.

ZANGA.

My lord's obey'd.

ALONZO.

I ſee that thou art frighted:
If thou doſt love me, I ſhall fill thy heart
With ſcorpions ſtings.

ZANGA.

If I do love, my lord!

ALONZO.

Come near me; let me reſt upon thy boſom;
(What pillow like the boſom of a friend?)
For I am ſick at heart.

ZANGA.

Speak, Sir, O ſpeak,
And take me from the rack.

ALONZO.

And is there need
Of words? Behold a wonder! See my tears!

ZANGA.

I feel them too: Heav'n grant my ſenſes fail me!
I rather would loſe them, than have this real.

ALONZO.

Go, take a round through all things in thy thought,
And find that one; for there is only one
Which could extort my tears; find that, and tell
Thyſelf my mis'ry, and ſpare me the pain.

ZANGA.

ZANGA.

Sorrow can think but ill—I am bewilder'd;
I know not where I am.

ALONZO.

Think, think no more;
It ne'er can enter in an honeſt heart.
I'll tell thee then—I cannot——Yet I do,
By wanting force to give it utterance.

ZANGA.

Speak: eaſe your heart; its throbs will break your boſom.

ALONZO.

I am moſt happy; mine is victory,
Mine the king's favour, mine the nation's ſhout,
And great men make their fortunes of my ſmiles.
O curſe of curſes! in the lap of bleſſing
To be moſt curſt!——My *Leonora*'s falſe!

ZANGA.

Save me, my lord.

ALONZO.

My *Leonora*'s falſe. [*Gives him the letter.*

ZANGA.

Then heav'n has loſt its image here on earth.

[*While* Zanga *reads the letter, he trembles, and ſhews the utmoſt concern.*

ALONZO.

Good-natur'd man! He makes my pains his own.
I durſt not read it; but I read it now
In thy concern.

ZANGA.

Did you not read it then?

ALONZO.

Mine eye juſt touch'd it, and could bear no more.

ZANGA. [*Tears the letter.*]

Thus periſh all that gives *Alonzo* pain.

ALONZO.

ALONZO.

Why didſt thou tear it?

ZANGA.

Think of it no more:
'Twas your miſtake, and groundleſs are your fears.

ALONZO.

And didſt thou tremble then for my miſtake?
Or give the whole contents; or by the pangs
That feed upon my heart, thy life's in danger.

ZANGA.

Is this *Alonzo*'s language to his *Zanga?*
Draw forth your ſword, and find the ſecret here:
For whoſe ſake is it, think you, I conceal it?
Wherefore this rage? Becauſe I ſeek your peace?
I have no intereſt in ſuppreſſing it,
But what good-natur'd tenderneſs for you
Obliges me to have. Not mine the heart
That will be rent in two; not mine the fame
That will be damn'd, though all the world ſhould know it.

ALONZO.

Then my worſt fears are true, and life is paſt.

ZANGA.

What has the raſhneſs of my paſſion utter'd?
I know not what; but rage is our diſtraction,
And all its words are wind—Yet ſure, I think,
I nothing own'd—But grant I did confeſs,
What is a letter? Letters may be forg'd.
For heav'n's ſweet ſake, my lord, lift up your heart:
Some foe to your repoſe——

ALONZO.

So heav'n look on me,
As I can't find the man I have offended.

ZANGA.

Indeed! [*Aſide.*]—Our innocence is not our ſhield:

They

They take offence, who have not been offended;
They ſeek our ruin too, who ſpeak us fair;
And death is often ambuſh'd in our ſmiles.
We know not whom we have to fear. 'Tis certain,
A letter may be forg'd; and in a point
Of ſuch a dreadful conſequence as this,
One would rely on nought that *might* be falſe—
Think; have you any other cauſe to doubt her?——
Away; you can find none: Reſume your ſpirit,
All's well again.

ALONZO.

O that it were!

ZANGA.

It is;
For who would credit that, which, credited,
Makes hell ſuperfluous by ſuperior pains,
Without ſuch proofs as cannot be withſtood?
Has ſhe not ever been to virtue train'd?
Is not her fame as ſpotleſs as the ſun,
Her ſex's envy, and the boaſt of *Spain*?

ALONZO.

O *Zanga!* It is that confounds me moſt,
That full in oppoſition to appearance——

ZANGA.

No more, my lord; for you condemn yourſelf.
What is abſurdity, but to believe
Againſt appearance?—You can't yet, I find,
Subdue your paſſion to your better ſenſe;——
And, truth to tell, it does not much diſpleaſe me:
'Tis fit our indiſcretions ſhould be check'd,
With ſome degrees of pain.

ALONZO.

What indiſcretion?

ZANGA.

ZANGA.

Come, you muſt bear to hear your faults from me.
Had you not ſent Don *Carlos* to the court
The night before the battle, that foul ſlave,
Who forg'd the ſenſeleſs ſcroll which gives you pain,
Had wanted footing for his villainy.

ALONZO.

I ſent him not.

ZANGA.

Not ſend him!—Ha!—That ſtrikes me.
I thought he came on meſſage to the king:
Is there another cauſe could juſtify
His ſhunning danger, and the promis'd fight?
But I perhaps may think too rigidly;
So long an abſence, and impatient love——

ALONZO.

In my confuſion, that had quite eſcap'd me:
By heav'n, my wounded ſoul does bleed afreſh;
'Tis clear as day——for *Carlos* is ſo brave,
He lives not but on fame, he hunts for danger,
And is enamour'd of the face of death:
How then could he decline the next day's battle,
But for the tranſports? O, it muſt be ſo——
Inhuman, by the loſs of his own honour,
To buy the ruin of his friend!

ZANGA.

You wrong him:
He knew not of your love.

ALONZO.

Ha!—

ZANGA. [*Aſide.*]

That ſtings home.

ALONZO.

Indeed he knew not of my treacherous love——

Proofs

Proofs riſe on proofs, and ſtill the laſt the ſtrongeſt,
Th' eternal law of things declares it true,
Which calls for judgments on diſtinguiſh'd guilt,
And loves to make our crime our puniſhment.
Love is my torture; Love was firſt my crime:
For ſhe was his, my friend's, and he (O horror!)
Confided all in me. O ſacred faith!
How dearly I abide thy violation!

ZANGA.

Were then their loves far gone?

ALONZO.

The father's will
There bore a total ſway; and he, as ſoon
As news arriv'd that *Carlos'* fleet was ſeen
From off our coaſt, fir'd with the love of gold,
Determin'd that the very ſun which ſaw
Carlos' return, ſhould ſee his daughter wed.

ZANGA.

Indeed, my lord! Then you muſt pardon me,
If I preſume to mitigate the crime:
Conſider, ſtrong allurements ſoften guilt;
Long was his abſence, ardent was his love,
At midnight his return, the next day deſtin'd
For his eſpouſals.——'Twas a ſtrong temptation.

ALONZO.

Temptation!

ZANGA.

'Twas but gaining of one night.

ALONZO.

One night!

ZANGA.

That crime could ne'er return again.

ALONZO.

Again! By heav'n, thou doſt inſult thy lord.

Temptation! One night gain'd! O ſtings and death!
And am I then undone? Alas, my *Zanga!*
And doſt thou own it too? Deny it ſtill,
And reſcue me one moment from diſtraction.

ZANGA.

My lord, I hope the beſt.

ALONZO.

Falſe, fooliſh hope,
And inſolent to me! Thou know'ſt it falſe;
It is as glaring as the noon-tide ſun.
Devil! this morning, after three years coldneſs,
To ruſh at once into a paſſion for me!
'Twas time to feign; 'twas time to get another,
When her firſt fool was ſated with her beauties.

ZANGA.

What ſays my lord? Did *Leonora* then
Never before diſcloſe her paſſion for you?

ALONZO.

Never.

ZANGA.

Throughout the whole three years?

ALONZO.

O never! never!—
Why, *Zanga*, ſhould'ſt thou ſtrive? 'Tis all in vain;
Though thy ſoul labours, it can find no reed
For hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down
Ten thouſand thouſand fathoms in deſpair.

ZANGA.

Hold, Sir; I'll break your fall—Wave ev'ry fear,
And be a man again—Had he enjoy'd her,
Be moſt aſſur'd, he had reſign'd her to you
With leſs reluctance.

ALONZO.

Ha! reſign her to me!——

Reſign her! Who reſign'd her?—Double death!
How could I doubt ſo long? My heart is broke:
Firſt love her to diſtraction; then reſign her!

ZANGA.

But was it not with utmoſt agony?

ALONZO.

Grant that, he ſtill reſign'd her; that's enough.
Would he pluck out his eye to give it me?
Tear out his heart?—She was his heart no more——
Nor was it with reluctance he reſign'd her.
By heav'n he aſk'd, he courted me, to wed:
I thought it ſtrange; 'tis now no longer ſo.

ZANGA.

Was't his requeſt? Are you right ſure of that?——
I fear the letter was not all a tale.

ALONZO.

A tale! there's proof equivalent to ſight.

ZANGA.

I ſhould diſtruſt my ſight on this occaſion.

ALONZO.

And ſo ſhould I; by heav'n, I think I ſhould.
What! *Leonora* the divine, by whom
We gueſs'd at angels? O! I'm all confuſion.

ZANGA.

You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.
Since bliſs and horror, life and death, hang on it,
Go to your chamber; there maturely weigh
Each circumſtance; conſider, above all,
That it is jealouſy's peculiar nature
To ſwell ſmall things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much; and then to loſe its reaſon
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

ALONZO.

Had I ten thouſand lives, I'd give them all

To

To be deceiv'd: I fear 'tis doomſday with me;
And yet ſhe ſeem'd ſo pure, that I thought heav'n
Borrow'd her form for Virtue's ſelf to wear,
To gain her lovers with the ſons of men. [*Exit* Alon.

Enter ISABELLA.

ZANGA.

Thus far it works auſpiciouſly. My patient
Thrives, underneath my hand, in miſery:
He's gone to think; that is, to be diſtracted.

ISABELLA.

I overheard your conference, and ſaw you,
To my amazement, tear the letter.

ZANGA.

There,

There, *Iſabella*, I outdid myſelf:
For tearing it, I not ſecure it only
In its firſt force, but ſuperadd a new:
For who can now the character examine
To cauſe a doubt, much leſs detect the fraud?
And, after tearing it, as loth to ſhew
The foul contents, if I ſhould ſwear it now
A forgery, my lord would diſbelieve me;
Nay, more would diſbelieve, the more I ſwore:
But is the picture happily diſpos'd of?

ISABELLA.

It is.

ZANGA.

That's well—Ah! what is well? O pang to think!
O dire neceſſity! Is this my province?
Whither, my ſoul, ah! whither, art thou ſunk
Beneath thy ſphere? E'er while, far, far above
Such little arts, diſſemblings, falſhoods, frauds,
The traſh of villainy itſelf, which falls
To cowards, and poor wretches wanting bread:

Does this become a ſoldier? This become
Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd?
My martial glory withers at the thought:
But great my end; and ſince there are no other,
Theſe means are juſt; they ſhine with borrow'd light,
Illuſtrious from the purpoſe they purſue.
And greater ſure my merit, who, to gain
A point ſublime, can ſuch a taſk ſuſtain;
To wade through ways obſcene, my honour bend,
And ſhock my nature to attain my end:
Late time ſhall wonder; that my joys will raiſe;
For wonder is involuntary praiſe.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter ALONZO *and* ZANGA.

ALONZO.

O WHAT a pain to think! when every thought,
Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs,
And reaſon knits th' inextricable toil,
In which herſelf is taken! I am loſt;
Poor inſect that I am, I am involv'd,
And bury'd in the web myſelf have wrought!
One argument is balanc'd by another,
And reaſon reaſon meets in doubtful fight,
And proofs are countermin'd by equal proofs.
No more I'll bear this battle of the mind,
This inward anarchy; but find my wife,
And, to her trembling heart preſenting death,
Force all the ſecret from her.

ZANGA.

O forbear!
You totter on the very brink of ruin.

ALONZO.

What doſt thou mean?

ZANGA. [*Aſide.*]

That will diſcover all,
And kill my hopes: What can I think or do?

ALONZO.

What doſt thou murmur?

ZANGA.

Force the ſecret from her!
What's perjury to ſuch a crime as this?
Will ſhe confeſs it then? O groundleſs hope!
But reſt aſſur'd, ſhe'll make this accuſation,
Or falſe or true, your ruin with the king;
Such is her father's power.

ALONZO.

No more; I care not:
Rather than groan beneath this load, I'll die.

ZANGA.

But for what better will you change this load?
Grant you ſhould know it, would not that be worſe?

ALONZO.

No; it would cure me of my mortal pangs,
By hatred and contempt: I ſhould deſpiſe her;
And all my love-bred agonies would vaniſh.

ZANGA.

Ah! were I ſure of that, my lord———

ALONZO.

What then?

ZANGA.

You ſhould not hazard life to gain the ſecret.

ALONZO.

What doſt thou mean? Thou know'ſt I'm on the rack:
I'll not be play'd with; ſpeak, if thou haſt aught,
Or I this inſtant fly to *Leonora*.

ZANGA.

That is, to death. My lord, I am not yet
Quite ſo far gone in guilt to ſuffer it;
Tho' gone too far, heav'n knows.—'Tis I am guilty—
I have took pains, as you I know obſerv'd,
To hinder you from diving in the ſecret,
And turn'd aſide your thoughts from the detection.

ALONZO.

Thou doſt confound me.

ZANGA.

I confound myſelf;
And frankly own, though to my ſhame I own it,
Nought but your life in danger could have torn
The ſecret out, and made me own my crime.

ALONZO.

Speak quickly; *Zanga*, ſpeak.

ZANGA.

Not yet, dread Sir:
Firſt I muſt be aſſur'd, that if you find
The fair one guilty, ſcorn, as you aſſur'd me,
Shall conquer love and rage, and heal your ſoul.

ALONZO.

O! 'twill, by heav'n.

ZANGA.

Alas! I fear it much,
And ſcarce can hope ſo far; but I of this
Exact your ſolemn oath, that you'll abſtain
From all ſelf-violence, and ſave my lord.

ALONZO.

I trebly ſwear.

ZANGA.

You'll bear it like a man?

ALONZO.

A god.

ZANGA.

Such have you been to me; theſe tears confeſs it;
And pour'd forth miracles of kindneſs on me:
And what amends is now within my pow'r,
But to confeſs, expoſe myſelf to juſtice,
And, as a bleſſing, claim my puniſhment?
Know then, Don *Carlos*—

ALONZO.

Oh!

ZANGA.

You cannot bear it.

ALONZO.

Go on; I'll have it, though it blaſt mankind:
I'll have it all, and inſtantly.——Go on.

ZANGA.

Don *Carlos* did return at dead of night——

Enter LEONORA.

LEONORA.

My lord *Alonzo*, you are abſent from us,
And quite undo our joy.

ALONZO.

I'll come, my Love:
Be not our friends deſerted by us both;
I'll follow you this moment.

LEONORA.

My good lord,
I do obſerve ſeverity of thought
Upon your brow. Aught hear you from the *Moors?*

ALONZO.

No, my delight.

LEONORA.

What then employ'd your mind?

ALONZO.

Thou, love, and only thou; ſo heav'n befriend me,
As other thought can find no entrance here.

LEONORA.

How good in you, my lord, whom nations' cares
Solicit, and a world in arms obeys,
To drop one thought on me!

ALONZO. [*He ſhews the utmoſt impatience.*]

Doſt thou then prize it?

LEONORA.

LEONORA.

Do you then aſk it?

ALONZO.

Know then, to thy comfort,
Thou haſt me all; my throbbing heart is full
With thee alone; I've thought of nothing elſe;
Nor ſhall, I from my ſoul believe, till death.
My life, our friends expect thee.

LEONORA.

I obey. [*Exit* Leon.

ALONZO.

Is that the face of curs'd hypocriſy?
If ſhe is guilty, ſtars are made of darkneſs,
And beauty ſhall no more belong to heav'n——
Don Carlos *did return at dead of night:*
Proceed, good *Zanga*; ſo thy tale began.

ZANGA.

Don *Carlos* did return at dead of night;
That night, by chance (ill chance for me) did I
Command the watch that guards the palace gate:
He told me he had letters for the king,
Diſpatch'd from you.

ALONZO.

The villain ly'd.

ZANGA.

My lord,
I pray forbear—Tranſported at his ſight,
After ſo long a bondage, and your friend,
(Who could ſuſpect him of an artifice?)
No farther I enquir'd; but let him paſs,
Falſe to my truſt; at leaſt imprudent in it.
Our watch reliev'd, I went into the garden,
As is my cuſtom when the night's ſerene,
And took a moon-light walk; when ſoon I heard
A ruſtling

A ruſtling in an arbour that was near me:
I ſaw two lovers in each other's arms,
Embracing and embrac'd: Anon the man
Aroſe; and, falling back ſome paces from her,
Gaz'd ardently awhile; then ruſh'd at once;
And throwing all himſelf into her boſom,
There ſoftly ſigh'd; "O night of ecſtacy!
When ſhall we meet again?"——Don *Carlos* then
Led *Leonora* forth.

ALONZO.

O! O my heart! [*He ſinks into a chair.*

ZANGA.

Groan on, and with the ſound refreſh my ſoul.
'Tis through his heart; his knees ſmite one another:
'Tis thro' his brain; his eye-balls roll in anguiſh. [*Aſide.*
My lord, my lord, why will you rack my ſoul?
Speak to me; let me know that you ſtill live.
Do you not know me, Sir? Pray look upon me:
You think too deeply: I'm your own *Zanga*,
So lov'd, ſo cheriſh'd, and ſo faithful to you.—
Where ſtart you in ſuch fury? Nay, my lord,
For heav'n's ſake, ſheath your ſword! What can this mean?
Fool that I was, to truſt you with the ſecret;
And you unkind, to break your word with me.
O paſſion for a woman! On the ground?
Where is your boaſted courage? Where your ſcorn,
And prudent rage, that was to cure your grief,
And chaſe your love-bred agonies away?
Riſe, Sir, for honour's ſake. Why ſhould the *Moors*,
Why ſhould the vanquiſh'd triumph?

ALONZO.

Would to heaven,
That I were lower ſtill! O ſhe was All!
My fame, my friendſhip, and my love of arms,

All

All ſtoop'd to her; my blood was her poſſeſſion:
Deep in the ſecret foldings of my heart,
She liv'd with life, and far the dearer ſhe:
But—and no more—ſet nature in a blaze;
Give her a fit of jealouſy—away———
To think on't is the torment of the damn'd;
And not to think on't is impoſſible.
How fair the cheek, that firſt alarm'd my ſoul!
How bright the eye, that ſets it on a flame!
How ſoft the breaſt, on which I laid my peace
For years to ſlumber, unawak'd by care!
How fierce the tranſport! how ſublime the bliſs!—
How deep, how black, the horror and deſpair!

ZANGA.

You ſaid you'd bear it like a man.

ALONZO.

I do.
Am I not moſt diſtracted?

ZANGA.

Pray be calm.

ALONZO.

As hurricanes: Be thou aſſur'd of that.

ZANGA.

Is this the wife *Alonzo?*

ALONZO.

Villain, no:
He dy'd in th' arbour; he was murder'd there:
I am his dæmon, though—my wife! my wife!———

ZANGA.

Alas! he weeps.

ALONZO.

Go, dig her grave.

ZANGA.

My lord!

ALONZO.

ALONZO.

But that her blood's too hot, I would carouſe it
Around my bridal-board.

ZANGA. [*Aſide.*]

And I would pledge thee.

ALONZO.

But I may talk too faſt. Pray let me think,
And reaſon mildly.—Wedded and undone
Before one night deſcends—O haſty evil!
What friend to comfort me in this extreme!
Where's *Carlos?* Why is *Carlos* abſent from me?
Does he know what has happen'd?

ZANGA.

My good lord!

ALONZO.

O depth of horrors!—He!—my boſom friend!

ZANGA.

Alas! compoſe yourſelf, my lord.

ALONZO.

To death.
Gaze on her with both eyes ſo ardently!
Give them the vultures; tear them all in pieces!

ZANGA. [*Aſide.*]

Moſt excellent!

ALONZO.

Hark! you can keep a ſecret.
In yonder arbour bound with jeſſamin;
Who's that? What villain's that? Unhand her—Murder!
Tear them aſunder—Murder!—How they grind
My heart betwixt them!—O let go my heart!
Yet let it go!—*Embracing and embrac'd!*
O peſtilence!—Who let him in? A traitor.

[*Goes to ſtab* Zanga: *he prevents him.*

Alas! my head turns round, and my limbs fail me.

ZANGA.

ZANGA.

My lord!

ALONZO.

O villain, villain, moſt accurſt!
If thou didſt know it, why didſt let me wed?

ZANGA.

Hear me, my lord; your anger will abate:
I knew it not; I ſaw them in the garden;
But ſaw no more than you might well expect
To ſee in lovers deſtin'd for each other:
By heav'n, I thought their meeting innocent.
Who could ſuſpect fair *Leonora's* virtue,
Till after-proofs conſpir'd to blacken it?
Sad proofs, which came too late; which broke not out
(Eternal curſes on *Alvarez'* haſte!)
'Till holy rites had made the wanton yours;
And then, I own, I labour'd to conceal it,
In duty, and compaſſion to your peace.

ALONZO.

Live now; be damn'd hereafter; for I want thee.
O night of ecſtaſy!—Ha! was't not ſo?
I will enjoy this murder——Let me think—
The jeſs'min bow'r; 'tis ſecret and remote:
Go, wait me there, and take thy dagger with thee.

[*Exit* Zanga.

How the ſweet ſound ſtill ſings within my ear!
When ſhall we meet again? To-night, in hell.

[*As he is going out, Enter* Leonora.

Ha! I'm ſurpriz'd; I ſtagger at her charms.
O angel-devil!—Shall I ſtab her now?
No, it ſhall be as I had firſt determin'd:
To kill her now were half my vengeance loſt,
Then I muſt now diſſemble——if I can.

LEONORA.

My lord, excuſe me; ſee, a ſecond time
I come in embaſſy from all your friends,
Whoſe joys are languid, uninſpir'd by you.

ALONZO.

This moment, *Leonora*, I was coming
To thee, and all——But ſure, or I miſtake,
Or thou canſt well inſpire my friends with joy.

LEONORA.

Why ſighs my lord?

ALONZO.

I ſigh'd not, *Leonora*.

LEONORA.

I thought you did: Your ſighs are mine, my lord,
And I ſhall feel them all.

ALONZO.

Doſt flatter me?

LEONORA.

If my regards for you are flattery,
Full far indeed I ſtretch'd the compliment
In this day's ſolemn rite.

ALONZO.

What rite?

LEONORA.

You ſport me.

ALONZO.

Indeed I do; my heart is full of mirth.

LEONORA.

And ſo is mine—I look on chearfulneſs,
As on the health of virtue.

ALONZO.

Virtue!——Damn——

LEONORA.

What ſays my lord?

ALONZO.

ALONZO.

Thou art exceeding fair.

LEONORA.

Beauty alone is but of little worth;
But when the ſoul and body of a piece,
Both ſhine alike; then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions,
Heav'n's pay on earth for ſuch great ſouls as yours:
If fair and innocent, I am your due.

ALONZO. [*Aſide.*]

Innocent!

LEONORA.

How!—my lord, I interrupt you.

ALONZO.

No, my beſt life; I muſt not part with thee:
This hand is mine. O! what a hand is here!
So ſoft, ſouls ſink into it, and are loſt!

LEONORA.

In tears, my lord?

ALONZO.

What leſs can ſpeak my joy?
I gaze, and I forget my own exiſtence;
'Tis all a viſion; my head ſwims in heav'n.
Wherefore, O! wherefore, this expence of beauty?
And wherefore? O!———
Why, I could gaze upon thy looks for ever,
And drink in all my being from thine eyes;
And I could ſnatch a flaming thunderbolt,
And hurl deſtruction——

LEONORA.

How, my lord! What mean you?
Acquaint me with the ſecret of your heart,
Or caſt me out for ever from your love.

ALONZO.

ALONZO.

Art thou concern'd for me?

LEONORA.

My lord, you fright me.
Is this the fondneſs of your nuptial hour?
I am ill-us'd, my lord; I muſt not bear it.
Why, when I woo your hand, is it deny'd me?
Your very eyes, why are they taught to ſhun me?
Nay, my good lord, I have a title here; [*Taking his hand.*
And I will have it. Am I not your wife?
Have I not juſt authority to know
That heart, which I have purchas'd with my own?
Lay it before me then; it is my due,
Unkind *Alonzo*, though I might demand it,
Behold, I kneel! See, *Leonora* kneels,
And deigns to be a beggar for her own!
Tell me the ſecret: I conjure you tell me.
The bride foregoes the homage of her day;
Alvarez' daughter trembles in the duſt:
Speak then; I charge you ſpeak, or I expire,
And load you with my death. My lord—my lord!

ALONZO.

Ha! ha! ha! [*He breaks from her, and ſhe ſinks upon the floor.*]

LEONORA.

Are theſe the joys which fondly I conceiv'd?
And is it thus a wedded life begins?
What did I part with, when I gave my heart?
I knew not that all happineſs went with it.
Why did I leave my tender father's wing,
And venture into love? That maid that loves,
Goes out to ſea upon a ſhatter'd plank,
And puts her truſt in miracles for ſafety.
Where ſhall I ſigh? Where pour out my complaint?

He

He that ſhould hear, ſhould ſuccour, ſhould redreſs,
He is the ſource of all.

ALONZO.

Go to thy chamber;
I ſoon will follow: That which now diſturbs thee,
Shall be clear'd up, and thou ſhalt not condemn me.

[*Exit* Leonora.

O, how like innocence ſhe looks! What, ſtab her,
And ruſh into her blood?—I never can;
In her, guilt ſhines, and nature holds my hand.
How then? Why thus—No more; it is determin'd.

Enter ZANGA.

ZANGA. [*Aſide.*]

I fear his heart has fail'd him. She muſt die.
Can I not rouze the ſnake that's in his boſom,
To ſting out human nature, and effect it?

ALONZO.

This vaſt and ſolid earth, that blazing ſun,
Thoſe ſkies, thro' which it rolls, muſt all have end.
What then is man? The ſmalleſt part of nothing.
Day buries day; month, month; and year the year:
Our life is but a chain of many deaths.
Can then death's ſelf be fear'd? Our life much rather:
Life is the deſart, life the ſolitude;
Death joins us to the great majority:
'Tis to be born to *Plato*'s and to *Cæſar*;
'Tis to be great for ever;
'Tis pleaſure, 'tis ambition, then, to die.

ZANGA.

I think, my lord, you talk'd of death.

ALONZO.

I did.

ZANGA.

I give you joy; then *Leonora*'s dead.

ALONZO.

No, *Zanga*, no; the greateſt guilt is mine:
'Tis mine, who might have mark'd his midnight viſit;
Who might have mark'd his tameneſs to reſign her;
Who might have mark'd her ſudden turn of love;
Theſe, and a thouſand tokens more; and yet
(For which the ſaints abſolve my ſoul!) did wed.

ZANGA.

Where does this tend?

ALONZO.

To ſhed a woman's blood
Would ſtain my ſword, and make my wars inglorious;
But juſt reſentment to myſelf, bears in it
A ſtamp of greatneſs above vulgar minds:
He who, ſuperior to the checks of nature,
Dares make his life the victim of his reaſon,
Does in ſome ſort that reaſon deify,
And take a flight at heav'n.

ZANGA.

Alas! my lord,
'Tis not your reaſon, but her beauty, finds
Thoſe arguments, and throws you on your ſword:
You cannot cloſe an eye that is ſo bright;
You cannot ſtrike a breaſt that is ſo ſoft;
That has ten thouſand ecſtacies in ſtore—
For *Carlos*?—No, my lord; I mean for you.

ALONZO.

O! thro' my heart and marrow! Pr'ythee ſpare me;
Nor more upbraid the weakneſs of thy lord:
I own, I try'd, I quarrell'd, with my heart,
And puſh'd it on, and bid it give her death;
But, O! her eyes ſtruck firſt, and murder'd me.

ZANGA.

I know not what to anſwer to my lord.

Men

Men are but men; we did not make ourſelves:
Farewel then, my beſt lord, ſince you muſt die.
O that I were to ſhare your monument,
And in eternal darkneſs cloſe theſe eyes
Againſt thoſe ſcenes which I am doom'd to ſuffer!

ALONZO.

What doſt thou mean?

ZANGA.

And is it then unknown?
O grief of heart, to think that you ſhould aſk it!
Sure you diſtruſt that ardent love I bear you,
Elſe could you doubt when you are laid in duſt—
But it will cut my poor heart through and through
To ſee thoſe revel on your ſacred tomb,
Who brought you thither by their lawleſs loves:
For there they'll revel, and exult to find
Him ſleep ſo faſt, who elſe would mar their joys.

ALONZO.

Diſtraction!—But Don *Carlos*, well thou know'ſt,
Is ſheath'd in ſteel, and bent on other thoughts.

ZANGA.

I'll work him to the murder of his friend.— [*Aſide.*
Yes, till the fever of his blood returns,
While her laſt kiſs ſtill glows upon his cheek.
But when he finds *Alonzo* is no more,
How will he ruſh, like lightning, to her arms!
There ſigh, there languiſh, there pour out his ſoul;
But not in grief—ſad obſequies to thee——
But thou wilt be at peace, nor ſee, nor hear,
The burning kiſs, the ſigh of ecſtaſy,
Their throbbing hearts that joſtle one another:
Thank heav'n, theſe torments will be all my own.

ALONZO.

I'll eaſe thee of that pain: Let *Carlos* die;

O'ertake him on the road, and ſee it done.
'Tis my command. [*Gives his ſignet.*]

ZANGA.

I dare not diſobey.

ALONZO.

My *Zanga*, now I have thy leave to die.

ZANGA.

Ah, Sir, think, think again. Are all men buried
In *Carlos'* grave? You know not womankind:
When once the throbbing of the heart has broke
The modeſt zone, with which it firſt was ty'd,
Each man ſhe meets will be a *Carlos* to her.

ALONZO.

That thought has more of hell than had the former;
Another, and another, and another!
And each ſhall caſt a ſmile upon my tomb!
I am convinc'd; I muſt not, will not, die.

ZANGA.

You cannot die; nor can you murder her.
What then remains? In nature no third way,
But to forget, and ſo to love again.

ALONZO.

Oh!

ZANGA.

If you forgive, the world will call you *Good*;
If you forget, the world will call you *Wiſe*;
If you receive her to your grace again,
The world will call you *very, very kind.*

ALONZO.

Zanga, I underſtand thee well. She dies;
Tho' my arm tremble at the ſtroke, ſhe dies.

ZANGA.

That's truly great. What think you 'twas ſet up
The *Greek* and *Roman* name in ſuch a luſtre,

But

But doing right in ſtern deſpite to nature,
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
When great, auguſt, and godlike juſtice call'd?
At *Aulis*, one pour'd out a daughter's life,
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars;
Another ſlew a ſiſter in juſt rage;
A third, the theme of all ſucceeding times,
Gave to the cruel ax a darling ſon:
Nay more, for juſtice ſome devote themſelves,
As he at *Carthage*, an immortal name!
Yet there is one ſtep left above 'em all,
Above their hiſtory, above their fable.
A wife, bride, miſtreſs, unenjoy'd—Do That,
And tread upon the *Greek* and *Roman* glory.

ALONZO.

'Tis done—again new tranſports fire my brain;
I had forgot it; 'tis my bridal night:
Friend, give me joy; we muſt be gay together:
See that the feſtival be duly honour'd.
And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,
And muſic gives her elevating ſound,
And golden carpets ſpread the ſacred floor,
And a new day the blazing tapers pour,
Thou, *Zanga*, then my ſolemn friends invite,
From the dark realms of everlaſting night;
Call vengeance, call the furies, call deſpair;
And death, our chief invited gueſt, be there;
He, with pale hand, ſhall lead the bride, and ſpread
Eternal curtains round our nuptial-bed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter ALONZO.

ALONZO.

PITIFUL! O terrible to ſight!
Poor mangled ſhade, all cover'd o'er with wounds,
And ſo diſguis'd with blood! Who murder'd thee?
Tell thy ſad tale, and thou ſhalt be reveng'd.
Ha! *Carlos?*—Horror! *Carlos?*—O, away!
Go to thy grave, or let me ſink to mine.
I cannot bear the ſight—What ſight?—Where am I?
There's nothing here——If this was fancy's work,
She draws a picture ſtrongly.——

Enter ZANGA.

ZANGA.

Ha!—You're pale.

ALONZO.

Is *Carlos* murder'd?

ZANGA.

I obey'd your order.
Six ruffians overtook him on the road;
He fought as he was wont, and four he ſlew;
Then ſunk beneath an hundred wounds to death:
His laſt breath bleſt *Alonzo*, and deſir'd
His bones might reſt near yours.

ALONZO.

O *Zanga! Zanga!*—
But

But I'll not think; for I muſt act; and thinking
Would ruin me for action. O the medley
Of right and wrong! the chaos in my brain!
He ſhould, and ſhould not die—You ſhould obey,
And not obey——It is a day of darkneſs,
Of contradictions, and of many deaths.
Where's *Leonora* then? Quick anſwer me;
I'm deep in horrors; I'll be deeper ſtill.——
I find thy artifice did take effect,
And ſhe forgives my late deportment to her.

ZANGA.

I told her, from your childhood you was wont,
On any great ſurprize, but chiefly then,
When cauſe of ſorrow bore it company,
To have your paſſion ſhake the ſeat of reaſon;
A momentary ill, which ſoon blew o'er:
Then did I tell her of Don *Carlos'* death;
(Wiſely ſuppreſſing by what means he fell)
And laid the blame on that. At firſt ſhe doubted;
But ſuch the honeſt artifice I us'd,
And ſuch her ardent wiſh it ſhould be true,
That ſhe, at length, was fully ſatisfy'd.

ALONZO.

'Twas well ſhe was. In our late interview,
My paſſion ſo far threw me from my guard,
(Methinks 'tis ſtrange!) that, conſcious of her guilt,
She ſaw not, thro' its thin diſguiſe, my heart.

ZANGA.

But what deſign you, Sir; and how?

ALONZO.

I'll tell thee.
Thus I've ordain'd it: In the jeſs'min bow'r,
The place which ſhe diſhonour'd with her guilt,
There will I meet her: the appointment's made;

And calmly ſpread (for I can do it now)
The blackneſs of her crime before her ſight;
And then, with all the cool ſolemnity
Of public juſtice, give her to the grave. [*Exit.*

ZANGA.

Why, get thee gone! Horror and night go with thee!
Siſters of *Acheron*, go hand in hand;
Go dance around the bow'r, and cloſe them in;
And tell them, that I ſent you to ſalute them!
Prophane the ground; and for th' ambroſial roſe,
And breath of jeſs'min, let hemlock blacken,
And deadly nightſhade poiſon all the air!
For the ſweet nightingale, may ravens croak,
Toads pant, and adders ruſtle thro' the leaves;
May ſerpents winding up the trees, let fall
Their hiſſing necks upon them from above,
And mingle kiſſes—ſuch as I ſhould give them! [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Bower.*

LEONORA *ſleeping.* *Enter* ALONZO.

ALONZO.

Ye amaranths! ye roſes, like the morn!
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange-groves!
Why do you ſmile? Why do you look ſo fair?
Are you not blaſted as I enter in?
Yes; ſee how every flow'r lets fall its head!
How ſhudders every leaf without a wind!
How every green is as the ivy pale!
Did ever midnight ghoſts aſſemble here?
Have theſe ſweet echoes ever learnt to groan?
Joy-giving, love-inſpiring, holy bow'r!
Know, in thy fragrant boſom, thou receiv'ſt
A—murderer: O! I ſhall ſtain thy lilies,
And horror will uſurp the ſeat of bliſs.

So *Lucifer* broke into Paradiſe, [ſleeps——
And ſoon damnation follow'd. [*He advances.*] Ha! ſhe
The day's uncommon heat has overcome her:
Then take, my longing eyes, your laſt full gaze.
O, what a ſight is here! How dreadful fair!
Who would not think that Being innocent?
Where ſhall I ſtrike? Who ſtrikes her, ſtrikes himſelf.
My own life-blood will iſſue at her wound.
O my diſtracted heart!—O cruel heav'n!
To give ſuch charms as thoſe, and then call man,
Mere man, to be your executioner.
Was it becauſe it was too hard for you?
But ſee, ſhe ſmiles! I never ſhall ſmile more;
It ſtrongly tempts me to a parting kiſs.
[*Going, he ſtarts back.*
Ha! ſmile again! She dreams of him ſhe loves:
Curſe on her charms! I'll ſtab her thro' them all.
[*As he is going to ſtrike, ſhe wakes.*

LEONORA.

My lord, your ſtay was long; and yonder lull
Of falling waters tempted me to reſt,
Diſpirited with noon's exceſſive heat.

ALONZO.

Ye pow'rs, with what an eye ſhe mends the day!
While they were clos'd, I ſhould have giv'n the blow. [*Aſide.*
O for a laſt embrace! and then for juſtice:
Thus heav'n and I ſhall both be ſatisfy'd.

LEONORA.

What ſays my lord?

ALONZO.

Why This *Alonzo* ſays:
If love were endleſs, men were gods; 'tis that
Does counter-balance travel, danger, pain——
'Tis heav'n's expedient to make mortals bear

The

The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave.

LEONORA.

Alas! my lord, why talk you of the grave?
Your friend is dead; in friendſhip you ſuſtain
A mighty loſs; repair it with my love.

ALONZO.

Thy love? Thou piece of witchcraft!—I would ſay,
Thou brighteſt angel! I could gaze for ever.
Where hadſt thou this? Enchantreſs, tell me where?
Which with a touch works miracles, boils up
My blood to tumults, and turns round my brain!
Ev'n now thou ſwimm'ſt before me: I ſhall loſe thee:
No, I will make thee ſure, and claſp thee all.
Who turn'd this ſlender waiſt with ſo much art,
And ſhut perfection in ſo ſmall a ring?
Who ſpread that pure expanſe of white above,
On which the dazzled ſight can find no reſt;
But, drunk with beauty, wanders up and down
For ever, and for ever finds new charms?
But, O thoſe eyes! thoſe murderers! O whence,
Whence did'ſt thou ſteal their burning orbs? From heav'n?
Thou did'ſt; and 'tis religion to adore them.

LEONORA.

My beſt *Alonzo*, moderate your thought;
Extremes ſtill fright me, tho' of love itſelf.

ALONZO.

Extremes, indeed! It hurried me away;
But I come home again—and now for juſtice———
And now for death—It is impoſſible———
Sure ſuch were made by heav'n guiltleſs to ſin,
Or in their guilt to laugh at puniſhment. [*Aſide.*
I leave her to juſt heav'n. [*Drops the dagger, and goes off.*

LEONORA.

Ha! a dagger!

What

What doſt thou ſay, thou miniſter of death?
What dreadful tale doſt tell me? Let me think.

Enter ZANGA.

ZANGA. [*Aſide.*]

Death to my tow'ring hope! O fall from high!
My cloſe long-labour'd ſcheme at once is blaſted.
That dagger found will cauſe her to enquire;
Enquiry will diſcover all; my hopes
Of vengeance periſh; I myſelf am loſt——
Curſe on the coward's heart! wither his hand,
Which held the ſteel in vain!—What can be done?——
Where can I fix?—That's ſomething ſtill—'twill breed
Fell rage and bitterneſs betwixt their ſouls,
Which may perchance grow up to greater evil;
If not, 'tis all I can———It ſhall be ſo———

LEONORA.

O *Zanga!* I am ſinking in my fears!
Alonzo dropt this dagger as he left me;
And left me in a ſtrange diſorder too.
What can this mean? Angels preſerve his life!

ZANGA.

Yours, Madam; yours.

LEONORA.

What, *Zanga*, doſt thou ſay?

ZANGA.

Carry you goodneſs then to ſuch extremes,
So blinded to the faults of him you love,
That you perceive not he is jealous?

LEONORA.

Heav'ns!
And yet a thouſand things recur that ſwear it.
What villain could inſpire him with that thought?
It is not of the growth of his own nature.

ZANGA.

Some villain; who, hell knows; but he is jealous;
And 'tis moſt fit a heart ſo pure as yours
Do itſelf juſtice, and aſſert its honour,
And make him conſcious of his ſtab to virtue.

LEONORA.

Jealous! it ſickens at my heart. Unkind,
Ungenerous, groundleſs, weak, and inſolent!
Why? wherefore? On what ſhadow of occaſion?
'Tis faſcination; 'tis the wrath of heav'n
For the collected crimes of all his race.
O how the great man leſſens to my thought!
How could ſo mean a vice as jealouſy,
Unnatural child of ignorance and guilt,
Which tears and feeds upon its parent's heart,
Live in a throng of ſuch exalted virtues?
I ſcorn and hate—yet love him, and adore:
I cannot, will not, dare not, think it true,
'Till from himſelf I know it. [*Exit.*

ZANGA.

This ſucceeds
Juſt to my wiſh. Now ſhe with violence
Upbraids him; he, not doubting ſhe is guilty,
Rages no leſs; and if on either ſide
The waves run high, there ſtill lives hope of ruin.
[*Enter* Alonzo.
My lord———

ALONZO.

O *Zanga!* hold thy peace; I am no coward;
But heav'n itſelf did hold my hand; I felt it;
By the well-being of my ſoul, I did:
I'll think of vengeance at another ſeaſon.

ZANGA.

My lord, her guilt———

ALONZO.

ALONZO.

Perdition on thee, *Moor*,
For that one word! Ah! do not rouze that thought;
I have o'erwhelm'd it much as poſſible:
Away then; let us talk of other things:
I tell thee, *Moor*, I love her to diſtraction:
If 'tis my ſhame, why be it ſo——I love her;
Nor can I help it; 'tis impos'd upon me
By ſome ſuperior and reſiſtleſs pow'r:
I could not hurt her to be lord of earth;
It ſhocks my nature like a ſtroke at heav'n.
Angels defend her, as if innocent!
But ſee my *Leonora* comes:—Be gone. [*Exit* Zanga.
[*Enter* Leonora.
O ſeen for ever! yet for ever new!
The conquer'd thou doſt conquer o'er again,
Inflicting wound on wound.

LEONORA.

Alas, my lord!
What need of this to me?

ALONZO.

Ha! doſt thou weep?

LEONORA.

Have I no cauſe?

ALONZO.

If love is thy concern,
Thou haſt no cauſe; none ever lov'd like me.
But wherefore this? Is it to break my heart,
Which loſes ſo much blood for every tear?

LEONORA.

Is it ſo tender?

ALONZO.

Is it not? O heav'n!
Doubt of my love? Why, I am nothing elſe;

It quite abſorbs my every other paſſion.
O that this one embrace would laſt for ever!

LEONORA.

Could this man ever mean to wrong my virtue?
Could this man e'er deſign upon my life?
Impoſſible! I throw away the thought. [*Aſide.*
Theſe tears declare how much I taſte the joy
Of being folded in your arms and heart;
My univerſe does lie within that ſpace.
This dagger bore falſe witneſs. [*Shewing it.*

ALONZO.

Ha! my dagger?
It rouzes horrid images: Away,
Away with it, and let us talk of Love,
Plunge ourſelves deep into the ſweet illuſion,
And hide us there from every other thought.

LEONORA.

It touches you.

ALONZO.

Let's talk of Love.

LEONORA.

Of Death.

ALONZO.

As thou lov'ſt happineſs———

LEONORA.

Of murder.

ALONZO.

Raſh,
Raſh woman, yet forbear.

LEONORA.

Approve my wrongs!

ALONZO.

Then muſt I fly, for thy ſake and my own.

LEONORA.

LEONORA.

Nay, by my injuries, you firſt muſt hear me:
Stab me, then think it much to hear me groan!

ALONZO.

Heav'ns ſtrike me deaf!

LEONORA.

It well may ſting you home.

ALONZO.

Alas! thou quite miſtak'ſt my cauſe of pain.
Yet, yet diſmiſs me; I am all in flames.

LEONORA.

Who has moſt cauſe? You, or myſelf? What act
Of my whole life encourag'd you to this?
Or of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you?
You find me kind, and think me kind to all;
The weak, ungenerous error of your ſex.
What could inſpire the thought? We oft'neſt judge
From our own hearts: and is yours then ſo frail,
It prompts you to conceive thus ill of me?
He that can ſtoop to harbour ſuch a thought,
Deſerves to find it true. [*Holding him.*

ALONZO.

O ſex, ſex, ſex! [*Turning on her.*
The language of you all. Ill-fated woman!
Why haſt thou forc'd me back into the gulph
Of agonies, I had block'd up from thought?
I know the cauſe; thou ſaw'ſt me impotent
E'er while to hurt thee, therefore thou turn'ſt on me:
But, by the pangs I ſuffer, to thy woe:
For, ſince thou haſt replung'd me in my torture,
I will be ſatisfied.

LEONORA.

Be ſatisfied!

ALONZO.

ALONZO.

Yes; thy own mouth ſhall witneſs it againſt thee;
I will be ſatisfied.

LEONORA.

Of what?

ALONZO.

Of what!
How dar'ſt thou aſk that queſtion? Woman, Woman,
Weak, and aſſur'd at once; thus 'tis for ever.
Who told thee that thy virtue was ſuſpected?
Who told thee I deſign'd upon thy life?
You found the dagger, but that could not ſpeak;
Nor did I tell thee: Who did tell thee then?
Guilt, conſcious guilt.

LEONORA.

This to my face? O heav'n!

ALONZO.

'This to thy very ſoul.

LEONORA.

Thou'rt not in earneſt?

ALONZO.

Serious as death.

LEONORA.

Then heav'n have mercy on thee.
Till now, I ſtruggled not to think it true;
I ſought conviction, and would not believe it:
And doſt thou force me? This ſhall not be borne:
Thou ſhalt repent this inſult. [*Going.*

ALONZO.

Madam, ſtay:
Your paſſion's wiſe; 'tis a diſguiſe for guilt;
'Tis my turn now to fix you here awhile;
You, and your thouſand arts, ſhall not eſcape me.

LEONORA.

LEONORA.

Arts?

ALONZO.

Arts! Confeſs; for death is in my hand.

LEONORA.

'Tis in your words.

ALONZO.

Confeſs, confeſs, confeſs;
Nor tear my veins with paſſion to compel thee.

LEONORA.

I ſcorn to anſwer thee, preſumptuous man!

ALONZO.

Deny then, and incur a fouler ſhame.
Where did I find this picture?

LEONORA.

Ha! Don *Carlos?*
By my beſt hopes, more welcome than thy own.

ALONZO.

I know it; but is vice ſo very rank,
That thou ſhould'ſt dare to daſh it in my face?
Nature is ſick of thee, abandon'd woman!

LEONORA.

Repent.

ALONZO.

Is that for me?

LEONORA.

Fall, aſk my pardon.

ALONZO.

Aſtoniſhment!

LEONORA.

Dar'ſt thou perſiſt to think I am diſhoneſt?

ALONZO.

I know thee ſo.

LEONORA.

This blow then to thy heart———

[*She ſtabs herſelf, he endeavouring to prevent her.*

ALONZO.

Ho! *Zanga! Iſabella!* Ho! She bleeds!
Deſcend, ye bleſſed angels, to aſſiſt her!

LEONORA.

This is the only way I would wound thee,
Tho' moſt unjuſt. Now think me guilty ſtill.

Enter ISABELLA.

ALONZO.

Bear her to inſtant help: The world to ſave her!

LEONORA.

Unhappy man! well may'ſt thou gaze and tremble;
But fix thy terror and amazement right;
Not on my blood, but on thy own diſtraction.
What haſt thou done? Whom cenſur'd?—*Leonora.*
When thou hadſt cenſur'd, thou would'ſt ſave her life;
O inconſiſtent! Should I live in ſhame,
Or ſtoop to any other means but this,
T' aſſert my virtue? No; ſhe who diſputes,
Admits it poſſible ſhe might be guilty:
While aught but truth could be my inducement to it,
While it might look like an excuſe to thee,
I ſcorn'd to vindicate my innocence;
But now, I let thy raſhneſs know, the wound
Which leaſt I feel, is taht my dagger made.

[Iſabella *leads out* Leonora.

ALONZO.

Ha! Was this woman guilty?—and if not——
How my thought darkens that way! Grant, kind heav'n,
That ſhe prove guilty, or give Being end.
Is that my hope then?—Sure, the ſacred duſt

Of her that bore me trembles in its urn.
Is it in man the ſore diſtreſs to bear,
When hope itſelf is blacken'd to deſpair?
When all the bliſs I pant for, is to gain
In hell a refuge from ſeverer pain? [*Exit* Alonzo.

Enter ZANGA.

ZANGA.

How ſtands the great account 'twixt me and vengeance?
Tho' much is paid, yet ſtill it owes me much;
And I will not abate a ſingle groan.——
Ha! that were well—but that were fatal too——
Why, be it ſo—Revenge ſo truly great
Would come too cheap, if bought with leſs than life.
Come death, come hell, then; 'tis reſolv'd; 'tis done.

Enter ISABELLA.

ISABELLA.

Ah! *Zanga*, ſee me tremble: Has not yet
Thy cruel heart its fill?—Poor *Leonora*——

ZANGA.

Welters in blood, and gaſps for her laſt breath:
What then? We all muſt die.

ISABELLA.

Alonzo raves;
And in the tempeſt of his grief, has thrice
Attempted on his life: At length, diſarm'd,
He calls his friends that ſave him, his worſt foes,
And importunes the ſkies for ſwift perdition.
Thus in his ſtorm of ſorrow. After pauſe,
He ſtarted up, and call'd aloud for *Zanga*:
For *Zanga* rav'd; and ſee, he ſeeks you here,
To learn that truth, which moſt he dreads to know.

ZANGA.

Be gone. Now, now, my ſoul, conſummate all.

[*Exit* Iſabella.

Enter ALONZO.

ALONZO.

O *Zanga!*

ZANGA.

Do not tremble ſo; but ſpeak.

ALONZO.

I dare not. [*Falls on him.*

ZANGA.

You will drown me with your tears.

ALONZO.

Have I not cauſe?

ZANGA.

As yet, you have no cauſe.

ALONZO.

Doſt thou too rave?

ZANGA.

Your anguiſh is to come:
You much have been abus'd.

ALONZO.

Abus'd! by whom?

ZANGA.

To know, were little comfort.

ALONZO.

O! 'twere much.

ZANGA.

Indeed!

ALONZO.

By heav'n. O give him to my fury!

ZANGA.

Born for your uſe, I live but to oblige you:

Know

Know then, 'twas——I.

ALONZO.

Am I awake?

ZANGA.

For ever.

Thy wife is guiltleſs; that's one tranſport to me:
And I, I let thee know it; that's another:
I urg'd Don *Carlos* to reſign his miſtreſs;
I forg'd the Letter; I diſpos'd the Picture;
I hated; I deſpis'd; and I deſtroy.

ALONZO.

Oh! [*Swoons.*

ZANGA.

Why, this is well—why, this is blow for blow.
Where are you? Crown me, ſhadow me, with laurels,
Ye ſpirits, which delight in juſt Revenge:
Let *Europe*, and her pallid ſons, go weep;
Let *Africk*, and her hundred thrones, rejoice.
O my dear countrymen! look down, and ſee
How I beſtride your proſtrate conqueror!
I tread on haughty *Spain*, and all her kings:
But this is mercy; this is my indulgence;
'Tis peace; 'tis refuge, from my indignation:
I muſt awake him into horrors. Ho!
Alonzo, ho! the *Moor* is at the gate;
Awake, Invincible, Omnipotent!
Thou who doſt all ſubdue.

ALONZO.

Inhuman ſlave!

ZANGA.

Fall'n Chriſtian, thou miſtak'ſt my character.
Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou ſay'ſt
The *Moor*, a ſlave, an abject, *beaten* ſlave
(Eternal woes to him that made me ſo!):

But look again. Has ſix years cruel bondage
Extinguiſh'd majeſty ſo far, that nought
Shines here, to give an awe of one above thee?
When the great *Mooriſh* king, *Abdalla*, fell,
Fell by thy hand accurs'd, I fought faſt by him;
His ſon; tho', thro' his fondneſs, in diſguiſe,
Leſs to expoſe me to th' ambitious foe.
Ha! Does it wake thee? O'er my father's corſe
I ſtood aſtride, till I had clove thy creſt;
And then was made the captive of a ſquadron,
And ſunk into thy ſervant.—But O! What,
What were my wages? Hear not heav'n, nor earth!
My wages were a *blow*;—by heav'n, a *blow*;
And from a mortal hand.

ALONZO.

O villain! villain!

ZANGA. [*Shewing a dagger.*]

All ſtrife is vain.

ALONZO.

Is thus my love return'd?
Is this my recompence? Make friends of tigers!
Lay not your young, O mothers, on the breaſt,
For fear they turn to ſerpents as they lie,
And pay you for their nouriſhment with death.
Carlos is dead, and *Leonora* dying;
Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me:
That heav'nly maid, which ſhould have liv'd for ever,
At leaſt have gently ſlept her ſoul away;
Whoſe life ſhould have ſhut up as evening flow'rs
At the departing ſun——was murder'd! murder'd!
O ſhame! O guilt! O horror! O remorſe!
O puniſhment! Had Satan never fell,
Hell had been made for me—O *Leonora!*

ZANGA.

ZANGA.

Muſt I deſpiſe thee too, as well as hate thee?
Complain of grief, complain thou art a man.
Priam from fortune's lofty ſummit fell;
Great *Alexander* 'midſt his conqueſts mourn'd;
Heroes and demi-gods have known their ſorrows;
Cæſars have wept; and I have had—my *blow:*
But 'tis reveng'd; and now my work is done:
Yet, ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance,
To make ev'n *thee* confeſs that I am juſt:
Thou ſeeſt a prince, whoſe father thou haſt ſlain;
Whoſe native country thou haſt laid in blood;
Whoſe ſacred perſon, oh! thou haſt prophan'd;
Whoſe reign extinguiſh'd: What was left to me
So highly born? No kingdom, but Revenge;
No treaſure, but thy tortures, and thy groans.
If men ſhould aſk who brought thee to thy end,
Tell them the *Moor*, and they will not deſpiſe thee:
If cold white mortals cenſure this great deed,
Warn them, they judge not of ſuperior beings,
Souls made of fire, and children of the ſun,
With whom Revenge is virtue. Fare thee well——
Now, fully ſatisfy'd, I ſhould take leave;
But one thing grieves me; ſince thy death is near,
I leave thee my example how to die.

As he is going to ſtab himſelf, Alonzo *ruſhes upon him to prevent him. In the mean time, Enter* Alvarez, *attended. They diſarm and ſeize* Zanga. Alonzo *puts the dagger in his boſom.*

ALONZO.

No, monſter, thou ſhalt not eſcape by death.——
O father!

ALVAREZ.

O *Alonzo!*——*Iſabella,*
Touch'd with remorſe to ſee her miſtreſs' pangs,
Told all the dreadful tale.

ALONZO.

What groan was that?

ZANGA.

As I have been a vulture to thy heart,
So will I be a raven to thine ear,
And true as ever ſnuff'd the ſcent of blood,
As ever flapt its heavy wing againſt
The window of the ſick, and croak'd deſpair:
Thy wife is dead.

[Alvarez *goes to the ſide of the ſtage, and returns.*

ALVAREZ.

The dreadful news is true.

ALONZO.

Prepare the rack; invent new torments for him.

ZANGA.

This too is well. The fix'd and noble mind
Turns all occurrence to its own advantage,
And I'll make vengeance of calamity.
Were I not thus reduc'd, thou would'ſt not know,
That, thus reduc'd, I dare defy thee ſtill:
Torture thou may'ſt; but thou ſhalt ne'er deſpiſe me:
The blood will follow, where the knife is driven;
The fleſh will quiver, where the pincers tear;
And ſighs and cries by nature grow on pain:
But theſe are foreign to the ſoul: Not mine
The groans that iſſue, or the tears that fall;
They diſobey me; on the rack I ſcorn thee,
As when my faulchion clove thy helm in battle.

ALVAREZ.

Peace, villain!

ZANGA.

ZANGA.

While I live, old man, I'll ſpeak;
And, well I know, thou dar'ſt not kill me yet;
For that would rob thy blood-hounds of their prey.

ALONZO.

Who call'd *Alonzo?*

ALVAREZ.

No one call'd, my ſon.

ALONZO.

Again!—'Tis *Carlos'* voice, and I obey.
O how I laugh at all that this can do! [*Shewing the dagger.*
The wounds that pain'd, the wounds that murder'd me,
Were given before; I am already dead;
This only marks my body for the grave. [*Stabs himſelf.*
Africk, thou art reveng'd.——O *Leonora!*— [*Dies.*

ZANGA.

Good ruffians, give me leave; my blood is yours;
The wheel's prepar'd, and you ſhall have it all;
Let me but look one moment on the dead,
And pay yourſelves with gazing on my pangs.
[*He goes to* Alonzo's *body.*
Is this *Alonzo?* Where's the haughty mien?
Is that the hand which ſmote me? Heav'ns, how pale!
And art thou dead? So is my enmity:
I war not with the duſt: The great, the proud,
The conqueror of *Africk*, was my foe.
A lion preys not upon carcaſſes.
This was the only method to ſubdue me:
Terror and doubt fall on me; all thy good
Now blazes: all thy guilt is in the grave:
Never had man ſuch funeral applauſe;
If I lament thee, ſure thy worth was great.
O vengeance! I have follow'd thee too far,
And to receive me hell blows all her fires. [*He is borne off.*

ALVAREZ.

Dreadful effect of jealouſy! a rage
In which the wife with caution will engage;
Reluctant long, and tardy to believe,
Where, ſway'd by nature, we ourſelves deceive;
Where our own folly joins the villain's art,
And each man finds a *Zanga* in his heart. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

BY A FRIEND.

OUR Author ſent me, in an humble ſtrain,
To beg you'd bleſs the offſpring of his brain;
And I, your proxy, promis'd, in your name,
The Child ſhould live, at leaſt Six days of fame:
I like the Brat; but ſtill his faults can find;
And by the Parent's leave will ſpeak my mind.
Gallants, pray tell me, do you think 'twas well,
To let a willing maid lead apes in hell?
You, nicer Ladies, ſhould you think it right
To eat no Supper——on your Wedding-night?
Shou'd Engliſh *Huſbands dare to ſtarve their Wives,*
Be ſure, they'd lead moſt comfortable lives.
But he loves miſchief, and, with groundleſs fears,
Wou'd fain ſet loving couples by the ears;
Wou'd ſpoil the tender huſbands of our nation,
By teaching them his vile outlandiſh faſhion;
But we've been taught, in our good-natur'd clime,
That Jealouſy, tho' juſt, is ſtill a crime,
And will be ſtill; for, (not to blame the plot)
That ſame Alonzo *was a ſtupid ſot,*

To

To kill a bride, a miſtreſs unenjoy'd;
'Twere ſome excuſe, had the poor man been cloy'd:
To kill her on ſuſpicion, ere he knew
Whether the heinous crime were falſe or true.——
The prieſt ſaid grace; ſhe met him in the bower,
In hopes ſhe might anticipate an hour:——
Love was her errand, but the hot-brain'd Spaniard,
Inſtead of Love—produc'd a filthy Poniard:——
Had he been wiſe at this their private meeting,
The proof o' th' Pudding had been in the Eating:
Madam had then been pleas'd, and Don contented,
And all this blood and murder been prevented.
Britons, *be wiſe, and, from this ſad example,*
Ne'er break a Bargain, but firſt take a Sample.

THE

THE

BROTHERS:

A

TRAGEDY.

ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE,

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY MR. DODSLEY,

AND SPOKEN BY MR. HAVARD.

THE Tragic Muſe, revolving many a page
Of time's long records drawn from every age,
Forms not her plans on low or trivial deeds,
But marks the ſtriking!——When ſome Hero bleeds
To ſave his Country, then her powers inſpire,
And ſouls congenial catch the patriot fire.——
When bold oppreſſion grinds a ſuffering land;
When the keen dagger gleams in murder's hand;
When black conſpiracy infects the throng;
Or fell revenge ſits brooding o'er his wrong;
Then walks ſhe forth in terror; at her frown
Guilt ſhrinks appall'd, though ſeated on a throne.
But the rack'd ſoul, when dark ſuſpicions rend;
When Brothers hate, and Sons with Sires contend;
When claſhing intereſts war eternal wage;
And Love, the tendereſt paſſion, turns to Rage;
Then grief on every viſage ſtands impreſt,
And Pity throbs in every feeling breaſt;
Hope, Fear, and Indignation, riſe by turns,
And the ſtrong ſcene with various paſſion burns.

Such

PROLOGUE.

Such is our tale:—Nor bluſh, if tears ſhould flow;
They're virtue's tribute paid to human woe:
Such drops new luſtre to bright eyes impart;
The ſilent witneſs of a tender heart:
Such drops adorn the nobleſt Hero's cheek,
And paint his worth, in ſtrokes that more than ſpeak:
Not he who cannot weep, but he who can,
Shews the great ſoul, and proves himſelf a Man.
Yet do not idly grieve at others pain,
Nor let the tears of nature fall in vain:
Watch the cloſe crimes from whence their ills have grown,
And from their *frailties learn to mend* your own.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

PHILIP, King of *Macedon*,		Mr. BERRY.
PERSEUS, his elder Son,		Mr. MOSSOP.
DEMETRIUS, his younger Son,		Mr. GARRICK.
PERICLES, the Friend of PERSEUS,		Mr. BLAKES.
ANTIGONUS, a Miniſter of State,		Mr. BURTON.
DYMAS, the King's Favorite,		Mr. SIMSON.
POSTHUMIUS, CURTIUS,	*Roman* Ambaſſadors,	Mr. WINSTONE. Mr. MOZEEN.

WOMEN.

ERIXINE, the *Thracian* Princeſs,	Mrs. BELLAMY.
Her Attendant,	Miſs HIPPISLEY.

THE

THE BROTHERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter CURTIUS *and* POSTHUMIUS.

CURTIUS.

THERE's ſomething of magnificence about us
I have not ſeen at *Rome*. But you can tell me.
[*Gazes round.*

POSTHUMIUS.

True: Hither ſent on former embaſſies,
I know this ſplendid court of *Macedon*,
And haughty *Philip*, well.

CURTIUS.

His pride preſumes
To treat us here like ſubjects, more than *Romans*,
More than ambaſſadors, who, in our boſoms,
Bear peace and war, and throw him which we pleaſe,
As *Jove* his ſtorm, or ſunſhine, on his creatures.

POSTHUMIUS.

This *Philip* only, ſince *Rome*'s glory roſe,
Preſerves its grandeur to the name of king;
Like a bold ſtar, that ſhews its fires by day.
The *Greek*, who won the world, was ſent before him,
As the grey dawn before the blaze of noon:
Philip had ne'er been conquer'd, but by *Rome*;
And what can fame ſay more of mortal man?

CURTIUS.

I know his public character.

POSTHUMIUS.

It pains me
To turn my thoughts on his domeſtic ſtate:
There *Philip* is no God; but pours his heart,
In ceaſeleſs groans, o'er his contending ſons;
And pays the ſecret tax of mighty men
To their mortality.

CURTIUS.

But whence the ſtrife,
Which thus afflicts him?

POSTHUMIUS.

From this *Philip*'s bed
Two *Alexanders* ſpring.

CURTIUS.

And but one world?
'Twill never do.

POSTHUMIUS.

They both are bright; but one
Benignly bright, as ſtars to mariners;
And one a comet with malignant blaze,
Denouncing ruin.

CURTIUS.

You mean *Perſeus*.

POSTHUMIUS.

POSTHUMIUS.

True,
The younger ſon *Demetrius*, you well know,
Was bred at *Rome*, our hoſtage from his father.
Soon after, he was ſent ambaſſador,
When *Philip* fear'd the thunder of our arms.
Rome's manners won him, and his manners *Rome*;
Who granted peace, declaring ſhe forgave,
To his high worth, the conduct of his father.
This gave him all the hearts of *Macedon*;
Which, join'd to his high patronage from *Rome*,
Inflames his jealous brother.

CURTIUS.

Glows there not
A ſecond brand of enmity?

POSTHUMIUS.

O, yes;
The fair *Erixene*.

CURTIUS.

I've partly heard
Her ſmother'd ſtory.

POSTHUMIUS.

Smother'd by the king;
And wiſely too. But thou ſhalt hear it all.
Not ſeals of adamant, not mountains whelm'd
On guilty ſecrets, can exclude the day.
Long burnt a fix'd hereditary hate
Between the crowns of *Macedon* and *Thrace*;
The ſword by both too much indulg'd in blood.
Philip, at length, prevail'd; he took, by night,
The town, and palace, of his deadly foe;
Ruſh'd thro' the flames, which he had kindled round,
And ſlew him, bold in vain: Nor reſted there;
But, with unkingly cruelty, deſtroy'd

Two little ſons within their mother's arms;
Thus meaning to tread out thoſe ſparks of war,
Which might one day flame up to great revenge.
The queen, through grief, on her dead ſons expir'd.
One child alone ſurviv'd: A female infant,
Amid theſe horrors, in the cradle ſmil'd.

CURTIUS.

What of that infant?

POSTHUMIUS.

Stung with ſharp remorſe,
The victor took, and gave her to his queen.
The child was bred, and honour'd, as her own;
She grew, ſhe bloom'd; and now her eyes repay
Her brothers' wounds on *Philip*'s rival ſons.

CURTIUS.

Is then *Erixene* that *Thracian* child?
How juſt the Gods! from out that ruin'd houſe
He took a brand, to ſet his own on fire.

POSTHUMIUS.

To give thee, friend, the whole in miniature;
This is the picture of great *Philip*'s court:
The proud, but melancholy king, on high,
Majeſtic ſits, like *Jove* enthron'd in darkneſs;
His ſons are as the thunder in his hand;
And the fair *Thracian* princeſs is a ſtar,
That ſparkles by, and gilds the ſolemn ſcene.

[*Shouts heard.*

'Tis their great day, ſupreme of all the year,
The fam'd Luſtration of their martial powers;
Thence for our audience, choſen by the king.
If he provokes a war, his empire ſhakes,
And all her lofty glories nod to ruin.

CURTIUS.

Who comes?

POSTHUMIUS.

POSTHUMIUS.

O, that's the jealous elder brother;
Irregular in manners, as in form.
Obſerve the fire, high birth, and empire, kindle!

CURTIUS.

He holds his conference with much emotion.

POSTHUMIUS.

The brothers both can talk; and, in their turns,
Have borne away the prize of eloquence
At *Athens*. Shun his walk: Our own debate
Is now at hand. We'll ſeek his lion Sire,
Who dares to frown on us his conquerors;
And carries ſo much monarch on his brow,
As if he'd fright us with the wounds we gave him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PERSEUS *and* PERICLES.

PERSEUS.

'Tis empire! empire! empire! let that word
Make ſacred all I do, or can attempt!
Had I been born a ſlave, I ſhould affect it:
My nature's fiery, and, of courſe, aſpires.
Who gives an empire, by the gift defeats
All end of giving; and procures contempt
Inſtead of gratitude. An empire loſt,
Deſtroy'd, would leſs confound me, than reſign'd.

PERICLES.

But are you ſure *Demetrius* will attempt?

PERSEUS.

Why does *Rome* court him? For his virtues? No:
To fire him to dominion: To blow up
A civil war; then to ſupport him in it:
He gains the name of king, and *Rome* the power.

PERICLES.

This is indeed the common art of *Rome*.

PERSEUS.

That ſource of juſtice through the wond'ring world!
His youth and valour ſecond *Rome*'s deſigns:
The firſt impels him to preſumptuous hope;
The laſt ſupports him in it. Then his perſon!
Thy hand, O Nature, has made bold with mine.
Yet more; what words diſtil from his red lip,
To gull the multitude! and they make kings.
Ten thouſand fools, knaves, cowards, lump'd together,
Become all-wiſe, all-righteous, and all-mighty.
Nor is this all: the fooliſh *Thracian* maid
Prefers the boy to me.

PERICLES.

And does that pain you?

PERSEUS.

O *Pericles*, to death. It is moſt true,
Through hate to him, and not through love for her,
I paid my firſt addreſſes; but became
The fool I feign'd: My ſighs are now ſincere,
It ſmarts; it burns: O that 'twere fiction ſtill!
By heaven, ſhe ſeems more beauteous than dominion.

PERICLES.

Dominion, and the princeſs, both are loſt,
Unleſs you gain the king.

PERSEUS.

But how to gain him?
Old men love novelties; the laſt arriv'd
Still pleaſes beſt; the youngeſt ſteals their ſmiles.

PERICLES.

Dymas alone can work him to his pleaſure;
Firſt in eſteem, and keeper of his heart.

PERSEUS.

To *Dymas* thou; and win him to thy will.
In the mean time I'll ſeek my double rival;

Curb

Curb his preſumption, and erect myſelf,
In all the dignity of birth, before him.
Whate'er can ſtir the blood, or ſway the mind,
Is now at ſtake; and double is the loſs,
When an inferior bears away the prize.

PERICLES.

Your brother, dreſs'd for the ſolemnity.

PERSEUS.

To *Dymas* fly! gain him, and think on this:
A prince indebted, is a fortune made.

[*Exit* Pericles.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

How, brother! unattir'd! Have you forgot
What pomps are due to this illuſtrious day?

PERSEUS.

I am no gewgaw, for the throng to gaze at:
Some are deſign'd by nature but for ſhew;
The tinſel and the feather of mankind.

DEMETRIUS.

Brother, of that no more: For ſhame, gird on
Your glitt'ring arms, and look like any *Roman*.

PERSEUS.

No, brother; let the *Romans* look like me,
If they're ambitious.—But, I pr'ythee, ſtand;
Let me gaze on thee:—No inglorious figure!
More Romano, as it ought to be.
But what is this that dazzles my weak ſight?
There's ſunſhine in thy beaver.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis that helmet
Which *Alexander* wore at *Granicus*.

PERSEUS.

When he ſubdu'd the world? Ha! is't not ſo?

What world haſt thou ſubdu'd? O, yes; the Fair.
Think'ſt thou there could in *Macedon* be found
No brow might ſuit that golden blaze, but thine?

DEMETRIUS.

I wore it but to grace this ſacred day;
Jar not for trifles.

PERSEUS.

Nothing is a trifle
That argues the preſumption of the ſoul.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis they preſume, who know not to deſerve.

PERSEUS.

Or who, deſerving, ſcorn ſuperior merit.

DEMETRIUS.

Who combats with a brother, wounds himſelf:
Wave private wrath, and ruſh upon the foes
Of *Macedonia*.

PERSEUS.

No; I would not wound
Demetrius' friends.

DEMETRIUS.

Demetrius' friends!

PERSEUS.

The *Romans*.
You copy *Hannibal*, our great ally?
Say, at what altar was you ſworn their foe?
Peace-making brother! Wherefore bring you peace,
But to prevent my glory from the field?
The peace you bring, was meant as war to me.

DEMETRIUS.

Perſeus, be bold when danger's all your own:
War now, were war with *Philip* more than *Rome*.

PERSEUS.

Come, you love peace; that fair cheek hates a ſcar:

You

You that admire the *Romans*, break the bridge
With *Cocles*, or with *Curtius* leap the gulph;
And league not with the vices of our foes.

DEMETRIUS.

What vices?

PERSEUS.

With their women, and their wits.
Your idol *Lælius*; *Lælius* the polite.
I hear, Sir, you take wing, and mount in metre.
Terence has own'd your aid, your comrade *Terence*.
God-like ambition! *Terence* there, the ſlave!

DEMETRIUS.

At *Athens* bred, and to the arts a foe?

PERSEUS.

At *Athens* bred, and borrow arts from *Rome*?

DEMETRIUS.

Brother, I've done: Let our contention ceaſe:
Our mother ſhudders at it in her grave:
And how has *Philip* mourn'd? A dreadful foe,
And awful king; but, O, the tend'reſt parent
That ever wept in fondneſs o'er a child!

PERSEUS.

Why, ay; go tell your father; fondly throw
Your arms around him; ſtroke him to your purpoſe
As you are wont: I boaſt not ſo much worth;
I am no picture, by the doating eye
To be ſurvey'd, and hung about his neck.
I fight his battles; that's all I can do.
But if you boaſt a piety ſincere,
One way you may ſecure your father's peace:
And one alone—Reſign *Erixene*.

DEMETRIUS.

You flatter me, to think her in my power.
We run our fates together; you deſerve,

And

The formidable picture ſtill ſubſiſted,
And ſlowly vaniſh'd from my waking eye.
I fear ſome heavy vengeance hangs in air,
And conſcious deities infuſe theſe thoughts,
To warn my ſoul of her approaching doom.
The gods are rigid when they weigh ſuch deeds
As ſpeak a ruthleſs heart; they meaſure blood
By drops, and bate not one in the repay.
Could infants hurt me? 'Twas not like a king.

ANTIGONUS.

My lord, I do confeſs the gods are with us;
Stand at our ſide in ev'ry act of life;
And on our pillow watch each ſecret thought;
Nay, ſee it in its embryo, yet unborn.
But their wrath ceaſes on remorſe for guilt;
And well I know your ſorrows touch your ſons;
Nor is it poſſible but time muſt quench
Their flaming ſpirits in a father's tears.

KING.

Vain comfort! I this moment overheard
My jarring ſons with fury ſhake my walls.
Ah! why my curſe from thoſe, that ought to bleſs me?
The queen of *Thrace* can anſwer that ſad queſtion:
She had two ſons; but two: And ſo have I.
Misfortune ſtands with her bow ever bent
Over the world; and he who wounds another,
Directs the goddeſs by that part he wounds,
Where to ſtrike deep her arrows in himſelf.

ANTIGONUS.

I own, I think it time your ſons receive
A father's awful counſel; or, while here,
Now weary nature calls for kind repoſe,
Your curtains will be ſhaken with their broils;

And,

And, when you die, ſons' blood may ſtain your tomb.—
But other cares demand you now: The *Romans*.

KING.

O change of pain! The *Romans?* Periſh *Rome!*
Thrice happy they, who ſleep in humble life,
Beneath the ſtorm ambition blows. 'Tis meet
The Great ſhould have the fame of happineſs,
The conſolation of a little envy;
'Tis all their pay for thoſe ſuperior cares,
Thoſe pangs of heart, their vaſſals ne'er can feel.
Where are theſe ſtrangers? Firſt I'll hear their tale;
Then talk in private with my ſons.

ANTIGONUS.

But how
Intends my lord to make his peace with *Rome?*

KING.

Rome calls me fiery: Let her find me ſo!

ANTIGONUS.

O Sir, forbear! Too late you felt *Rome*'s power.

KING.

Yes, and that reaſon ſtings me more than ever,
To curſe, and hate, and hazard all againſt her.

ANTIGONUS.

Hate her too much to give her battle now;
Nor to your godlike valour owe your ruin.
Greece, Theſſaly, Illyrium, Rome has ſeiz'd;
Your treaſures waſted, and your phalanx thinn'd:
Should ſhe proceed, and ſtrike at *Macedon,*
What would be left of empire?

KING.

Philip: All.
I'll take my throne. Send in theſe foreigners.

SCENE

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers a magnificent throne,* PERSEUS, DEMETRIUS, *courtiers, &c. attending.* POSTHUMIUS *and* CURTIUS, *the* Roman *ambaſſadors, enter. Trumpets ſound. The* KING *aſcends the throne.*

POSTHUMIUS.

Philip of *Macedon*; To theſe complaints
Our friends groan out, and you have heard at large,
Rome now expects an anſwer. She ſits judge,
And will have right on earth.

KING.

Expects an anſwer!
I ſo ſhall anſwer, as becomes a king.

POSTHUMIUS.

Or more, Sir; as becomes a friend of *Rome.*

KING.

Or *Alexander*'s heir, to riſe ſtill higher.
But to the purpoſe. Thus a king to thoſe
That would make kings, and puff them out at pleaſure:
Has *Philip* done amiſs? 'Twas you provok'd him.
My cities, which deſerted in my wars,
I thought it meet to puniſh: You deny'd me.
When I had ſhook the walls of *Marena,*
You pluckt me thence, and took the taken town:
Then you ſent word I ſhould retire from *Greece,*
A conqueſt at my door, by nature mine;
And ſaid, "Here end thy realm;" as ye were gods!
And gods ye ſhall be, ere *Rome* humbles me.
All this is done; yet *Philip* is your friend!
If this buys friendſhip, where can you find foes?
In what regard will ſtern *Rome* look upon me?
If as a friend, too precious let her hold
Her own eſteem, to caſt a ſtain on mine;
If as an enemy, let her proceed,
And do as ſhe has done; ſhe need no more.

POSTHUMIUS.

POSTHUMIUS.

The *Romans* do no wrong; yet ſtill are men:
And if to-day an error thwarts their purpoſe,
To-morrow ſets it right: If *Philip* loves
Dominion, and the pride that waits on kings,
(Of which, perhaps, his words too ſtrongly ſavour)
Humility to *Rome* will lead him to it:
She can give more than common kings can govern.

KING.

Than *common* kings? Ambaſſador! remember
Cannæ—where firſt my ſword was fluſht with blood.

DEMETRIUS. [*Aſide to the king.*]

My lord, forbear.

KING.

And *Hannibal* ſtill lives.

POSTHUMIUS.

Becauſe he fled at *Capua*.

KING.

There, indeed,
I was not with him.

POSTHUMIUS.

Therefore he fled *alone*.——
Since thus you treat us,—hear another charge.
Why here detain you, priſoner of your power,
His daughter, who was once *Rome's* good ally,
The king of *Thrace*? Why is ſhe not reſtor'd?
For our next meeting you'll provide an anſwer.
What now has paſs'd, for his ſake we forgive.
[*Pointing to* Demetrius.
But mark this well: There lies ſome little diſtance,
Philip, between a *Roman* and a king. [*Exeunt* Romans.

KING.

How ſay'ſt, unſcepter'd boaſter! This to me!
With *Hannibal* I cleft yon *Alpine* rocks;
With *Hannibal* choak'd *Thraſymene* with ſlaughter:

But,

But, O the night of *Cannæ*'s raging field!
When half the *Roman* ſenate lay in blood
Without our tent, and groan'd, as we carous'd!
Immortal gods! for ſuch another hour!
Then throw my carcaſe to the dogs of *Rome*.

ANTIGONUS.

Sir, you forget your ſons.

KING.

Let all withdraw.

[*Exeunt all but the King and his ſons.*

Two paſſions only take up all my ſoul;
Hatred to *Rome*, and tenderneſs for them.——
Draw near, my ſons, and liſten to my age.
By what has paſs'd, you ſee the ſtate of things:
Foreign alliance muſt a king ſecure;
And inſolence ſuſtain to ſerve his power:
And if alliances with *Rome* are needful,
Much more among ourſelves. If I muſt bear,
Unmov'd, an inſult from a ſtranger's brow,
Shall not a brother bear a brother's look
Without impatience? Whither all this tends,
I'm ſorry that your conſcious hearts can tell you:
Is it not moſt ſevere? Two ſons alone
Have crown'd my bed; and they two are not brothers.
Look here, and, from my kind regards to you,
Copy ſuch looks as you ſhould bear each other.
Why do I ſigh? Do you not know, my ſons?
And if you do—O let me ſigh no more!
Let theſe white hairs put in a claim to peace!

PERSEUS.

Henceforth, my ſole contention with my brother
Is this; which beſt obeys our father's will.

DEMETRIUS.

Father, if ſimple nature ever ſpeaks
In her own language, ſcorning uſeleſs words,

You

You ſee her now; ſhe ſwells into my eyes.
I take thee to my heart; I fold thee in it.
[*Embracing* Perſeus.
Our father bids; and that we drank one milk,
Is now the ſmalleſt motive of my love.

KING.

Antigonus, the joy their mother felt
When they were born, was faint to what I feel.

DEMETRIUS.

See, brother, if he does not weep! His love
Runs o'er in venerable tears. I'm rude;
But nature will prevail—My king! My father!
[*Embracing.*

PERSEUS. [*Aſide.*]

Now cannot I let fall a ſingle tear.

KING.

See! the good man has caught it too.

ANTIGONUS.

Such tears,
And ſuch alone, be ſhed in *Macedonia!*

KING.

Be not thou, *Perſeus*, jealous of thy brother;
Nor thou, *Demetrius*, prone to give him cauſe;
Nor either think of empire till I'm dead.
You need not; you reign now; my heart is yours.
Sheath your reſentments in your father's peace;
Come to my boſom both, and ſwear it there.
[*Embracing his ſons.*

ANTIGONUS.

Look down, ye gods, and change me, if you can,
This ſight for one more lovely. What ſo ſweet,
So beautiful, on earth, and, ah! ſo rare,
As kindred love, and family repoſe!
This, this alliance, *Rome*, will quite undo thee.

See this, proud Eaſtern monarchs! and look pale!
Armies are routed, realms o'er-run by this.

KING.

Or if leagu'd worlds ſuperior forces bring,
I'd rather die a Father, than a King.
Fathers alone, a Father's heart can know;
What ſecret tides of ſtill enjoyment flow,
When brothers love! But if their hate ſucceeds,
They wage the war; but 'tis the *Father* bleeds.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

Enter PERSEUS.

PERSEUS.

WHY loiters my ambaſſador to *Dymas?*
His greatneſs will not ſure preſume to ſcorn
A friendſhip offer'd from an heir of empire.
But *Pericles* returns.

[*Enter* Pericles.

Is *Dymas* ours?

PERICLES.

He's cautious, Sir; he's ſubtle; he's a courtier;
Dymas is now for you, now for your brother;
For both, and neither: He's a ſummer-inſect,
And loves the ſunſhine: On his gilded wings,
While the ſcales waver, he'll fly doubtful round you;
And ſing his flatteries to both alike:
The ſcales once fix'd, he'll ſettle on the winner,
And ſwear his pray'rs drew down the victory—
But what ſucceſs had you, Sir, with your brother?

PERSEUS.

All, all my hopes are at the point of death?
The boy triumphant keeps his hold in love:
He's ever warbling nonſenſe in her ear,
With all th' intoxication of ſucceſs.
Darkneſs incloſes me; nor ſee I light
From any quarter dawn, but from his death.

PERICLES.

Why ſtart at *his* death, who reſolves on *yours?*

PERSEUS.

Reſolves on mine!

PERICLES.

Have you not mark'd the princeſs?
You have: With what a beam of majeſty
Her eye ſtrikes ſacred awe! It ſpeaks her mind
Exalted, as it is. Whom loves ſhe then?
Demetrius? no; *Rome*'s darling; who, no doubt,
Dares court her with your empire. And ſhall *Perſeus*
Survive that loſs?—Thus he reſolves your death.

PERSEUS.

Moſt true. What crime then to ſtrike firſt? But how?
Or when? or where? O *Pericles!* aſſiſt me.

PERICLES.

'Tis dangerous.

PERSEUS.

The fitter then for me.

PERICLES.

Wait an occaſion that befriends your wiſhes.

PERSEUS.

Go, fool, and teach a cataract to creep!
Can thirſt of empire, vengeance, beauty, wait?

PERICLES.

In the mean time, accept a ſtratagem
That muſt ſecure your empire, or your love.
Your brother's *Roman* friendſhips gall no leſs
The king, than you: He dreads their conſequence.
Dymas hates *Rome*; and *Dymas* has a daughter.
How can the king ſo powerfully fix
Demetrius' faith, as by his marriage there?
For *Dymas* thus (*Rome*'s ſworn, eternal foe)

Becomes

Becomes a ſpy upon his private life,
And ſurety for his conduct.

PERSEUS.

True——But thus
Our art defeats itſelf. My brother gains
The favourite, and ſo ſtrengthens in his treaſon.

PERICLES.

Think you, he'll wed her? No; the princeſs' eye
Makes no ſuch ſhort-liv'd conqueſt. He'll refuſe,
And thus effect what I have ſtrove in vain:
Yes, he'll refuſe; and *Dymas*, in his wrath,
Will lift for us, and vengeance——Then the king
Will, doubtleſs, much reſent his ſon's refuſal;
And thus we kindle the whole court againſt him.

PERSEUS.

My precious friend, I thank thee. I take wing
On ardent hope: I think it cannot fail.
Go, make thy court to *Dymas* with this ſcheme:
Be gone.—*Erixene!*—I'll feed her pride [*Looking out.*
Once more; but not expend my breath in vain.
This meeting ſtamps unalterable fate;
I *will* wed her, or vengeance.

[*Enter* Erixene *and* Della.

O *Erixene!*
O princeſs! colder than your *Thracian* ſnows!
See *Perſeus*, who ne'er ſtoop'd but to the gods,
Proſtrate before you. Fame and Empire ſue.
Why have I conquer'd?—Becauſe you are fair.
What's Empire?—But a title to adore you.
Why do I number in my lineage high
Heroes and gods?—That you, ſcarce leſs divine,
Without a bluſh may liſten to my vows.
My anceſtor ſubdu'd the world. I dare
Beyond his pride, and graſp at more, in you.

Obdurate maid! or turn, or I expire.

ERIXENE.

If love, my lord, is choice, who loves in vain
Should blame himſelf alone; and if 'tis fate,
'Tis fate in all: Why then your blame on me?
My crown's precarious, thro' the chance of war;
But ſure my heart's my own. Each villager
Is queen of her affections, and can vent
Her arbitrary ſighs where-e'er ſhe pleaſes.
Shall then the daughter of a race of kings——

PERSEUS.

Madam, you juſtly blame the chance of war:
The gods have been unkind: I am not ſo.
No! *Perſeus* comes to counter-balance fate;
Thrace ne'er was conquer'd—if you ſmile on me.—
Silent! obdurate ſtill! as cold as death!
But 'tis *Demetrius*——

ERIXENE.

Prince, I take your meaning.
But, if you truly think his worth prevails,
How ſtrange is your requeſt!

PERSEUS.

No, Madam, no;
Tho' Love has hurt my mind, I ſtill can judge
What ſprings the paſſions of the Great controul.
Ambition is firſt miniſter of ſtate;
Love's but a ſecond in the cabinet;
Nor can he feather there his unfledg'd ſhaft
But from ambition's wing: But you conceive
More ſanguine hopes, from him whom *Rome* ſupports,
Than me. You view *Demetrius* on *my* throne;
And thence he ſhines indeed. His charms from thence
Tranſpierce your ſoul, enamour'd of *dominion*.

ERIXENE.

ERIXENE.

Why now you ſhew me your profound eſteem!
Demetrius' guilt alone has charms for me;
'Tis not the prince, but traitor, wins my love.——
Such inſults are not brook'd by royal minds,
Howe'er their fortunes ebb; and tho' I mourn,
An orphan, and a captive, gods there are——
Fear then an orphan's and a captive's wrong.

PERSEUS.

Your cruel treatment of my paſſion——
But I'll not talk.—This, Madam; only this——
Think not the cauſe, the curſed cauſe of all,
Shall laugh ſecure, and triumph in my pangs:
No; by the torments of an heart on fire,
She gluts my vengeance, who defrauds my love! [*Exit.*

ERIXENE.

What have I done? In what a whirlwind rage
Has ſnatch'd him hence on ill? I frown on *Perſeus*,
And kill *Demetrius*.

DELIA.

Madam, ſee! the prince.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

ERIXENE.

Ah, prince! the tempeſt, which ſo long has lowr'd,
Is now full ripe, and burſting o'er your head.
This moment *Perſeus'* malice flam'd before me;
Victorious rage broke thro' his wonted guard,
And menac'd loud your ruin. Fly! O fly
This inſtant.

DEMETRIUS.

To what refuge?

ERIXENE.

Rome extends

Her longing arms to claſp you for her own.

DEMETRIUS.

Madam, 'tis prudent; I confeſs it is:
But is it loving as true lovers ought,
To be ſo very prudent in our love?
I boaſt not ſo much wiſdom: I prefer
Death at your feet, before the world without you.

ERIXENE.

In danger thus extreme——

DEMETRIUS.

Oh! moſt belov'd!
Lov'd you like me, like me would you diſcern,
That I but execute my brother's purpoſe
By ſuch a flight. At that his clamour, rage,
And menace aim, to chaſe a rival hence,
And keep the field alone. Oh! ſhall I leave him
To gaze whole days; to learn to read your eye;
To ſtudy your delights; to chide the wind's
Too rude approach; to bid the ground be ſmooth;
To follow, like your ſhadow, where you go;
Tread in your ſteps; perhaps—to touch your hand?
O death! to miniſter in little things;
From half a glance to propheſy your will,
And do it, ere well form'd in your own mind?
Gods! gods! while worlds divide me from my princeſs,
That, ſhould ſhe call, *Demetrius* might grow old,
Ere he could reach her feet.

ERIXENE.

If *Perſeus'* love
Pains you, it pains me more. Is your heart griev'd?
Mine is tormented: But ſince *Philip*'s ſelf
Is love's great advocate, a flat refuſal
But blows their rage, and haſtens your deſtruction.
Had I not *that* to fear! were *you* ſecure!

I'd eaſe my boſom of its full diſdain,
And daſh this bold preſumer on his birth.
But, ſee! the grand proceſſion.

DEMETRIUS.

We muſt join it.

Enter the KING, PERSEUS, Romans, ANTIGONUS, *&c.*

KING.

Let the proceſſion halt! and here be paid,
Before yon flaming altar, thanks to heav'n,
That brings us ſafe to this auſpicious day!
The great Luſtration of our martial powers,
Which, from its diſtant birth to preſent time,
Unfolds the glories of this antient empire,
And throngs the pride of ages in an hour.

POSTHUMIUS. [*Pointing.*]

What figure's that, O *Philip!* which precedes?

KING.

The founder of our Empire, furious ſon
Of great *Alcides.* We're ally'd to heav'n;
And you, I think, call *Romulus* a god.—
That, *Philip*, ſecond of our name; and *here*,
O bend with awe to him, whoſe red right hand
Hurl'd proud *Darius* like a ſtar from heav'n,
With leſſer lights around him, flaming down,
And bid the laurell'd ſons of *Macedonia*
Drink their own *Ganges.*

PERSEUS. [*Aſide to* Demetrius.]

Give him his helmet, brother.

KING. [*To his ſons.*]

You lead the troops that join in mock encounter;
And in no other may you ever meet!
But march one way, and drive the world before you.
The victor, as our antient rites decree,

Muſt

Muſt hold a feaſt, and triumph in the bowl.

DEMETRIUS.

I long, my lord, to ſee the charge begin;
The brandiſh'd faulchion, and the claſhing helm,
Tho' but in ſport; it is a ſport for men.
Raw *Alexander* thus began his fame,
And overthrew *Darius*, firſt, at home.
We'll practiſe o'er the plans of future conqueſts,
While neighbouring nations tremble at our play;
And own the fault in fortune, not in us,
That we but want a foe to be immortal.

PERSEUS.

You have ſupply'd my wants: I thank you, brother.

KING. [*Riſing, and coming forwards. Muſic.*]

How vain all outward effort to ſupply
The ſoul with joy! The noon-tide ſun is dark,
And muſic diſcord, when the heart is low:
Avert its omen! What a damp hangs on me!
Theſe ſprightly tuneful airs but ſkim along
The ſurface of my ſoul, not enter there:
She does not dance to this inchanting ſound.
How, like a broken inſtrument, beneath
The ſkilful touch, my joyleſs heart lies dead!
Nor anſwers to the maſter's hand divine!

ANTIGONUS.

When men once reach their autumn, ſickly joys
Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
At ev'ry little breath misfortune blows;
Till, left quite naked of their happineſs,
In the chill blaſts of winter they expire.
This is the common lot. Have comfort then:
Your grief will damp the triumph.

KING.

It is over.

Hear

Hear too; the trumpet calls us to the field,
And now this phantom of a fight begins.
Fair princeſs, you and I will go together,
As *Priam* and bright *Helen* did of old,
To view the war. Your eyes will make them bolder,
And raiſe the price of victory itſelf.

[*All go out but* Perſeus, *who has obſerved* Demetrius *and* Erixene *all this time converſing, and ſtays behind thoughtful and diſturb'd.*

PERSEUS.

Before my face ſhe feeds him with her ſmiles:
The king looks on, nor diſapproves the crime;
And the boy takes them as not due to me,
Without remorſe, as happy as ſhe'll make him.
Periſh all three! I'll ſeek allies elſewhere;
Father and brother, nay, a miſtreſs too.
Deſtruction, riſe! Though thou art black as *night*
Thy mother, and as hideous as *deſpair*;
I'll claſp thee thus, nor think of woman more.
How the boy doats, and drinks in at his eyes
Her poiſon! O to ſtab him in her arms!
And yet do leſs than they have done to me.

Enter PERICLES.

PERICLES.

Where is my prince? The nation's on the wing;
No boſom but exults; no hand but bears
A garland, or a trophy: And ſhall *Perſeus*——

PERSEUS.

Vengeance!

[*Shouts within.*

PERICLES.

Hear how with ſhouts they rend the ſkies!

PERSEUS.

Give me my vengeance!

PERICLES.

Forty thouſand men,
In poliſh'd armour, ſhine againſt the ſun.

PERSEUS.

Dare but another word, and not of vengeance,
And I will uſe thee, as I wou'd—my brother.

PERICLES.

Vengeance! on whom?

PERSEUS.

On him.

PERICLES.

What vengeance?

PERSEUS.

Blood.

PERICLES.

'Tis yours.

PERSEUS.

What god will give it me?

PERICLES.

Your own right hand.

PERSEUS.

I dare not—for my father.

PERICLES.

You ſhall dare.

PERSEUS.

Shalt thou dare give encouragement to *Perſeus?*
Unfold thy purpoſe; I'll outſhoot the mark.

PERICLES.

Where are you going?

PERSEUS.

To the mock encounter.

PERICLES.

PERICLES.

What more like mock encounter than the *true?*

PERSEUS.

Enough—He's dead! 'Twas accident; 'twas error:
No matter what. Ten thouſand ſhare the blame.

PERICLES.

Hold, Sir! I had forgot: On this occaſion,
The troops are ſearch'd; and foils alone are worn,
Inſtead of ſwords.

PERSEUS.

An oſier were enough.
Who pains my heart, plants thunder in my hand.

PERICLES.

But ſhould this fail——

PERSEUS.

Impoſſible!

PERICLES.

But, ſhould it,
The banquet follows.

PERSEUS.

Poiſon in his wine.
I thank the gods! my ſpirits are reviv'd!
I draw immortal vigour from that bowl!

PERICLES.

Nay, ſhould both fail, the field and banquet too,
All fails not; fairer hopes to fair ſucceed:
For know, my lord, the king receiv'd with joy
The marriage-ſcheme, and ſent for *Dymas'* daughter.

PERSEUS.

Then there's a ſecond bowl of poiſon for him.

PERICLES.

Yet more: This ev'ning thoſe ambaſſadors,
Which *Philip* ſent to *Rome*, beneath the name

Of

Of public buſineſs, but, in truth, to learn
Your brother's conduct, are expected home.

PERSEUS.

Thoſe whom I ſwore, before they parted hence,
In dreadful ſacraments of wine and blood,
To bring back ſuch reports, as ſhou'd deſtroy him:—
And what if, to complete our ſecret plan,
We feign a letter to his friend the conſul,
To ſtrengthen our ambaſſadors' report?

PERICLES.

That care, my lord, be mine: I know a knave,
Grown fat on forgery; he'll counterfeit
Old *Quintius'* hand and ſeal, by former letters
Sent to the king; which you can gain with eaſe.

PERSEUS.

Obſerve—This morning, at their interview,
The *Romans*, in effect, inform'd the king,
That *Thrace* was theirs, and order'd him reſtore
The princeſs. This will give much air of truth,
If our forg'd letters ſay the *Romans* crown
Demetrius king of *Thrace*, and promiſe more.

PERICLES.

My lord, it ſhall be done.

PERSEUS.

All cannot fail. [*Trumpets.*

PERICLES.

The trumpets ſound; the troops are mounted.

PERSEUS.

Vengeance!
Sweet vengeance calls: Nor ever call'd a god
Such ſwift obedience: Like the rapid wheel,
I kindle in the courſe; I'm there already;
Snatch the bright weapon; bound into my ſeat;
Strike;

Strike; triumph; ſee him gaſping on the ground,
And life, love, empire, ſpringing from his wound.
When godlike ends, by means unjuſt, ſucceed,
The great reſult adorns the daring deed.
Virtue's a ſhackle under fair diſguiſe,
To fetter fools, while we bear off the prize. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

Enter PERSEUS.

PERSEUS.

COWARDS in ill, like cowards in the field,
Are ſure to be defeated. To ſtrike home,
In both, is prudence: Guilt, begun, muſt fly
To guilt conſummate, to be ſafe.

Enter PERICLES.

PERICLES.

My lord——

PERSEUS.

Diſturb not my devotions; they decline
The beaten track, the common path of pray'r——
Ye pow'rs of darkneſs! that rejoice in ill;
All ſworn by *Styx*, with peſtilential blaſts
To wither every virtue in the bud;
To keep the door of dark conſpiracy,
And ſnuff the grateful fumes of human blood,
From ſulphur blue, or your red beds of fire,
Or your black ebon thrones, auſpicious riſe;
And, burſting thro' the barriers of this world,
Stand in dread contraſt to the golden ſun;
Fright day-light hence with your infernal ſmiles,
And howl aloud your formidable joy,
While I tranſport you with the fair record
Of what your faithful miniſter has done,

Beyond

Beyond your inſpiration, ſelf-impell'd,
To ſpread your empire, and ſecure his own.
Hear, and applaud.—Now, *Pericles!* proceed:
Speak; is the letter forg'd?

PERICLES.

This moment; and might cheat
The cunning eye of jealouſy itſelf.

PERSEUS.

'Tis well: Art thou appris'd of what hath paſt
Since laſt we parted?

PERICLES.

No, my lord.

PERSEUS.

Then rouſe
Thy whole attention: Here we are in private:
Know then, my *Pericles*, the mock encounter
I turn'd, as taught by thee, to real rage.
But blaſted be the cowards which I led!
They trembled at a boy.

PERICLES.

Ha!

PERSEUS.

Mark me well:
The villains fled; but ſoon my prudence turn'd
To good account that momentary ſhame.
Thus———I pretend 'twas voluntary flight
To ſave a brother's blood: accuſing him
As author of that conflict I declin'd,
And he purſu'd with ardour and ſucceſs.

PERICLES.

That's artful. What enſu'd?

PERSEUS.

The banquet follow'd,
Held by the victor, as our rites require:

To which his eaſy nature, ſoon appeas'd,
Invited me. I went not; but ſent ſpies
To learn what paſs'd: which ſpies, by chance detected,
(Obſerve me) were ill us'd.

PERICLES.

By whom? your brother?

PERSEUS.

No; by his ſons of riot. He ſoon after,
Not knowing that my ſervants were abus'd,
Kind, and gay-hearted, came to viſit me.
They, who miſus'd my ſpies, for ſelf-defence,
Conceal'd their arms beneath the robes of peace.
Of this inform'd, again my genius ſerv'd me.——

PERICLES.

You took occaſion, from theſe few in arms,
To charge a murderous aſſault on all.

PERSEUS.

True, *Pericles:* But mark my whole addreſs:
Againſt my brother ſwift I bar my gates;
Fly to my father; and, with artful tears,
Accuſe *Demetrius*; *firſt*, of turning ſports,
And guiltleſs exerciſe, to mortal rage;
Then, of inviting me (ſtill blacker guilt!)
To ſmiling death in an invenom'd bowl;
And, *laſt*, that, both theſe failing, mad with rage,
He threw his ſchemes of baffled art aſide,
And with arm'd men avow'dly fought my life.

PERICLES.

Three ſtartling articles, and well concerted,
Following each other in an eaſy train,
With fair ſimilitude of truth! But, Sir,
How bore your father?

PERSEUS.

Oh! he ſhook! he fell!

Nor

Nor was his fleeting ſoul recall'd with eaſe.

PERICLES.

What ſaid he, when recover'd?

PERSEUS.

His reſolve
I know not yet; but, ſee, his minion comes;
And comes perhaps to tell me—But I'll go;
Suſtain my part, and echo loud my wrongs.
Nought ſo like innocence, as perfect guilt.
If he brings aught of moment, you'll inform me.

[*As* Perſeus *goes off, he is ſeiz'd by officers.*

Enter DYMAS.

PERICLES.

How fares the king?

DYMAS.

Ev'n as an aged oak
Puſht to and fro, the labour of the ſtorm;
Whoſe largeſt branches are ſtruck off by thunder;
Yet ſtill he lives, and on the mountain groans;
Strong in affliction, awful from his wounds,
And more rever'd in ruin, than in glory.

PERICLES.

I hear prince *Perſeus* has accus'd his brother.

DYMAS.

True; and the king's commands are now gone forth
To throw them both in chains; for farther thought
Makes *Philip* doubt the truth of *Perſeus'* charge.

PERICLES.

What then is his deſign?

DYMAS.

They both this hour
Muſt plead their cauſe before him: Nay, already,

His nobles, judges, counſellors, are met;
And public juſtice wears her ſterneſt form:
A more momentous trial ne'er was known;
Whether the pleaders you ſurvey as brothers,
Or princes known in arts, or fam'd for arms;
Whether you ponder, in their awful judge,
The tender parent, or the mighty king.
Greece, Athens hears the cauſe: The great reſult
Is life, or death; is infamy, or fame. [*Trumpets.*

PERICLES.

What trumpets theſe?

DYMAS.

They ſummon to the court.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws*; *the* Court, King, *&c.*

Enter DYMAS, *and takes his place by the* King.

KING.

Bring forth the priſoners.
Strange trial this! Here ſit I to debate,
Which vital limb to lop, nor that to ſave,
But render wretched life more wretched ſtill.
What ſee I, but heav'n's vengeance, in my ſons?
Their guilt a ſcourge for mine: 'Tis thus heav'n writes
Its awful meaning, plain in human *deeds*,
And *language* leaves to man.

Enter PERSEUS *and* DEMETRIUS *in chains, from different ſides of the ſtage*; Perſeus *follow'd by* Pericles, *and* Demetrius *by* Antigonus.

DYMAS.

Dread Sir, your ſons.

KING.

I have no ſons; and that I ever had,

Is now my heavieſt curſe: And yet what care,
What pains, I took to curb their riſing rage!
How often have I rang'd thro' hiſtory
To find examples for their private uſe?
The *Theban* brothers did I ſet before them——
What blood! what deſolation! but in vain!
For thee, *Demetrius*, did I go to *Rome*,
And bring thee patterns thence of brothers' love;
The *Quintii*, and the *Scipio*'s: but in vain!
If I'm a monarch, where is your obedience?
If I'm a father, where's your duty to me?
If old, your veneration due to years?
But I have wept, and you have ſworn, in vain!
I had your ear, and enmity your heart.
How was this morning's counſel thrown away!
How happy is your mother in the grave!
She, when ſhe bore you, ſuffer'd leſs: Her pangs,
Her pungent pangs, throb thro' the father's heart.

DEMETRIUS.

You can't condemn me, Sir, to worſe than this.

KING.

Than what, thou young deceiver? While I live,
You both with impious wiſhes graſp my ſceptre:
Nothing is ſacred, nothing dear, but Empire;
Brother, nor father, can you bear; fierce luſt
Of Empire burns, extinguiſh'd all beſide.
Why pant you for it? To give others awe?
Be therefore aw'd yourſelves, and tremble at it,
While in a father's hand.

DYMAS.

My lord, your warmth
Defers the buſineſs.

KING.

Am I then *too* warm?

They that ſhould ſhelter me from ev'ry blaſt,
To be themſelves the ſtorm! Oh! how *Rome* triumphs!
Oh! how they bring this hoary head to ſhame!
Conqueſt and fame, the labour of my life,
Now turn againſt me; and call in the world
To gaze at what *was Philip*, but who now
Wants ev'n the wretch's privilege—a Wiſh.
What can I wiſh? *Demetrius* may be guiltleſs.
What then is *Perſeus?* Judgment hangs as yet
Doubtful o'er them; but I'm condemn'd already;
For both are mine; and one—is foul as hell.
Should theſe two hands wage war, (theſe hands leſs dear!)
What boots it which prevails? In both I bleed.
But I have done. Speak, *Perſeus*, and at large;
You'll have no ſecond hearing. Thou forbear.

[*To* Demetrius.

PERSEUS.

Speak!—'Twas with utmoſt ſtruggle I forbore.
Theſe chains were ſcarce deſign'd to reach my tongue:
Their treſpaſs is ſufficient, ſtopping here.

[*Shewing his arms.*

Theſe chains! for what? Are chains for innocence?
Not ſo; for, ſee, *Demetrius* wears them too.
Fool that I was, to tremble at vain laws;
Nor learn from him defiance of their frown;
Since innocence and guilt are us'd alike;
Blood-thirſty ſtabbers, and their deſtin'd prey;
Perſeus, and He—I will not call him brother:

[*Pointing at* Demetrius.

He wants not that enhancement of his guilt.

KING.

But cloſer to the point; and lay before us
Your whole deportment this ill-fated day.

PERSEUS.

PERSEUS.

Scarce was he cool from that embrace this morning,
Which you injoin'd, and I ſincerely gave;
Nor thought he plann'd my death within my arms;
When, holding vile oaths, honour, duty, love,
He fir'd our friendly ſports to martial rage.
If war, why not *fair* war? But *that* has danger.
From hoſtile conflict, as from brothers' play,
He bluſh'd not to invite me to his banquet.
I went not; and in that was I to blame?
Think you, there nothing had been found but peace,
From whence ſoon after ſally'd armed men?
Think you I nothing had to fear from ſwords,
When from their *foils* I ſcarce eſcap'd with life?
Or poiſon might *his* valour ſuit as well—:
This paſs'd, as ſuits his wiſdom, *Macedonians!*
Who volts o'er elder brothers to a throne,
With an arm'd rout he came to viſit me.
Did I refuſe to go, a bidden gueſt?
And ſhould I welcome him, a threat'ning foe?
Reſenting my refuſal; boiling for revenge!

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis falſe.

ANTIGONUS.

Forbear.—The king!

PERSEUS.

Had I received them,
You now had mourn'd my death, not heard my cauſe.—
Dares he deny he brought an armed throng?
Call thoſe I name; who dare this deed, dare all;
Yet will not dare deny, that this is true.
My death alone can yield a ſtronger proof;
Will no leſs proof than *that* content a father?

PERICLES.

Perſeus, you ſee, has art, as well as fire;
Nor have the wars worn *Athens* from his tongue.

PERSEUS.

Let him, who ſeeks to bathe in brother's blood,
Not find well-pleas'd the fountain whence it flow'd:
Let him, who ſhudders at a brother's knife,
Find refuge in the boſom of a father:
For where elſe can I fly? whom elſe implore?
I have no *Romans*, with their eagles wings,
To ſhelter me; *Demetrius* borrows thoſe,
To mount full rebel-high: I have their hatred;
And, thanks to heav'n! *deſerve* it: Good *Demetrius*
Can ſee your towns and kingdoms torn away
By theſe *protectors*; and ne'er loſe his temper.
My weakneſs! I confeſs, it makes me rave;
It makes me weep—and my tears rarely flow.

PERICLES.

Was ever ſtronger proof of filial love?

PERSEUS.

Vain are *Rome*'s hopes, while you and I ſurvive:
But ſhould the ſword take me, and age my father,
(Heav'n grant they *leave* him to the ſtroke of age!)
The kingdom, and the king, are both their own;
A duteous loyal king, a ſceptred ſlave,
A willing *Macedonian* ſlave to *Rome*.

KING.

Firſt let an earthquake ſwallow *Macedonia*.

PERSEUS.

How, at ſuch news, would *Hannibal* rejoice?
How the great ſhade of *Alexander* ſmile?
The thought quite choaks me up: I can no more.

KING.

Proceed!

PERSEUS.

PERSEUS.

No, Sir——Why have I ſpoke at all?
'Twas needleſs: *Philip* juſtifies my charge;
Philip's the ſingle witneſs which I call,
To prove *Demetrius* guilty.

KING.

What doſt mean?

PERSEUS.

What mean I, Sir! what mean I!—To run mad;
For who, unſhaken both in heart and brain,
Can recollect it!

KING.

What?

PERSEUS.

This morning's inſult.
This morning they proclaim'd him *Philip*'s king:
This morning they forgave you for his ſake.
O pardon, pardon!—I could ſtrike him dead.

KING.

More temper.

PERSEUS.

Not more truth; that cannot be!
And that it cannot, one proof can't eſcape you;
For what but truth could make me, Sir, ſo bold?
Rome puts forth all her ſtrength to crown her minion.
Demetrius' vices, thriving of themſelves,
Her fulſome flatt'ries dung to ranker growth.
Demetrius is the burden of her ſong;
Each river, hill, and dale, has learnt his name;
While elder *Perſeus* in a whiſper dies.
Demetrius treats; *Demetrius* gives us peace;
Demetrius is our god, and *would* be ſo.——
My ſight is ſhort: Look on him you that can:
What ſage experience ſits upon his brow,

What

What awful marks of wiſdom, who vouchſafes
To patronize a Father, and a King?
Such patronage is treaſon.

KING.

Treaſon! Death!

PERSEUS.

Nor let the ties of blood bind up the hands
Of juſtice; Nature's ties are broke already:
For, who contend before you?—Your two ſons?—
No; read aright; 'tis *Macedon*, and *Rome*.
A well-maſk'd foreigner, and your—*only* ſon,
Guard of your life, and—exile of your love.
Now, bear me to my dungeon: What ſo fit
As darkneſs, chains, and death, for ſuch a traitor?

KING.

Speak, *Demetrius*.

ANTIGONUS.

My lord, he cannot ſpeak; accept his tears—
Inſtead of words.

PERSEUS.

His tears are falſe as they——
Now, with fine phraſe, and foppery of tongue,
More graceful action, and a ſmoother tone,
That orator of fable, and fair face,
Will ſteal on your brib'd hearts, and, as you liſten,
Plain truth, and I, plain *Perſeus*, are forgot.

DEMETRIUS.

My Father! King! and Judge! thrice awful power!
Your Son, your Subject, and your Priſoner, hear;
Thrice humble ſtate! If I have grace of ſpeech,
(Which gives, it ſeems, offence) be that no crime
Which oft has ſerv'd my country, and my king:
Nor in my brother let it paſs for virtue,
That, as he is, ungracious he would ſeem:

For,

For, oh! he wants not art, tho' grace may fail him:
The wonted aids of thoſe that are accus'd,
Has my accuſer ſeiz'd. He ſhed falſe tears,
That my true ſorrows might ſuſpected flow:
He ſeeks *my* life, and calls *me* Murderer;
And vows no refuge can *be* find on earth,
That *I* may want it in a father's arms;
Thoſe arms, to which e'en ſtrangers fly for ſafety.

KING.

Speak to your charge.

DEMETRIUS.

He charges me with treaſon:
If I'm a traitor, if I league with *Rome*,
Why did his zeal forbear me till this hour?
Was treaſon then no crime, till (as he feigns)
I ſought his life? Dares *Perſeus* hold, ſo much,
His father's welfare cheaper than his own?
Leſs cauſe have I, a brother, to complain.
He ſays, I wade for empire through his blood:
He ſays, I place my confidence in *Rome*:
Why murder him, if *Rome* will crown my brow?
Will then a ſceptre, dipt in brother's blood,
Conciliate love, and make my reign ſecure?
Falſe are both charges; and he proves them falſe,
By placing them together.

ANTIGONUS.

That's well urg'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Mark, Sir, how *Perſeus*, unawares, abſolves me
From guilt in all, by loading all with guilt.
Did I deſign him poiſon at my feaſt?
Why then did I provoke him in the field?
That, as he did, he might refuſe to come?
When angry he refus'd, I ſhould have ſooth'd

His

His rous'd reſentment, and deferr'd the blow;
Not deſtin'd him that moment to my ſword,
Which I before inſtructed him to ſhun.
Thro' fear of death, did he decline my banquet?
Could I expect admittance then at his?
Theſe numerous pleas at variance, overthrow
Each other, and are advocates for me.

PERSEUS.

No, Sir; *Poſthumius* is his advocate.

KING.

Art thou afraid that I ſhould hear him out?

DEMETRIUS.

Quit then this picture, this well-painted fear,
And come to that, which touches him indeed.
Why is *Demetrius* not deſpis'd of all,
His ſecond in endowments, as in birth?
How dare I draw the thoughts of *Macedon?*
How dare I gain eſteem with foreign powers?
Eſteem, when gain'd, how dare I to preſerve?
Theſe are his ſecret thoughts; theſe burn within;
Theſe ſting up accuſations in his ſoul;
Turn friendly viſits to foul fraud, and murder;
And pour in poiſon to the bowl of love.
Merit is *Treaſon* in a younger brother.

KING.

But clear your conduct with regard to *Rome.*

DEMETRIUS.

Alas! dread Sir, I grieve to find ſet down,
Among my crimes, what ought to be my praiſe.
That I went hoſtage, or ambaſſador,
Was *Philip*'s high command, not my requeſt:
Indeed, when there, in both thoſe characters,
I bore in mind to whom I owe my birth:
Rome's favour follow'd. If it is a crime

To

To be regarded, ſpare a crime you caus'd;
Caus'd by your orders, and examples too.
True, I'm *Rome*'s friend, while *Rome* is your ally:
When not, this hoſtage, this ambaſſador,
So dear, ſtands forth the fierceſt of her foes;
At your command, flies ſwift on wings of fire,
The native thunder of a father's arm.

ANTIGONUS.

There ſpoke, at once, the Hero, and the Son.

DEMETRIUS.

To cloſe—To thee, I grant, ſome thanks are due;
[*Speaking to* Perſeus.
Not for thy kindneſs, but malignity:
Thy character's my friend, though thou my foe:
For, ſay, whoſe temper promiſes moſt guilt?
Perſeus, importunate, demands my death:
I do not aſk for his: Ah! no; I feel
Too pow'rful nature pleading for him *here*:
But were there no fraternal tie to bind me,
A ſon of *Philip* muſt be dear to me.
If you, my father, had been angry with me,
An elder brother, a leſs aweful *parent*,
He ſhould aſſwage you, he ſhould intercede,
Soften my failings, and indulge my youth:
But my aſylum drops its character;
I find not there my reſcue, but my ruin.

PERSEUS.

His bold aſſurance——

KING.

Do not interrupt him;
But let thy brother finiſh his defence.

DEMETRIUS.

O *Perſeus!* how I tremble as I ſpeak!
Where is a brother's voice; a brother's eye?

Where

Where is the melting of a brother's heart?
Where is our aweful father's dread command?
Where a dear, dying mother's laſt requeſt?
Forgot, ſcorn'd, hated, trodden under foot!
Thy heart, how dead to ev'ry call of nature!
Unſon'd! unbrother'd! nay, unhumaniz'd!
Far from affection, as thou'rt near in blood!
Oh! *Perſeus, Perſeus!*—But my heart's too full.

[*Falls on* Antigonus.

KING.

Support him.

PERSEUS.

Vengeance overtake his crimes.

KING.

No more!

ANTIGONUS.

See, from his hoary brow, he wipes the dew,
Which agony wrings from him.

KING.

Oh! my friend,
Theſe boys at ſtrife, like *Ætna*'s ſtruggling flames,
Convulſions cauſe, and make a mountain ſhake;
Shake *Philip*'s firmneſs, and convulſe his heart;
And, with a fiery flood of civil war,
Threaten to deluge my divided land.
I've heard them both; by neither am convinc'd:
And yet *Demetrius*' words went through my heart.—
A double crime, *Demetrius*, is your charge;
Fondneſs for *Rome*, and hatred to your brother.
If you can clear your innocence in one,
'Twill give us cauſe to think you wrong'd in both.

DEMETRIUS.

How ſhall I clear it, Sir?

KING.

This honeſt man
Deteſts the *Romans:* If you wed his daughter,
Rome's foe becomes the guardian of your faith.

DEMETRIUS.

I told you, Sir, when I return'd from *Rome*——

KING.

How—Doſt thou want an abſolute command?
Your Brother, Father, Country, all exact it.

ANTIGONUS. [*Aſide to* Demetrius.]

See yonder guards at hand, if you refuſe.
Nay, more; a father, ſo diſtreſs'd, demands
A ſon's compaſſion, to becalm his heart.
Oh! Sir, comply.

DEMETRIUS. [*Aſide to* Antigonus.]

There! there! indeed, you touch me!
Beſides, if I'm confin'd, and *Perſeus* free,
I never, never, ſhall behold *her* more.——
Pardon, ye gods! an artifice forc'd on me.
Dread Sir, your ſon complies. [*To the king.*

DYMAS.

Aſtoniſhment!

KING.

Strike off his chains. Nay, *Perſeus* too is free;
They wear no bonds, but thoſe of duty, now.
Dymas, go thank the prince: He weds your daughter;
And higheſt honours pay your high deſert.

[*Exeunt all but* Dymas *and* Demetrius.

DYMAS.

O, Sir, without preſumption, may I dare
To lift my raviſh'd thought?——

DEMETRIUS.

In what I've done
I paid a duty to my father's will:

And

And ſet you an example, where 'tis due,
Of not with-holding yours.

DYMAS.

My duty, Sir,
To you, can never fail.

DEMETRIUS.

Then, *Dymas*, I requeſt thee,
Go ſeek the king, and ſave me from a marriage
My brother has contriv'd, in artful malice,
To make me loſe my Father, or my Love.
Go, charge the juſt refuſal on thyſelf.

DYMAS.

What *Philip* authorizes me to wiſh,
You, Sir, may diſappoint: But, to take on me
The load of the refuſal——

DEMETRIUS.

Is no more
Than *Dymas* owes his honour, if he'd ſhun
The natural ſurmiſe, that he concurr'd
In brewing this foul treaſon.

DYMAS.

Sir, the king
Knows what he does; and if he ſeeks my glory——

DEMETRIUS.

In a degree deſtructive of his own,
'Tis yours to diſappoint him, or renounce
Your duty to your king.

DYMAS.

You'll better tell——

DEMETRIUS.

Yes, better tell the king, he wounds his honour,
By lifting up a *minion* from the duſt,
And mating him with princes. Uſe your power
Againſt yourſelf: Yes, uſe it, like a man,

In

In ſerving him who gave it. Thus you'll make
Indulgence, juſtice, and abſolve your maſter.
Though kings delight in raiſing what they love,
Leſs owe they to themſelves, than to the throne;
Nor muſt they proſtitute its majeſty,
To ſwell a ſubject's pride, howe'er deſerving.

DYMAS.

What the king grants me——

DEMETRIUS.

Talk not of a grant:
What a king *ought not*, that he *cannot* give;
And what is more than meet from princes' bounty,
Is plunder, not a grant. Think you, his honour
A perquiſite belonging to your place,
As favourite *paramount?* Preſerve the king
From doing wrong, though wrong is done for *you*;
And ſhew, 'tis not in favour to corrupt thee.

DYMAS.

I ſought not, Sir, this honour.

DEMETRIUS.

But would take it.
True majeſty's the very ſoul of kings;
And rectitude's the ſoul of majeſty:
If mining minions ſap that rectitude,
The king may live, but majeſty expires:
And he that leſſens majeſty, impairs
That juſt obedience public good requires;
Doubly a traitor, to the Crown, and State.

DYMAS.

Muſt I refuſe what *Philip*'s pleas'd to give?

DEMETRIUS.

Can a king give thee more than is his *Own?*
Know, a king's dignity is *public* wealth;
On that ſubſiſts the nation's fame, and power.

Shall fawning ſycophants, to plump themſelves,
Eat up their maſter, and dethrone his glory?
What are ſuch wretches? What, but vapours foul,
From fens and bogs, by royal beams exhal'd,
That radiance intercepting, which ſhould chear
The land at large? Hence ſubjects hearts grow cold,
And frozen loyalty forgets to flow:
But, then 'tis ſlipp'ry ſtanding for the *minion:*
Stains on his ermin, to their royal maſter
Such miſcreants are; not jewels in his crown.
If you perſiſt, Sir—But, of words, no more!
To me, to threat, is harder than to do!

DYMAS.

Let me embrace this genuine ſon of Empire.
When the debates divide the doubtful land,
Should I not know the prince moſt fit to reign?
I've try'd you, as an eagle tries her young,
And find, your dauntleſs eye is fix'd on glory.
I'll to the king, and your commands obey.——
We muſt give young men opiates in a fever. [*Aſide.*
Yes, boy, I will obey thee, to thy ruin.
Erixene ſhall ſtrike thee dead for this. [*Exit* Dymas.

DEMETRIUS.

Theſe Stateſmen nothing woo, but Gold and Power.
I'm a bold advocate for *other* love;
Though, at *their* bar, indicted for a fool.
When reaſon, like the ſkilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery paſſions to the bit,
And, ſpite of their licentious ſallies, keep
The radiant track of glory; paſſions, then,
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant reaſon,
Firm in her ſeat, and ſwift in her career,
Enjoys their violence, and, ſmiling, thanks
Their formidable flame, for high renown.

Take

Take then my ſoul, fair maid! 'tis wholly thine;
And thence I feel an energy divine.
When objects, worthy praiſe, our hearts approve,
Each virtue grows on conſecrated love:
And, ſure, ſoft paſſion *claims* to be forgiv'n,
When love of beauty is the love of heav'n.

ACT IV.

Enter ERIXENE *and* DELIA.

ERIXENE.

'TIS plain! 'tis plain! this marriage gains her father.
He join'd to *Rome* the crown. Thy words were true:
He woos the diadem; that diadem which I
Deſpis'd for him. O, how unlike our loves!
But it is well; he gives me my revenge.
Wed *Dymas'* daughter! What a fall is there?
Not the world's empire could repair his glory.

DELIA.

Madam, you can't be mov'd too much!—But why
More now than at the firſt?

ERIXENE.

At firſt I doubted:
For who, that lov'd like me, could have believ'd?
I diſbeliev'd what *Pericles* reported;
And thought it *Perſeus'* art to wound our loves.
But when the good *Antigonus*, ſworn friend
To falſe *Demetrius*, when *his* word confirm'd it,
Then paſſion took me, as the northern blaſt
An autumn leaf. O gods! the dreadful whirl!
But, while I ſpeak, he's with her: Laughs and plays;
Mingles his dalliance with inſulting mirth;
To this new goddeſs offers up *my* tears;
Yes, with *my* ſhame and torture, woos her love.

I ſee,

I ſee, hear, feel it! O theſe raging fires!
Can then the thing we ſcorn give ſo much pain?

DELIA.

Madam, theſe tranſports give him cauſe to triumph.

ERIXENE.

I vent my grief to thee; *he* ne'er ſhall know it.
If I can't conquer, I'll conceal my paſſion;
And ſtifle all its pangs beneath diſdain.

DELIA.

The greateſt minds are moſt relenting too:
If then *Demetrius* ſhould repent his crime——

ERIXENE.

If ſtill my paſſion burns, it ſhall burn inward:
On the fierce rack in ſilence I'll expire,
Before one ſigh eſcape me——*He* repent!
What wild extravagance of thought is thine?
But did he? Who repents, has once been falſe:
In love, repentance but declares our guilt;
And injur'd honour—ſhall exact its due.
In vain *his* love, nay *mine* ſhould groan in vain!
Both are devoted. Vengeance, vengeance, reigns!
Our firſt love murder'd, is the ſharpeſt pang
A human heart can feel.

DELIA.

The king approaches.

Enter the KING, *&c.*

KING.

Madam, at length we ſee the dawn of peace,
And hope an end of our domeſtic jars.
The jealous *Perſeus* can no longer fear
Demetrius is a *Roman*; ſince this day
Makes him the ſon of *Dymas*, *Rome*'s worſt foe.

ERIXENE.

Already, Sir, I've heard, and heard with joy,
Th' important news.

KING.

To make our bliſs run o'er,
You, Madam, will complete what heav'n begins;
And ſave the love-ſick *Perſeus* from deſpair:
That marriage would leave *Rome* without pretence
To touch our conqueſt; and for ever join
To theſe dominions long-diſputed *Thrace*.

Enter DYMAS.

ERIXENE.

Though *Thrace* by conqueſt ſtoops to *Macedon*,
I know my rank, and would preſerve its due.
With meditated coldneſs have I heard
Prince *Perſeus'* vows; unwilling to conſent,
Before reſtor'd to my forefathers throne,
Leſt that conſent ſhould merit little thanks,
As flowing leſs from choice than your command:
But ſince the *Roman* pride will find account
In my perſiſting ſtill; and *Philip* ſuffer;
I quit the lofty thought on which I ſtood,
And yield to your requeſt.

KING.

Indulgent gods!
Bleſt moment! How will this with tranſport fill
The doubtful *Perſeus*, after years of pain!

DYMAS.

My lord, I've heard what paſt, and give you joy
Of *Perſeus'* nuptials, which your ſtate requires:
But for *Demetrius'*—think of thoſe no more.
Far from accepting ſuch a load of glory,
I bring, I bring, my lord, this forfeit head
Due to my bold refuſal.

KING.

Dares the boy
Fall from his promiſe; and impoſe on thee
Forc'd diſobedience to my royal pleaſure?

DYMAS.

No, my moſt honour'd lord, there, there's my crime:
Fond of the maid, with ardour he preſs'd on:
But ſhould I dare pollute his blood with mine?
But you, Sir, authorize it—ſtill more baſe,
To wrong a maſter ſo profuſely kind.

KING.

That man is noble on whom *Philip* ſmiles.
Come, come, there's ſomething more in this—explain,

DYMAS.

Why am I forc'd on this ungrateful office?
Yet can't I tell you more than fame has told;
Which ſays *Demetrius* is in league with *Rome*.
Why weds ambition then an humble maid,
But to gain me to treaſon? What then follows?
They'll ſay the ſubtile ſtateſman plann'd this marriage,
To raiſe his blood into his maſter's throne.
No, Sir, preſerve my fame; let life ſuffice.

Enter PERICLES.

Sir, your ambaſſadors arriv'd from *Rome*—

[*Preſents a letter.*

KING.

Ha! I muſt read it—this will tell me more.

[*After reading it.*

O princeſs! now our only comfort flows
From your indulgence to my better ſon.
This dreadful news precipitates my wiſh.
To keep rapacious *Rome* from ſeizing *Thrace*,
You cannot wed too ſoon: My fair ally!
What if you bleſs me, and my ſon, to-morrow?

ERIXENE.

Since you requeſt, and your affairs demand it,
Without a bluſh—I think I may comply.

KING.

O daughter! but no more—The gods will thank you!
I go to bleſs my *Perſeus* with the news.

DYMAS.

Thus the boy's dead in Empire, and in Love.

[*Exeunt* King, Dymas, *&c.*

ERIXENE.

I triumph! I'm reveng'd! I reign! I reign!
Nor thank *Demetrius'* treaſon for a crown.
Love is our own cauſe, honour is the gods.
I can be glorious without happineſs;
But without glory never can be bleſt.——

DELIA.

'Tis well; but can you wed the man you ſcorn?

ERIXENE.

Wed any thing for vengeance on the perjur'd.
I'll now inſult him from an higher ſphere:
This unexpected turn may gall his pride.
Whate'er has pangs for him, has charms for me.

DELIA.

A rooted love is ſcarce ſo ſoon remov'd.

ERIXENE.

If not, the greater virtue to controul it;
And ſtrike at his heart, though 'tis through my own.

DELIA.

I can't but praiſe this triumph; yet I dread
The combat ſtill. And ſee, the foe draws near.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Erixene!

ERIXENE.

ERIXENE.

My Lord!

DEMETRIUS.

My pale cheek ſpeaks,
My trembling limbs prevent my faltering tongue,
And aſk you——

ERIXENE.

What, my Lord?

DEMETRIUS.

My Lord?—Her eyes
Confirm it true, and yet, without a crime,
I can't believe it. O *Erixene*——

ERIXENE.

I gueſs your meaning, Sir; but am ſurpriz'd
That *Dymas'* ſon ſhould think of aught I do.

DEMETRIUS.

Falſe are my ſenſes! falſe both ear and eye!
All, all be rather falſe than her I love!

ERIXENE.

She paſt not, Sir, this way.

DEMETRIUS.

Is then my pain
Your ſport? And can *Erixene* pretend
Herſelf deceiv'd, by what deceiv'd the king?
An artifice made uſe of for your ſake;
A proof, not violation, of my love.

ERIXENE.

I thought not of your love, nor artifice:
Both were forgot; or rather, never known.
But without artifice I tell you this;
Your brother lays his ſceptre at my feet,
And whoſe example bids my heart reſiſt
The charms of empire?

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

This is woman's ſkill:
You ceaſe to love, and from my conduct ſtrive
To labour an excuſe. For if indeed
You thought me falſe, had you been thus ſerene,
Calm, and unruffled? No; my heart ſays, No.
Paſſions, if great, though turn'd to their reverſe,
Keep their degree, and are great paſſions ſtill.
And ſhe who, when ſhe thinks her lover falſe,
Retains her temper, never loſt her heart.

ERIXENE.

That I'm ſerene, ſays not I never lov'd.
Indeed the vulgar float as paſſion drives;
But noble minds have reaſon for their queen.
While you deſerv'd, my paſſion was ſincere;
You change, my paſſion dies. But pardon, Sir,
If my vain mind thinks anger is too much:
Take my neglect; I can afford no more.

DEMETRIUS.

No: rage! flame! thunder! give a thouſand deaths!
Oh! reſcue me from this more dreadful calm!
This curſt indifference! which, like a froſt
In northern ſeas, out-does the fierceſt ſtorm.
Commanded by my father to comply,
I feign'd obedience:—Had I then refus'd——

ERIXENE.

I grant the conſequence had been moſt dreadful!
I grant that *Dymas'* daughter had been angry.

DEMETRIUS.

Aſk *Dymas* with what rage——

ERIXENE.

You well might rage,
To be refus'd.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Refus'd?

ERIXENE.

He told your ſecret;
The king, and I, and all the court can witneſs.

DEMETRIUS.

Refus'd! falſe villain! O the perjur'd ſlave!
Hell-born impoſtor! Madam, 'tis moſt falſe!
Warm from my heart is every word I ſpeak!
The villain lies! Believe the pangs that rend me;
Believe the witneſs ſtreaming from my eyes,
And let me ſpeak no more.

ERIXENE.

I do believe
Your grief ſincere. I've heard the maid is fair.

DEMETRIUS.

Proceed; and thus *indeed* commit that crime
You falſely charge on me. The crown has charm'd you,
How warm this morning did you preſs my flight?
The cauſe is plain: An outrag'd lover's groan,
And dying agony, moleſt your ear,
And hurt the muſic of a nuptial ſong.

ERIXENE.

Since your *inconſtancy* perſiſts to charge
Its crime on my *ambition*, I'll be kind,
And leave you in poſſeſſion of an error,
Of which you ſeem ſo fond.

DEMETRIUS.

Ah! ſtay one moment!

Enter PERSEUS *and* PERICLES.

PERSEUS.

Erixene!

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Diſtraction! [*Starting.*]

ERIXENE.

'Tis well tim'd.
My lord, your brother doubts if I'm ſincere,
And thinks (an error natural to him)
I'll break my vow to you.—You'll clear my fame,
And labour to convince him, that to-morrow,
Erixene's at once a bride and queen.

[*Exit* Erixene.

PERSEUS.

When I have work'd him up to violence,
Bring thou the king, and pity my diſtreſs.

[*To* Pericles, *who goes out.*

DEMETRIUS.

On what Extremes extreme diſtreſs impels me?
In things impoſſible I put my truſt;
I, in my only brother, find a foe;
Yet in my rival, hope the greateſt friend.
When all our hopes are lodg'd in ſuch expedients,
'Tis as if poiſon were our only food;
And death was call'd on as the guard of life.

PERSEUS.

Why doſt thou droop?

DEMETRIUS.

Becauſe I'm dead: quite dead
To hope; and yet rebellious to deſpair;
Like ghoſts unbleſs'd, that burſt the bars of death.
Strange is my conduct?—Stranger my diſtreſs;
Beyond example both! Who e'er before me
Preſs'd his worſt foe, to prove his trueſt friend?
But though thou'rt *not* my Brother, thou'rt a *Man*;
And, if a man, compaſſionate the worſt
That man can feel; though found that worſt in me.

PERSEUS.

PERSEUS.

What would'ſt?

DEMETRIUS.

Unclinch thy talons from thy prey;
Let the dove fly to *this* her neſt again. [*Striking his breaſt.*
For, oh! the maid's unalienably mine,
Though now through rage run mad, and turn'd to thee.
How often have I languiſh'd at her feet?
Baſk'd in her eye, and revell'd in her ſmile?
How often, as ſhe liſten'd to my vows,
Trembling and pale with agonies of joy,
Have I left earth, and mounted to the ſtars?

PERSEUS.

There *Dymas'* daughter ſhone above the reſt,
Illuſtrious in thy ſight.

DEMETRIUS.

Thy taunt, how falſe!——
I no leſs preſs your int'reſt than my own.
Think you 'tis poſſible her heart, ſo long
Inclin'd to me, the price of all my vows,
Purchas'd by tears and groans, and paid me down
In tendereſt returns of love divine,
Can in one day be yours?——Impoſſible!

PERSEUS.

If I'm deceiv'd, I'm pleas'd with the deceit.
How my heart dances in the golden dream!
In pity do not wake me till to-morrow.

DEMETRIUS.

Then thou'lt wake diſtracted.—Truſt me, brother!
She gives her hand alone.

PERSEUS.

Nor need I more;
That hand's enough that brings a ſceptre in it.
I ſcorn a prince who weds with meaner views,

Her

Her duty's mine, and I conceive ſmall pain
From your ſweet error, that her love is yours.
I'm pleas'd ſuch cordial thoughts of your own merit
Support you in diſtreſs.

DEMETRIUS.

Inhuman *Perſeus!*
If pity dwells within the heart of man,
If due that pity to the laſt diſtreſs.
Pity a lover exquiſitely pain'd;
A lover exquiſitely pain'd by you.
Oh! in the name of all the gods, relent!
Give me my princeſs! give her to my throes!
Amidſt a thouſand *you* may chuſe a Love;
The ſpacious earth contains but one for *me.*——
But oh! I rave: Art thou not he, the man
Who drinks my groans like muſic at his ear?
And would as wine, as nectar, drink my blood?
Are all my hopes of mercy lodg'd in thee?
O rigid gods! and ſhall I then fall down!
Embrace thy feet, and bathe them with my tears?
Yes, I will drown thee with my tears, my blood,
So thou afford a human ear to pangs,
A brother's pangs, a brother's broken heart.

PERSEUS.

Pardon, *Demetrius*, but the princeſs calls,
And I am bound to go.

DEMETRIUS.

O ſtay. [*Laying hold of him.*

PERSEUS.

You tremble.

DEMETRIUS.

The princeſs calls, and you are bound to go?

PERSEUS.

E'en ſo.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

What princeſs?

PERSEUS.

Mine.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis falſe.

PERSEUS.

Unhand me.

DEMETRIUS.

What, ſee, talk, touch, nay taſte her; like a bee
Draw honey from her wounded lip, while I
Am ſtung to death!

PERSEUS.

The triumph once was your's.

DEMETRIUS.

Rip up my breaſt, or you ſhall never ſtir.
My heart may viſit her! O! take it with you.
Have I not ſeen her, where ſhe has not been?
Have I not claſp'd her ſhadow? Trod her ſteps?
Tranſported trod! as if they led to heav'n!
Each morn my life I lighted at her eye,
And ev'ry evening, at its cloſe, expir'd.——

[*Burſts into tears.*

PERSEUS.

Fie! thou'rt a *Roman*; can a *Roman* weep?
Sure *Alexander*'s helmet can ſuſtain
Far heavier ſtrokes than theſe. For ſhame, *Demetrius.*
E'en ſnatch up the next *Sabin* in thy way,
'Twill do as well. [*Going.*

DEMETRIUS.

By heaven, you ſhall not ſtir.
Long as I live, I ſtand a world between you,
And keep you diſtant as the poles aſunder.
Who takes my love, in mercy takes my life;

Thy

Thy bloody paſs cleave through thy brother's breaſt.
I beg, I challenge, I provoke my death.
[*His hand upon his ſword*

Enter KING *and* DYMAS.

PERSEUS.

You will not murder me?

DEMETRIUS.

Yes, you and all.

KING.

How like a tyger foaming o'er his prey!——

PERSEUS.

Now, Sir, believe your eye, believe your ear,
And ſtill believe me perjur'd, as this morning.

KING.

Heav'n's wrath's exhauſted, there's no more to fear.
My darling ſon found criminal in all.

DEMETRIUS.

That villain there to blaſt me! Yes, I'll ſpeak;
For what have I to fear, who feel the worſt?
'Tis time the truth were known. That villain, Sir,
Has cleft my heart, and laughs to ſee it bleed;
But his confeſſion ſhall redeem my fame,
And re-inthrone me in my princeſs' ſmile;
Or I'll return that falſe embrace he gave me,
And ſtab him in your ſight.

KING.

Hold, inſolent!
Where's your reſpect to me?

DEMETRIUS.

O royal Sir!
That has undone me. Thro' reſpect I gave
A feign'd conſent, which his black artifice
Has turn'd to my deſtruction. I refus'd

That ſlave's, that curſed ſlave's, that ſtateſman's daughter,
And he pretends ſhe was refus'd by him.
Hence, hence, this deſolation. Nought I fear,
Tho' Nature groan her laſt. And ſhall *he* then
Eſcape and triumph?

KING.

Guards there! ſeize the prince!
The man you menace you ſhall learn to fear.
[*He is ſeiz'd.*

DYMAS.

Hold, Sir! not this for me! It is your ſon:
What is my life, tho' pour'd upon your feet?

KING.

Is *this* a ſon?

DEMETRIUS.

No, Sir; my crime's too great,
Which dares to vindicate a father's honour,
To catch the glories of a falling crown,
And ſave it from pollution. But I've done.
I die, unleſs my princeſs is reſtor'd; [*Pointing to* Dymas.
And if I die, by heav'n and earth, and hell!
His ſordid blood ſhall mingle with the duſt;
And ſee if thence 'twill mount into the throne.
O Sir! think of it! I'll expect my fate. [*Exit* Dem.

KING.

And thou ſhalt have it.

DYMAS.

How, my Lord; in tears!

KING.

As if the gods came down in evidence!
How many ſudden rays of proof concur
To my conviction? Was ever equal boldneſs?
But 'tis no wonder from a brother-king;
[*Produces the forg'd letter.*

This king of *Thrace*—To-morrow he'll be king
Of *Macedon*.———He therefore dies to-night.

PERSEUS. [*Aſide to* Dymas.]

And yet I doubt it; for I know his fondneſs.
Thou practiſe well the leſſon I have taught thee,
While I put on a ſolemn face of woe,
Afflicted for a brother's early fall.———
Heaven knows with what regret.—But, Sir, your ſafety—

[*Preſenting the mandate for* Demetrius' *death.*

KING.

What giv'ſt thou here?

DYMAS.

Your paſſport to renown.
You ſign your apotheoſis in that.
What ſcales the ſkies, but zeal for public good?

PERSEUS.

How god-like mercy?

DYMAS.

Mercy to mankind,
By treaſon aw'd.

KING. [*To* Perſeus.]

Muſt then thy brother bleed?

[Dymas *ſeeming at a loſs,* Perſeus *whiſpers him, and gives a letter.*

DYMAS. [*Looking on the letter.*]

No, Sir; the king of *Thrace.*

KING.

Why that is true——
Yet who, if not a father, ſhould forgive?

DYMAS.

Who, Sir, if not a *Philip*, ſhould be juſt?

KING. [*To* Dymas.]

Is't not my ſon?

DYMAS.

If not, far leſs his guilt.

KING. [*To* Perſeus.]

Is not my other *Perſeus?*

PERSEUS.

Sir, I thank you;

That ſeeks your crown, and life.

KING.

And *life?*

DYMAS.

No, Sir;

He'll only take your *crown*; you ſtill may live.

KING.

Heav'n blaſt thee for that thought!

PERSEUS.

Why ſhakes my father?

KING.

It ſtabs, it gnaws, it harrows up my ſoul.
Is he not young? Was he not much indulg'd?
Gall'd by his brother? Doubted by his father?
Tempted by *Rome?* A nation to a boy?

DYMAS.

O a mere infant——that depoſes kings.

KING.

No; once he ſav'd my crown.

DYMAS.

And now would wear it.

KING.

How my head ſwims!

PERSEUS.

Nor ſtrange; the taſk is hard.

DYMAS.

Yet ſcarce for him. *Brutus* was but a *Roman:*

[*Speaking as if he would not have the king hear.*

Yet like a *Philip* dar'd; and is immortal.

KING.

I hear thee, *Dymas*; give me then the mandate.

[*Going to ſign, he ſtops ſhort.*

DYMAS.

No wonder if his *mother* thus had paus'd.

PERSEUS. [*Aſide.*]

Rank cankers on thy tongue; why mention her?

KING.

O gods! I ſee her now; what am I doing?

[*Throws away the ſtyle.*

I ſee her dying eye let fall a tear
In favour of *Demetrius*.——Shall I ſtab
Her lovely image ſtampt on every feature?

DYMAS.

His *ſoul* eſcap'd it, Sir.

KING.

Thou ly'ſt; begone.

[Perſeus *and* Dymas *in great confuſion:* Perſeus *whiſpers* Dymas.

DYMAS. [*Aſide, to* Perſeus.]

True; that, or nought, will touch him.
If, Sir, your mercy—— [*To the king.*

PERSEUS.

O ſpeak on of mercy;
Mercy, the darling attribute of heav'n.

DYMAS.

If you *ſhould* ſpare him——

KING.

What if I *ſhould* ſpare him?

DYMAS.

I dare not ſay—Your wrath again might riſe.

KING.

Yes, if thou'rt ſilent—What if I *ſhould* ſpare him?

DYMAS.

DYMAS.

Why if you *ſhould*—proud *Rome* would thank you for it.

KING.

Rome!—Her applauſe more ſhocks me than his death.
O thou, death's orator! dread advocate
For bowelleſs ſeverity! aſſiſt
My trembling hand, as thou haſt ſteel'd my heart;
And if it is guilt in me, ſhare the guilt.
He's dead. [*Signs.*] And if I blot it with one tear,
Perſeus, though leſs affected, will forgive me.

PERSEUS.

Forgive! Sir, I applaud, and wiſh my ſorrow
Was mild enough to weep.

[*The* King *going out, meets* Demetrius *in mourning, introduced by* Antigonus. *The* King *ſtarts back, and drops on* Dymas. *Recovering, ſpeaks.*

KING.

This, Fate, is the tenth wave, and quite o'erwhelms me:
It leſs had ſhock'd me, had I met his ghoſt.
This is a plot to ſentence *me* to death.——
What haſt thou done, my mortal foe! thrown bars
[*To* Antigonus.
Athwart my glory? but thy ſcheme ſhall fail.
As ruſhing torrents ſweep th' obſtructed mound,
So *Philip* meets this mountain in his way,
Yet keeps his purpoſe ſtill.

[Perſeus *and* Pericles *whiſper aſide.*

PERICLES.

I can't but fear it.

PERSEUS.

I grant the danger great; yet don't deſpair:
Jove is againſt thee, *Perſeus* on thy ſide.

ANTIGONUS.

The prince, dread Sir, low on his bended knee——

KING.

This way, *Antigonus*.—Do'ſt mark his bloom?
Grace in his aſpect, grandeur in his mien?

ANTIGONUS.

I do.

KING.

'Tis falſe; take a king's word.—He's dead.—
That darling of my ſoul would ſtab me ſleeping.
How dar'ſt *thou* ſtart? Art thou the traitor's father?
If thou art pale, what is enough for me?——
How his grave yawns: Oh! that it was my own.

ANTIGONUS.

Mourn not the guilty.

KING.

No; he's innocent:
Death pays his debt to juſtice; and that done,
I grant him ſtill my ſon; as ſuch I love him:
Yes, and will claſp him to my breaſt, while yet
His clay is warm, nor moulders at my touch.

PERSEUS. [*Aſide.*]

A curſe on that embrace.

DYMAS.

Nay worſe; he weeps.

KING.

Poor boy, be not deceiv'd by my compaſſion;
My tears are cruel, and I groan thy death.

DEMETRIUS.

And am I then to die? If death's decreed,
Stab me yourſelf, nor give me to the knife
Of midnight ruffians, that have forg'd my crimes.
For you I beg, for you I pour my tears;

You

You are deceiv'd, diſhonour'd; I am only ſlain.
Oh! Father—

KING.

Father?—There's no father here;
Forbear to wound me with that tender name;
Nor raiſe all nature up in arms againſt me.

DEMETRIUS.

My Father! Guardian! Friend! nay, Deity!
What leſs than gods give being, life, and death!
My dying mother———

KING.

Hold thy peace, I charge thee.

DEMETRIUS.

Preſſing your hand, and bathing it with tears,
Bequeath'd your tenderneſs for her to me;
And, low on earth, my legacy I claim,
Claſping your knee, though baniſh'd from your breaſt.

KING.

My knees!—Would that were all; he graſps my heart.
Perſeus, canſt thou ſtand by and ſee me ruin'd?
[*Reaching his hand to* Perſeus.

PERSEUS.

Looſe, looſe thy hold.—It is *my* father too.

KING.

Yes, *Macedon*, and thine, and I'll preſerve thee.

DEMETRIUS.

Who once before preſerv'd it from the *Thracian*?
And who, at *Thraſymene* turn'd the lifted bolt
From *Philip*'s hoary brow?

KING.

I'll hear no more.
O *Perſeus! Dymas! Pericles!* aſſiſt me,
Unbind me, diſinchant me, break this charm
Of *Nature*, that accomplice with my foes;

Rend me, O rend me, from the friend of *Rome.*

PERSEUS.

Nay *then*, howe'er reluctant, aid I *muſt.*
The friend of *Rome?*—*That* ſevers you for ever;
Though moſt incorporate and ſtrongly knit;
As lightning rends the knotted oak aſunder.

DEMETRIUS.

In ſpite of lightning, I renew the tie;
And ſtubborn is the graſp of dying men.
Who's he that ſhall divide me from myſelf?
[Demetrius *is forc'd from the* King's *knees, on which, ſtarting up, he flings his arms round his father.*
Still of a piece with him from whom I grew,
I'll bleed on my aſylum, dart my ſoul
In this embrace, and *thus* my treaſon crown.

KING.

Who love yourſelves, or *Macedon*, or me,
From the curs'd * *Eagle*'s talons wrench my crown;
And this barb'd arrow from my breaſt.—'Tis done;
[*Forc'd aſunder.*
And the blood guſhes after it.——I faint.

DYMAS.

Support the king!

PERSEUS.

While treaſon licks the duſt.
[*Pointing at* Demetrius, *fallen in the ſtruggle.*

DYMAS.

A field well fought.

PERSEUS.

And juſtice has prevail'd.

KING.

O that the traitor could conceal the ſon!

* The ROMAN Enſign.

Farewel,

Farewel, once beſt belov'd! ſtill moſt deplor'd!
He, he who dooms thee, bleeds upon thy tomb.
[*Exit* KING.

DEMETRIUS.

Proſtrate on thee, my mother earth, be thou
Kinder than brother, or than father; open
And ſave me in thy boſom from my—*Friends:*
Friends, ſworn to waſh their hands in guiltleſs tears,
And quench infernal thirſt in kindred blood;
As if relation fever'd human hearts,
Or that deſtruction was the child of love.

PERSEUS.

Farewel, young traitor; if they aſk below,
Who ſent thee beardleſs down, ſay, *Honeſt Perſeus:*
Whom reaſon ſways, not inſtinct; who can ſtrike
At horrid parricide, and flagrant treaſon,
Though through a boſom dearer than his own.
Think'ſt thou my tender heart can hate a brother?
The gods and *Perſeus* war with nought but guilt.
But I muſt go. What, Sir, your laſt commands
To your *Erixene?* She chides my ſtay. [*Exit* Perſeus.

DEMETRIUS.

Without the token of a brother's love,
He could not part; my death was not enough———
I came for mercy, and I find it here:———
And death is mercy, ſince my love is loſt.
Alas! my father too; my heart achs for him:
And *Perſeus,*—fain would I forgive e'en thee:
But *Philip*'s ſufferings cry too loud againſt it.
Blind author, and ſure mourner of my death!
Father moſt dear! what pangs haſt thou to come?
Like that poor wretch is thy unhappy doom,
Who, while in ſleep his fever'd fancy glows,
Draws his keen ſword, and ſheathes it in his foes;

But, waking, ſtarts upright, in wild ſurprize,
To feel warm blood glide round him as he lies;
To ſee his reeking hands in crimſon dy'd,
And a pale corſe extended by his ſide:
He views with horror, what mad dreams have done,
And ſinks, heart-broken, on a murder'd ſon.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

KING *and* ANTIGONUS, POSTHUMIUS, *meeting.*

POSTHUMIUS.

WE, in behalf of our allies, O King!
Call'd on thee yeſterday, to clear thy glory;
Nor wonder now that *Philip* is unjuſt
To ſtrangers, who has murdered his own ſon.

KING.

'Tis falſe.

POSTHUMIUS.

No thanks to *Philip* that he fled.

KING.

A traitor is no ſon.

POSTHUMIUS.

Heav'n's vengeance on me,
If he refus'd not yeſterday thy crown,
Though Life and Love both brib'd him to comply.

KING.

See there. [*Gives the letter.*

POSTHUMIUS.

'Tis not the conſul's hand, or ſeal.

KING.

You're his accomplices.

POSTHUMIUS.

We're his avengers.
'Tis war.

KING.

Eternal war.

POSTHUMIUS.

POSTHUMIUS.

Next time we meet—

KING.

Is in the *Capitol*.—Haſte, fly my kingdom.

POSTHUMIUS.

No longer *thine*.

KING.

Yes, and proud *Rome* a province.

[*Exit* Poſthumius, *&c.*

They brave, they make, they tyrannize o'er kings.
The name of king the proſtrate world ador'd,
Ere *Romulus* had call'd his *thieves* together.—
But let me pauſe.—Not *Quintius'* hand, or ſeal?—
Doubt and impatience, like thick ſmoke and fire,
Cloud and torment my reaſon.

ANTIGONUS.

Sir, recall,
And re-examine thoſe you ſent to *Rome*:
You took their evidence in haſte and anger.
Torture, if they refuſe, will tell the truth.

KING.

Go, ſtop the nuptials, till you hear from me.

[*Exit* King *and* Antigonus.

Enter ERIXENE *and* DELIA, *meeting*.

DELIA.

Madam, the prince, who fled from threaten'd death,
Attempting his eſcape to foreign realms,
Was lately taken at the city gates,
So ſtrongly guarded by his father's pow'rs;
And now, confin'd, expects his final doom.

ERIXENE.

Impriſon'd, and to die!—And let him die.
Bid *Dymas'* daughter weep—I half forgot

His

His perjur'd inſolence.—I'll go and glut
My vengeance. O how juſt a traitor's death!
And blacker ſtill, a traitor to my love.
[*Exeunt* Erixene *and* Delia.

Scene draws, and ſhews Demetrius *in priſon.*

DEMETRIUS.

Thou ſubterranean ſepulchre of peace!
Thou home of horror! hideous neſt of crimes!
Guilt's firſt ſad ſtage in her dark road to hell!
Ye thick-barr'd ſunleſs paſſages for air,
To keep alive the wretch that longs to die!
Ye low-brow'd arches, through whoſe ſullen gloom,
Reſound the ceaſeleſs groans of pale deſpair!
Ye dreadful ſhambles, cak'd with *human* blood!
Receive a gueſt, from far, far other ſcenes,
From pompous courts, from ſhouting victories,
Carouſing feſtivals, harmonious bow'rs,
And the ſoft *Chains* of heart-diſſolving love.
Oh! how unlike to *theſe?* heart-breaking load
Of ſhame eternal, ne'er to be knock'd off,
O welcome death, no, never but by thee——
Nor has a foe done this.—A friend! A father!—
O that I could have dy'd without their guilt.—
[*Enter* Erixene. Demetrius *gazing at her.*
So look'd in chaos the firſt beam of light:
How drives the ſtrong enchantment of her eye
All horror hence!—How die the thoughts of death!

ERIXENE.

I knew not my own heart. I cannot bear it.
Shame chides me back; for to inſult his woes
Is too ſevere; and to condole, too kind. [*Going.*

DEMETRIUS.

Thus I arreſt you in the name of mercy,
And dare compel your ſtay: Is then one look,

One

One word, one moment, a laſt moment too,
When I ſtand tottering on the brink of death,
A cruel ignominious death, too much
For one that loves like me? A length of years
You may devote to my bleſt rival's arms,
I aſk but one ſhort moment. O permit,
Permit the Dying to lay claim to thee,
To thee, thou dear equivalent for life——
Cruel, relentleſs, marble-hearted maid!

ERIXENE.

Demetrius, you perſiſt to do me wrong;
For, know, though I behold thee as thou art,
Doubly a traitor, to the ſtate and me;
Thy ſorrow, thy diſtreſs, have touch'd my boſom:
I own it is a fault; I pity thee.

Enter OFFICER.

OFFICER.

My Lord, your time is ſhort, and death waits for you.

ERIXENE.

Death?—I forgive thee from my inmoſt ſoul.

DEMETRIUS.

Forgive me? Oh! thou need'ſt not to forgive;
If impoſition had not ſtruck thee blind.
Truth lies in ambuſh yet, but will ſtart up,
And ſeize thy trembling ſoul, when mine is fled.
O I've a thouſand, thouſand things to ſay.

ERIXENE.

And I am come a ſecret to diſcloſe,
That might awake thee, wert thou dead already.

OFFICER.

My lord, your final moment is expir'd.

DEMETRIUS *and* ERIXENE.

One, one ſhort moment more.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

No; death lets fall
The curtain, and divides our loves for ever.
[*Is forced out.*

ERIXENE.

Oh I've a darker dungeon in my ſoul,
Nor want an executioner to kill me.
What revolutions in the human heart
Will pity cauſe! What horrid deeds revenge! [*Exit.*

Scene ſhuts. Enter ANTIGONUS, *with attendants.*

ANTIGONUS.

How diſtant virtue dwells from mortal man!
Was't not that each man calls for others' virtue,
Her very name on earth would be forgot,
And leave the tongue, as it hath left the heart.
Was ever ſuch a labour'd plan of guilt?
Take the king's mandate, to the priſon fly,
Throw wide the gates, and let *Demetrius* know
The full detail.
[*Enter* ERIXENE.
The princeſs! ha! be gone; [*To the attendant.*
While I ſtir up an equal tranſport here.
Princeſs, I ſee your griefs, and judge the cauſe:
But I bring news might raiſe you from your grave;
Or call you down from heaven to hear with joy.
Juſt gods! the virtuous will at laſt prevail.
On motives here too tedious to relate,
I begg'd the king to re-examine thoſe,
Who came from *Rome*. The king approv'd my counſel.
Surpriz'd, and conſcious, in their charge they falter'd,
And threaten'd tortures ſoon diſcover'd all:
That *Perſeus* brib'd them to their perjuries;
That *Quintius'* letter was a forgery;

That

That prince *Demetrius'* intercourſe with *Rome*,
Was innocent of treaſon to the State.

ERIXENE.

O my ſwoln heart! What will the gods do with me?

ANTIGONUS.

And to confirm this moſt ſurprizing news,
Dymas, who, ſtriving to ſuppreſs a tumult,
The rumour of *Demetrius'* flight had rais'd,
Was wounded ſore, with his laſt breath confeſs'd,
The prince refus'd his daughter; which affront
Inflam'd the ſtateſman to his prince's ruin.

ERIXENE.

Did he refuſe her? [*Swoons.*

ANTIGONUS.

Quite o'ercome with joy!
Tranſported out of life!—The gods reſtore!

ERIXENE.

Ah! why recall me? This is a new kind
Of murder; moſt ſevere! that dooms to *life*.

ANTIGONUS.

Fair princeſs, you confound me.

ERIXENE.

Am I fair?
Am I a princeſs? Love and Empire mine?
Gay, gorgeous viſions dancing in my ſight!
No, here I ſtand a naked ſhipwreck'd wretch,
Cold, trembling, pale, ſpent, helpleſs, hopeleſs, maid;
Caſt on a ſhore as cruel as the waves,
O'er-hung with rugged rocks, too ſteep to climb;
The mountain billows loud, come foaming in
Tremendous; and confound, ere they devour.

ANTIGONUS.

Madam, the king abſolves you from your vow.

ERIXENE.

ERIXENE.

For me, it matters not; but oh! the prince——
When he had ſhot the gulph of his deſpair;
Emerging into all the light of heav'n,
His heart, high-beating with well-grounded hope;
Then to make ſhipwreck of his happineſs,
Like a poor wretch that has eſcap'd the ſtorm,
And ſwam to what he deems an happy iſle,
When, lo! the ſavage natives drink his blood.
Ah! why is vengeance ſweet to woman's pride,
As rapture to her love? It has undone me.

DELIA.

Madam, he comes.

ERIXENE.

Leave us, *Antigonus.*

ANTIGONUS.

What dreadful ſecret this?—But I'll obey,
Invoke the gods, and leave the reſt to fate. [*Exit* Ant.

ERIXENE.

How *terribly* triumphant comes the wretch!
He comes, like flowers ambroſial, early born,
To meet the blaſt, and periſh in the ſtorm.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

After an age of abſence in one hour,
Have I then found thee, thou celeſtial maid!
Like a fair *Venus* in a ſtormy ſea;
Or a bright goddeſs, through the ſhades of night,
Dropt from the ſtars to theſe bleſt arms again?
How exquiſite is pleaſure after pain!
Why throbs my heart ſo turbulently ſtrong,
Pain'd at thy preſence, through redundant joy,
Like a poor miſer, beggar'd by his ſtore?

ERIXENE.

Demetrius, joy and ſorrow dwell too near.

DEMETRIUS.

Talk not of ſorrow, leſt the gods reſent
As under-priz'd ſo loud a call to joy.
I live, I love, am lov'd, I have her here!
Rapture, in preſent, and in proſpect, more!
No rival, no deſtroyer, no deſpair;
For jealouſies, for partings, groans, and death,
A train of joys, the gods alone can name!
When heav'n deſcends in bleſſings ſo profuſe,
So ſudden, ſo ſurpaſſing hope's extreme,
Like the ſun burſting from the midnight gloom,
'Tis impious to be niggards in delight;
Joy becomes duty; heav'n *calls* for ſome exceſs,
And tranſport flames as incenſe to the ſkies.

ERIXENE.

Tranſport how dreadful!

DEMETRIUS.

Turns *Erixene?*
Can ſhe not bear the ſunſhine of our fate?
Meridian happineſs is pour'd around us;
The laughing loves deſcend in ſwarms upon us,
And where we tread is an eternal ſpring.
By heav'n, I almoſt pity guilty *Perſeus*
For ſuch a loſs.

ERIXENE.

That ſtabs me through and through!

DEMETRIUS.

What ſtabs thee?—Speak.—Have I then loſt thy love?

ERIXENE.

To my confuſion, be it ſpoke.—'Tis thine.

DEMETRIUS.

To thy confuſion! Is it then a crime?
You heard how dying *Dymas* clear'd my fame.

ERIXENE.

ERIXENE.

I heard, and trembled; heard, and ran diſtracted.

DEMETRIUS.

Aſtoniſhment!

ERIXENE.

I've nothing elſe to give thee.

[*He ſteps back in aſtoniſhment; ſhe in agony; and both are ſilent for ſome time.*

He is ſtruck dumb.—Nor can I ſpeak.—Yet muſt I.
I tremble on the brink; yet muſt plunge in——
Know, my *Demetrius!* joys are for the gods;
Man's common courſe of nature is diſtreſs:
His joys are prodigies; and like them too,
Portend approaching ill. The wiſe man ſtarts,
And trembles at the *perils* of a bliſs.
To hope, how bold! How daring to be fond,
When what our fondneſs graſps is not immortal!—
I will preſume on thy known, ſteady virtue,
And treat thee like a man; I will, *Demetrius!*
Nor longer in my boſom hide a brand,
That burns unſeen, and drinks my vital blood.

DEMETRIUS.

What myſtery? [*Here a ſecond* pauſe *in both.*

ERIXENE.

The blackeſt.

DEMETRIUS.

How every terror doubles in the dark!
Why muffled up in ſilence ſtands my fate?
This horrid ſpectre let me ſee at once,
And ſhew if I'm a man.

ERIXENE.

It calls for more.

DEMETRIUS.

It calls for *me* then; Love has made me *more.*

ERIXENE.

O fortify thy ſoul with more than love;
To hear, what heard, thou'lt curſe the tongue that tells thee.

DEMETRIUS.

Curſe whom? Curſe thee!

ERIXENE.

Yes, from thy inmoſt ſoul.
Why doſt thou lift thy eyes and hands to heav'n?
The pow'rs moſt conſcious of this deed, reſide
In darkneſs, howl below in raging fires,
Where pangs like mine corrode them.—Thence ariſe,
Black gods of execration and deſpair!
Tho' dreadful earthquakes cleave your upward way,
While nature ſhakes, and vapours blot the ſun;
Then through thoſe horrors in loud groans proclaim,
That I am——

DEMETRIUS.

What?—I'll have it, though it blaſt me.

ERIXENE.

Thus then in thunder——I am *Perſeus'* wife.

[Demetrius *falls againſt the ſcene. After a pauſe,*

DEMETRIUS.

In thunder?—No; *that* had not ſtruck ſo deep.
What tempeſt e'er diſcharg'd ſo fierce a fire?—
Calm and deliberate anguiſh feeds upon me;
Each thought ſent out for help brings in new woe.
Where ſhall I turn? where fly? to whom but thee?

[*Kneeling.*

Tremendous *Jove!* whom mortals will not know
From bleſſings, but *compel* to be ſevere,
I feel thy vengeance, and adore thy power;
I ſee my failings, and abſolve thy rage.
But, oh! I muſt perceive the load that's on me;
I can't but tremble underneath the ſtroke.

Aid

Aid me to bear!—But ſince it can't be borne,
Oh let thy mercy burſt in flames upon me!
Thy triple bolt is healing balm to this;
This pain unfelt, unfancy'd by the wretch,
The groaning wretch that on the wheel expires.

ERIXENE.

Why did I tell thee?

DEMETRIUS.

Why commit a deed
Too ſhocking to be told? What fumes of hell
Flew to thy brain? What fiend the crime inſpir'd?

ERIXENE.

Perſeus, laſt night, as ſoon as thou waſt fled,
At that dead hour, when good men are at reſt,
When every crime and horror is abroad,
Graves yawn, fiends yell, wolves howl, and ravens ſcream;
Than ravens, wolves, or fiends, more fatal far,
To me he came, and threw him at my feet,
And wept, and ſwore, unleſs I gave conſent
To call a prieſt that moment, all was ruin'd.
That the next day *Demetrius* and his powers
Might conquer, he loſe me, and I my crown,
Conferr'd by *Philip* but on *Perſeus'* wife.
I ſtarted, trembled, fainted; he invades
My half-recover'd ſtrength, brib'd prieſts conſpire,
All urge my vow, all ſeize my raviſh'd hand,
Invoke the gods, run o'er the haſty rite;
While each ill omen of the ſky flew o'er us,
And furies howl'd our nuptial ſong below.——
Canſt thou forgive?

DEMETRIUS.

By all the flames of love,
And torments of deſpair, I never can.

The furies toſs their torches from thy hand,
And all their adders hiſs around thy head!
I'll ſee thy face no more! [*Going.*

ERIXENE.

Thy rage is juſt.
Yet ſtay and hear me. [*She kneels, and holds him.*

DEMETRIUS.

I have heard too much.

ERIXENE.

'Till thou haſt heard the whole, O do not curſe me!

DEMETRIUS.

Where can I find a curſe to reach thy crime?

ERIXENE.

Mercy! [*Weeping.*

DEMETRIUS. [*Aſide.*]

Her tears, like drops of molten lead,
With torment burn their paſſage to my heart.
And yet ſuch violation of her vows ———

ERIXENE.

Mercy!

DEMETRIUS.

Perſeus— [*Stamping.*

ERIXENE.

Stamp till the centre ſhakes,
So black a dæmon ſhalt thou never raiſe.
Perſeus! Canſt thou abhor him more than I?
Hell has its furies, *Perſeus* has his love,
And, oh! *Demetrius* his eternal hate.

DEMETRIUS.

Eternal! Yes, eternal and eternal;
As deep, and everlaſting, as my pain.

ERIXENE.

Some god deſcend, and ſooth his ſoul to peace!

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Talk'ſt *thou* of peace? What peace haſt thou beſtow'd?
A brain diſtracted, and a broken heart.
Talk'ſt *thou* of peace? Hark, hark, thy huſband calls,
His father's rebel! brother's murderer!
Nature's abhorrence, and—thy lawful Lord!
Fly, my kind patroneſs, and in his boſom
Conſult my peace.

ERIXENE.

I never ſhall be there.
My Lord! my Life!

DEMETRIUS.

How ſay'ſt? Is *Perſeus* here?—
Fly, fly! away, away! 'tis death! 'tis inceſt!
[*Starting wide, and looking round him. As he is going, ſhe lays hold of his robe.*
Dar'ſt thou to touch *Demetrius?* Dar'ſt thou touch him
Even with thine eye?

ERIXENE.

I dare—and more, dare ſeize,
And fix him here: No doubt to thy ſurprize.—
I'm blemiſh'd, not abandon'd; honour ſtill
Is ſacred in my ſight. Thou call'ſt it inceſt;
'Tis innocence, 'tis virtue; if there's virtue
In fix'd, inviolable ſtrength of love.
For, know, the moment the dark deed was done,
The moment madneſs made me *Perſeus'* wife,
I ſeiz'd *this* friend, and lodg'd him in my boſom,
[*Shewing a dagger.*
Firmly reſolv'd I never would be more.
And now I fling me at thy feet, imploring
Thy ſteadier hand to guide him to my heart.
Who wed in vengeance, wed not but to die.

DEMETRIUS.

Has *Perſeus* then an hymeneal claim?
And no divorce but death?—and death from me,
Who ſhould defend thee from the world in arms?
O thou ſtill excellent! ſtill moſt belov'd!

ERIXENE.

Life is the foe that parts us; death, a friend
All knots diſſolving, joins us; and for ever.
Why ſo diſorder'd? Wherefore ſhakes thy frame?
Look on me; do *I* tremble? Am *I* pale?
When I let looſe a ſigh, I'll pardon thine.
Take my example, and be bravely wretched;
True grandeur riſes from ſurmounted ills;
The wretched only can be truly great.
If not in kindneſs, yet in vengeance ſtrike;
'Tis not *Erixene*, 'tis *Perſeus'* wife.——
Thou'lt not reſign me?

DEMETRIUS.

Not to *Jove*.

ERIXENE.

Then ſtrike.

DEMETRIUS. [*Gazing on her with aſtoniſhment.*]

How can I ſtrike? Stab at the face of heav'n?
How can I ſtrike?—Yet how can I forbear?
I feel a thouſand deaths, debating one.
A deity ſtands guard on every charm,
And ſtrikes at me.

ERIXENE.

As will thy brother ſoon:
He's now in arms, and may be here this hour.
Nothing ſo cruel as too ſoft a ſoul;
This is ſtrange tenderneſs, that breaks my heart;
Strange tenderneſs, that dooms to *double* death——
To *Perſeus*.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

True.—But *how* to ſhun that horror?
By wounding thee, whom ſavage pards would ſpare?
My heart's inhabitant! my ſoul's ambition!
By wounding thee, and bathing in thy blood;
That blood illuſtrious, through a radiant race
Of kings, and heroes, rolling down from gods?

ERIXENE.

Heroes and kings, and gods themſelves, muſt yield
To dire neceſſity.

DEMETRIUS.

Since that abſolves me,
Stand firm and fair.

ERIXENE.

My boſom meets the point,
Than *Perſeus* far more welcome to my breaſt.

DEMETRIUS.

Neceſſity, for gods themſelves too ſtrong,
Is weaker than thy charms. [*Drops the dagger.*

ERIXENE.

O my *Demetrius!*
[*Turns, and goes to the farther part of the ſtage.*

DEMETRIUS.

O my *Erixene!* [*Both ſilent, weep, and tremble.*

ERIXENE.

Farewel. [*Going.*

DEMETRIUS. [*Paſſionately ſeizing her.*]
Where goeſt?

ERIXENE.

To ſeek a friend.

DEMETRIUS.

He's here.

ERIXENE.

Yes, *Perſeus'* friend.——
Earth,

Earth, open and receive me.

DEMETRIUS.

Heav'n ſtrike us dead,
And ſave me from a double ſuicide,
And one of tenfold death—O *Jove!* O *Jove!*
[*Falling on his knees.*
But I'm diſtracted. [*Suddenly ſtarting up.*
What can *Jove?* Why pray?
What can I pray for?

ERIXENE.

For a heart.

DEMETRIUS.

Yes, one
That cannot feel. Mine bleeds at every vein.
Who never lov'd, ne'er ſuffer'd; he feels nothing,
Who nothing feels but for himſelf alone;
And when we feel for others, reaſon reels,
O'erloaded, from her path, and man runs mad.
As Love alone can exquiſitely bleſs,
Love only feels the *marvellous* of pain;
Opens new veins of torture in the ſoul,
And wakes the nerve where agonies are born:
E'en *Dymas, Perſeus* (hearts of adamant!)
Might weep theſe torments of their mortal foe.

ERIXENE.

Shall I be leſs compaſſionate than they?
[*Takes up the dagger.*
What love deny'd, thine agonies have done; [*Stabs herſelf.*
Demetrius' ſigh outſtings the dart of death.

Enter the KING, *&c.*

KING.

Give me *Demetrius* to my arms; I call him
To life from death, to tranſport from deſpair.

DEMETRIUS.

See *Perſeus'* wife! [*Pointing at* Erixene] Let *Delia* tell
KING. [the reſt.
My grief-accuſtom'd heart can gueſs too well.

DEMETRIUS.

That ſight turns all to guilt, but tears and death.

KING.

Death!—Who ſhall quell falſe *Perſeus* now in arms?
Who pour my tempeſt on the Capitol?
How ſhall I ſweeten life to thy ſad ſpirit?——
I'll quit my throne this hour, and thou ſhalt reign.

DEMETRIUS.

You recommend that death you would diſſuade;
Ennobled thus by fame and empire loſt,
As well as life!—Small ſacrifice to Love.

[*Going to ſtab himſelf, the* King *runs to prevent it; but too late.*

KING.

Ah, hold! nor ſtrike thy dagger through my heart!

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis my firſt diſobedience, and my laſt. [*Falls down.*

KING.

There *Philip* fell! There *Macedon* expir'd!
I ſee the *Roman* eagle hovering o'er us,
And the ſhaft broke ſhould bring her to the ground.
[*Pointing at* Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS.

Hear, good *Antigonus!* my laſt requeſt:
Tell *Perſeus*, if he'll ſheath his impious ſword
Drawn on his father, I'll forgive him all;
Though poor *Erixene* lies bleeding by:
Her blood cries Vengeance;—but my father's, Peace—
[*Dies.*

KING.

KING.

As much his goodneſs wounds me as his death.
What then are both?—O *Philip*, once renown'd!
Where is the pride of *Greece*, the dread of *Rome*,
The theme of *Athens*, the wide world's example,
And the god *Alexander*'s rival, now?
E'en at the foot of fortune's precipice,
Where the ſlave's ſigh wafts *pity* to the *prince*,
And his *omnipotence* cries out for *more*.

ANTIGONUS.

As the ſwoln column of aſcending ſmoke,
So ſolid ſwells *thy* grandeur, pigmy man!

KING.

My life's deep tragedy was plann'd with art,
From ſcene to ſcene advancing in diſtreſs,
Through a ſad ſeries, to this dire reſult;
As if the *Thracian* queen conducted all,
And wrote the *moral* in her children's blood;
Which ſeas might labour to waſh out in vain.
Hear *it*, ye nations! diſtant ages! hear;
And learn the dread decrees of *Jove* to fear:
His dread decrees the ſtricteſt balance keep;
The father groans, who made a mother weep;
But if no terror for *yourſelves* can move,
Tremble, ye parents, for the child ye love;
For *Your Demetrius: Mine* is doom'd to bleed,
A guiltleſs victim, for his father's deed.

AN HISTORICAL

EPILOGUE.

BY THE AUTHOR.

AN EPILOGUE, *through cuſtom, is your right,*
But ne'er perhaps was needful *till this night:*
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies,
Guilt's dreadful cloſe our narrow ſcene denies.
In hiſtory's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' *ſhade;*
Vengeance ſo great, that when his tale is told,
With pity ſome ev'n Perſeus *may behold.*
Perſeus *ſurviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,*
But ceaſeleſs cares in conqueſt made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome *ſwift thunder flew,*
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by Rome *in triumph led,*
For this *night's deed his perjur'd boſom bled:*
His brother's ghoſt each moment made him ſtart,
And all his father's anguiſh rent his heart.
When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early ſorrow wrung;
The younger ſmil'd, unconſcious of their woe;
At which thy tears, O Rome! *began to flow;*

So ſad the ſcene: What then muſt Perſeus *feel,*
To ſee Jove's *race attend the victor's wheel:*
To ſee the ſlaves of his worſt foes increaſe,
From ſuch a ſource!—An emperor's embrace?
He ſicken'd ſoon to death; and, what is worſe,
He well deſerv'd, *and* felt, *the coward's curſe;*
Unpity'd, ſcorn'd, inſulted his laſt hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vaſſal's power:
His pale cheek reſted on his ſhameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign;
No ſuit retards, no comfort ſooths his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus—dire vengeance to complete,
His antient empire falling, ſhares his fate:
His throne forgot! his weeping country chain'd!
And nations aſk—Where Alexander *reign'd.*
As public woes a prince's crime purſue,
So public bleſſings are his virtue's due,
Shout, Britons, *ſhout—auſpicious fortune bleſs!*
*And cry, Long live—*OUR title to ſucceſs!

THE

THE
COMPLAINT:
OR,
NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

PREFACE.

AS the occaſion of this Poem was *real*, not *fictitious*; ſo the method purſued in it, was rather *impoſed*, by what ſpontaneouſly aroſe in the author's mind on that occaſion, than *meditated* or *deſigned*. Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of Poetry, which is, from long narrations to draw ſhort morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is ſhort, and the morality ariſing from it makes the bulk of the Poem. The reaſon of it is, That the facts mentioned did naturally pour theſe moral reflections on the thought of the writer.

THE

THE

COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE FIRST:

ON

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR ONSLOW, Esq.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TIR'D Nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy *Sleep!*
He, like the world, his ready viſit pays
Where Fortune ſmiles; the wretched he forſakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unſully'd with a tear.
From ſhort (as uſual) and diſturb'd repoſe,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infeſt the grave.

I wake, emerging from a ſea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd deſponding thought,
From wave to wave of *fancy'd* miſery,
At random drove, her helm of reaſon loſt.
Tho' now reſtor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) ſeverer for ſevere.
The *Day* too ſhort for my diſtreſs; and *Night*,
Ev'n in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is ſunſhine to the colour of my fate.
Night, ſable goddeſs! from her *ebon* throne,
In rayleſs majeſty, now ſtretches forth
Her leaden ſceptre o'er a ſlumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkneſs, how profound!
Nor eye, nor liſt'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation ſleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulſe
Of life ſtood ſtill, and nature made a pauſe;
An awful pauſe! prophetic of her end.
And let her propheſy be ſoon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can loſe no more.
Silence and *Darkneſs!* ſolemn ſiſters! twins
From ancient *Night*, who nurſe the tender thought
To *Reaſon*, and on *Reaſon* build *Reſolve*,
(That column of true majeſty in man)
Aſſiſt me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: *There* this frame ſhall fall
A victim ſacred to your dreary ſhrine.
But what are ye?——

THOU, who didſt put to flight
Primæval *Silence*, when the morning ſtars,
Exulting, ſhouted o'er the riſing ball;
O THOU, whoſe word from ſolid *darkneſs* ſtruck
That ſpark, the ſun; ſtrike wiſdom from my ſoul;
My ſoul, which flies to Thee, her truſt, her treaſure,
As miſers to their gold, while others reſt.

Thro' this opaque of *Nature*, and of *Soul*,
This double night, tranſmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to chear. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various ſcenes of *Life* and *Death*;
And from each ſcene, the nobleſt truths inſpire.
Nor leſs inſpire my *Conduct*, than my *Song*;
Teach my beſt reaſon, reaſon; my beſt will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm reſolve
Wiſdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell ſtrikes *One*. We take no note of time
But from its loſs. To give it then a tongue
Is wiſe in man. As if an angel ſpoke,
I feel the ſolemn ſound. If heard aright,
It is the *knell* of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the *ſignal* that demands diſpatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down.—On what? a fathomleſs abyſs;
A dread eternity! how ſurely *mine!*
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor penſioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How paſſing wonder HE, who made him ſuch!
Who centred in our make ſuch ſtrange extremes!
From diff'rent natures marvelouſly mixt,
Connexion exquiſite of diſtant worlds!
Diſtinguiſh'd *link* in being's endleſs chain!
Midway from *Nothing* to the *Deity!*
A beam ethereal, ſully'd, and abſorpt!

Tho' fully'd, and diſhonour'd, ſtill divine!
Dim miniature of greatneſs abſolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of duſt!
Helpleſs immortal! inſect *infinite!*
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myſelf,
And in myſelf am loſt! at home a ſtranger,
Thought wanders up and down, ſurpriz'd, aghaſt,
And wond'ring at her *own:* How reaſon reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly diſtreſs'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately tranſported, and alarm'd!
What can preſerve my life? or what deſtroy?
An angel's arm can't ſnatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis paſt conjecture; all things riſe in proof:
While o'er my limbs *ſleep*'s ſoft dominion ſpread:
What tho' my ſoul phantaſtic meaſures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathleſs woods; or down the craggy ſteep
Hurl'd headlong, ſwam with pain the mantled pool;
Or ſcal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic ſhapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaſeleſs flight, tho' devious, ſpeaks her nature
Of ſubtler eſſence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her groſs companion's fall.
Ev'n ſilent night proclaims my ſoul *immortal:*
Ev'n ſilent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, heav'n huſbands all events;
Dull ſleep inſtructs, nor ſport vain dreams in vain.
Why then *their* loſs deplore, that are not loſt?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel diſtreſs? Are *Angels* there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in duſt, ethereal fire?

They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderneſs let heav'nly pity fall
On me, more juſtly number'd with the dead.
This is the deſart, *this* the ſolitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the ſad *cypreſs* gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty ſhades!
All, all on earth, is *Shadow*, all beyond
Is *Subſtance*; the reverſe is folly's *creed:*
How ſolid all, where change ſhall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the veſtibule;
Life's theatre as yet is ſhut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the maſſy bar,
This groſs impediment of clay remove,
And make us *embryos* of exiſtence free.
From *real* life, but little more remote
Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,
The *future* embryo, ſlumb'ring in his fire.
Embryos we muſt be, till we burſt the ſhell,
Yon ambient azure ſhell, and ſpring to life,
The life of gods, O tranſport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts;
Inters celeſtial hopes without one ſigh.
Priſoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wiſhes; wing'd by heav'n
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where *ſeraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, faſt by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambroſial cluſt'ring glow,
In HIS full beam, and ripen for the juſt,
Where momentary ages are no more!

Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threeſcore years,
To puſh eternity from human thought,
And ſmother ſouls immortal in the duſt?
A ſoul immortal, ſpending all her fires,
Waſting her ſtrength in ſtrenuous idleneſs,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this ſcene can threaten or indulge,
Reſembles *ocean* into tempeſt wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this cenſure? It o'erwhelms myſelf;
How was my heart incruſted by the world!
O how ſelf-fetter'd was my grov'ling ſoul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In ſilken thought, which reptile *Fancy* ſpun,
Till darken'd *Reaſon* lay quite clouded o'er
With ſoft conceit of endleſs comfort *here*,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the ſkies!
Night-viſions may befriend (as ſung above):
Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impoſſible! (Could ſleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of ſtable pleaſures on the toſſing wave!
Eternal ſunſhine in the ſtorms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapeſtries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endleſs perſpective!
Till at death's toll, whoſe reſtleſs iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myſelf undone.
Where now my phrenzy's pompous furniture?
The *cobweb'd* cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mould'ring mud, is *royalty* to me!
The *ſpider's* moſt attenuated thread

Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliſs; it breaks at every breeze.
O ye bleſt ſcenes of permanent delight!
Full above meaſure! laſting, beyond bound!
A *perpetuity* of bliſs is bliſs.
Could you, ſo rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghaſtly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadiſe the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above theſe rolling ſpheres;
The baleful influence of whoſe giddy dance
Sheds ſad viciſſitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the *beſt*,
More mortal than the *common* births of fate.
Each *Moment* has its fickle, emulous
Of *Time's* enormous ſcythe, whoſe ample ſweep
Strikes *empires* from the root; each *moment* plays
His little weapon in the narrower ſphere
Of ſweet *domeſtic* comfort, and cuts down
The faireſt bloom of ſublunary bliſs.
Bliſs! ſublunary bliſs!—proud words, and vain!
Implicit treaſon to divine decree!
A bold invaſion of the rights of heav'n!
I claſp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had miſs'd my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the ſtars.
The ſun himſelf by thy permiſſion ſhines;
And, one day, thou ſhalt pluck him from his ſphere.
Amid ſuch mighty plunder, why exhauſt
Thy *partial* quiver on a mark ſo *mean*?
Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on *me*?
Inſatiate archer! could not *one* ſuffice?

Thy ſhaft flew *thrice*; and *thrice* my peace was ſlain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O *Cynthia!* why ſo pale? Doſt thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to ſee thy wheel
Of ceaſeleſs change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my *borrow'd* bliſs! from *fortune's* ſmile,
Precarious courteſy! not *virtue's* ſure,
Self-given, *ſolar* ray of ſound delight.
In ev'ry vary'd poſture, place, and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy!
Thought, buſy thought! too buſy for my peace!
Thro' the dark poſtern of time long laps'd,
Led ſoftly, by the ſtillneſs of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and ſuch it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleaſing *Paſt*;
In queſt of wretchedneſs perverſely ſtrays;
And finds all deſart *now*; and meets the ghoſts
Of my departed joys; a num'rous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blaſted cluſters I lament;
I tremble at the bleſſings once ſo dear;
And ev'ry pleaſure pains me to the heart.
Yet why *complain?* or why complain for one?
Hangs out the ſun his luſtre but for me,
The *ſingle* man? Are angels all beſide?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;
In *this* ſhape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than ſure heirs, of *pain*.
War, Famine, Peſt, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
Inteſtine broils, *Oppreſſion*, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple braſs, beſiege mankind.
God's image diſinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a ſun was made.

There,

There, beings deathleſs as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
And plow the winter's wave, and reap deſpair.
Some, for hard maſters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour ſav'd,
If ſo the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want, and incurable *diſeaſe*, (fell pair!)
On hopeleſs multitudes remorſeleſs ſeize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning *hoſpitals* eject their dead!
What numbers groan for ſad admiſſion there!
What numbers, once in *fortune*'s lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To ſhock us more, ſolicit it in vain!
Ye ſilken ſons of pleaſure! ſince in pains
You rue more modiſh viſits, viſit *here*,
And breathe from your debauch: *Give*, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: But ſo great
Your impudence, you bluſh at what is right.
Happy! did ſorrow ſeize on *ſuch* alone.
Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* ſave;
Diſeaſe invades the chaſteſt temperance;
And puniſhment the guiltleſs; and alarm,
Thro' thickeſt ſhades, purſues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And, his guard falling, cruſhes him to death.
Not *happineſs* itſelf makes good her name;
Our very wiſhes give us not our wiſh.
How diſtant oft the thing we doat on moſt,
From that for which we doat, *felicity!*
The *ſmootheſt* courſe of nature has its pains;
And *trueſt* friends, thro' error, wound our reſt.
Without misfortune, what calamities!

And

And what hoſtilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the beſt on earth.
But endleſs is the liſt of human ills,
And ſighs might ſooner fail, than cauſe to ſigh.
A part how ſmall of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the reſt a *waſte*,
Rocks, deſarts, frozen ſeas, and burning ſands:
Wild haunts of monſters, poiſons, ſtings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map! But, far
More ſad! this earth is a true map of *man*.
So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*
To *woe*'s wide empire; where deep *troubles* toſs,
Loud *ſorrows* howl, invenom'd *paſſions* bite,
Rav'nous *calamities* our vitals ſeize,
And threat'ning *fate* wide opens to devour.
What then am I, who ſorrow for *myſelf*?
In age, in infancy, from others' aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be *kind*.
That, nature's *firſt*, *laſt* leſſon to mankind;
The ſelfiſh heart deſerves the pain it feels.
More gen'rous ſorrow, while it ſinks, exalts;
And conſcious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than *prudence*, bids me give
Swoln thought a *ſecond* channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O *World!* thy much-indebted tear:
How ſad a ſight is human happineſs,
To thoſe whoſe thought can pierce beyond an hour!
O thou! whate'er thou art, whoſe heart exults!
Wouldſt thou I ſhould congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldſt; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,

The

The ſalutary cenſure of a friend.
Thou happy *wretch!* by blindneſs thou art bleſt;
By dotage dandled to perpetual ſmiles.
Know, *ſmiler!* at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
Thy pleaſure is the promiſe of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor ſevere,
But riſes in demand for her delay;
She makes a ſcourge of paſt proſperity,
To ſting thee more, and double thy diſtreſs.
LORENZO, fortune makes her court to thee,
Thy fond heart dances, while the *Syren* ſings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to ſecure thy joys.
Think not that *fear* is ſacred to the ſtorm:
Stand on thy guard againſt the *ſmiles* of fate.
Is heav'n tremendous in its frowns? Moſt ſure;
And in its favours formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not diſcharge from care;
And ſhould alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their *cauſe*, and *conſequence*;
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our deſert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chaſtiſe her joys,
Leſt while we claſp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worſe than *ſimple* miſery, their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like boſom friendſhips to reſentment ſour'd,
With rage envenom'd riſe againſt our peace.
Beware what earth calls happineſs; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on leſs than an *immortal* baſe,
Fond as he ſeems, condemns his joys to death.
Mine dy'd with thee, PHILANDER! thy laſt ſigh
Diſſolv'd the charm; the diſenchanted earth

Loſt

Loſt all her luſtre. Where her glitt'ring towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waſte; a dreary vale of tears:
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of out-caſt earth, in darkneſs! what a change
From yeſterday! Thy darling hope ſo near,
(Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition fluſh'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praiſe. *Death*'s ſubtle ſeed within,
(Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted ſcheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that roſe ſo red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!
Man's foreſight is *conditionally* wiſe;
Lorenzo! wiſdom into folly turns
Oft, the firſt inſtant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The *preſent* moment terminates our ſight;
Clouds, thick as thoſe on doomſday, drown the *next*;
We penetrate, we propheſy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each,
Ere mingled with the ſtreaming ſands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is ſworn
Deep ſilence, "Where eternity begins."
By nature's law, what may be, may be *now*;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can riſe,
Than man's preſumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverſe
Is ſure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lyes,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes; ſpin out eternal ſchemes,

As we the fatal ſiſters could out-ſpin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.
Not ev'n PHILANDER had beſpoke his ſhroud.
Nor had he cauſe; a warning was deny'd:
How many fall as ſudden, not as ſafe!
As ſudden, tho' for years admoniſh'd home.
Of human ills the laſt extreme beware,
Beware, LORENZO! a *ſlow ſudden* death.
How dreadful that deliberate ſurprize!
Be wiſe to-day; 'tis madneſs to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wiſdom is puſh'd out of life.
Procraſtination is the thief of time;
Year after year it ſteals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vaſt concerns of an eternal ſcene.
If not ſo frequent, would not This be ſtrange?
That 'tis ſo frequent, *This* is ſtranger ſtill.
Of man's miraculous miſtakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themſelves the compliment to think
They one day ſhall not drivel: and their pride
On this reverſion takes up ready praiſe;
At leaſt, their own; their *future* ſelves applauds;
How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *Folly*'s vails;
That lodg'd in *fate*'s, to *wiſdom* they conſign;
The thing they can't but *purpoſe*, they *poſtpone*;
'Tis not in *folly*, not to ſcorn a fool;
And ſcarce in human *wiſdom* to do more.
All promiſe is poor dilatory man,
And that thro' ev'ry ſtage: When young, indeed,
In full content we, ſometimes, nobly reſt,

Unanxious

Unanxious for *ourſelves*; and only wiſh,
As duteous ſons, our *fathers* were more wiſe.
At *thirty* man *ſuſpects* himſelf a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to *reſolve*;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Reſolves; and re-reſolves; then dies the ſame.
And why? Becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but Themſelves;
Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the ſudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon cloſe; where paſt the ſhaft, no trace is found.
As from the *wing* no ſcar the ſky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature ſheds
O'er thoſe we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget PHILANDER? That were ſtrange!
O my full heart——But ſhould I give it vent,
The longeſt night, tho' longer far, would fail,
And the *lark* liſten to my *midnight* ſong.
The ſpritely *lark*'s ſhrill matin wakes the morn;
Grief's ſharpeſt thorn hard preſſing on my breaſt,
I ſtrive, with wakeful melody, to chear
The ſullen gloom, ſweet *Philomel!* like Thee,
And call the ſtars to liſten: Ev'ry ſtar
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excel,
And charm thro' diſtant ages: Wrapt in ſhade,
Pris'ner of darkneſs! to the ſilent *hours*,
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and ſteal my heart from woe!

I roll

I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, tho' not blind, like thee, *Mæonides!*
Or, *Milton!* thee; ah could I reach your ſtrain!
Or *His*, who made *Mæonides* our *Own.*
Man too He ſung: *Immortal* man I ſing;
Oft burſts my ſong beyond the bounds of life;
What, *now*, but immortality can pleaſe?
O had *He* preſs'd his theme, purſu'd the track,
Which opens out of darkneſs into day!
O had he, mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd where I ſink, and ſung *Immortal* man!
How had it bleſt mankind, and reſcu'd me!

NIGHT THE SECOND.

ON

TIME, DEATH, FRIENDSHIP.

NIGHT THE SECOND.

ON

TIME, DEATH, FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF WILMINGTON.

"*WHEN the Cock crew, he wept*"—ſmote by that eye,
Which looks on me, on all: That pow'r, who bids
This midnight centinel, with clarion ſhrill,
Emblem of that which ſhall awake the dead,
Rouſe ſouls from ſlumber, into thoughts of *Heav'n*.
Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude?
And, fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he ſees the light;
He that is born, is liſted; life is war;
Eternal war with woe. Who bears it beſt,
Deſerves it leaſt.—On *other* themes I'll dwell.
LORENZO! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
And *thine*, on themes may profit; profit there,
Where moſt thy need. Themes, too, the genuine growth
Of dear PHILANDER's duſt. He, *thus*, tho' dead,

May ſtill befriend—What themes? *Time's wondrous Price,*
Death, Friendſhip, and PHILANDER's *final ſcene.*
So could I touch theſe themes, as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite diſengag'd,
The good deed would delight me; half impreſs
On my dark cloud an *Iris*; and from grief
Call glory—Doſt thou mourn PHILANDER's fate?
I know thou ſay'ſt it: Says thy *life* the ſame?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they deſire.
Where is that thrift, that avarice of TIME,
(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inſpires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?
O *Time!* than gold more ſacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools *reputed* wiſe.
What *moment* granted man without account?
What *years* are ſquander'd, *wiſdom*'s debt unpaid?
Our wealth in days, all due to *that* diſcharge.
Haſte, haſte, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Inſidious *Death!* ſhould his ſtrong hand arreſt,
No compoſition ſets the priſ'ner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Faſt binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
How late I ſhudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her laſt refuge in deſpair!
That *Time* is mine, O MEAD! to thee I owe;
Fain would I pay thee with *Eternity.*
But ill my genius anſwers my deſire;
My fickly ſong is mortal, paſt thy cure.
Accept the will;—*that* dies not with my ſtrain.
For what calls *thy* diſeaſe, LORENZO? not
For *Eſculapian,* but for *Moral* aid.
Thou think'ſt it folly to be wiſe too ſoon.
Youth is not rich in *Time,* it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, ſparing; pay

No

No moment, but in purchaſe of its worth;
And what its worth, aſk death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aim'd, ſtill nearer the great *mark*
Of men and angels; virtue more divine.
Is this our *duty*, *wiſdom*, *glory*, *gain*?
(*Theſe* heav'n benign in vital union binds)
And ſport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal ſuns inſpire? *Amuſement* reigns
Man's great demand: To trifle is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?
Thou ſay'ſt I *preach*, LORENZO! 'Tis confeſt.
What, if for once, I preach thee quite *awake*?
Who wants *amuſement* in the flame of battle?
Is it not treaſon, to the ſoul *immortal*,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuſe, when med'cines cannot cure?
When ſpirits ebb, when life's enchanting ſcenes
Their luſtre loſe, and leſſen in our ſight,
As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring ſpires,
To the poor ſhatter'd bark, by ſudden ſtorm
Thrown off to ſea, and ſoon to periſh there?
Will Toys amuſe? No: Thrones will then be toys,
And earth and ſkies ſeem duſt upon the ſcale.
Redeem we time?—Its *loſs* we dearly buy.
What pleads LORENZO for his high-priz'd ſports?
He pleads time's num'rous *blanks*; he loudly pleads
The ſtraw-like *trifles* on life's common ſtream.
From whom thoſe *blanks* and *trifles*, but from *thee*?
No *blank*, no *trifle*, nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *purpos'd* virtue, ſtill be thine;
This cancels thy complaint at once, *This* leaves
In *act* no *trifle*, and no *blank* in time.

This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This, the bleſt art of turning all to gold;
This, the *good* heart's prerogative to raiſe
A royal tribute from the pooreſt hours;
Immenſe revenue! ev'ry moment *pays*.
If nothing more than *purpoſe* in thy power;
Thy purpoſe firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the beſt his circumſtance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act indeed, admits reſtraint;
'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer;
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in heaven.
On all important *Time*, thro' ev'ry age,
Tho' much, and warm, the wiſe have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
"*I've loſt a day*"——the prince who nobly cry'd
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of *Rome?* ſay, rather, lord of human race:
He ſpoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So ſhould all ſpeak: So *reaſon* ſpeaks in all:
From the ſoft whiſpers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrenzy fly,
For reſcue from the *bleſſing* we poſſeſs?
Time the ſupreme!—Time is Eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all, that makes archangels ſmile.
Who murders time, he cruſhes in the birth
A pow'r ethereal, only *not* ador'd.
Ah! how unjuſt to nature, and himſelf,
Is thoughtleſs, thankleſs, inconſiſtent man!
Like children babbling nonſenſe in their ſports,
We cenſure nature for a ſpan too ſhort;
That ſpan too ſhort, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,

To

To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless *Art!* our furious charioteer
(For *Nature*'s voice unstifled would recall)
Drives headlong tow'rds the precipice of death;
Death, most our dread; death *thus* more dreadful made:
O what a riddle of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of *Cain*,
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought. As *Atlas* groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
The next amusement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! prisons hardly frown,
From hateful *Time* if prisons set us free.
Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.
Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills;
To nature just, their *Cause* and *Cure* explore.
Not short heav'n's bounty, boundless our expence;
No niggard, nature; men are prodigals.
We *waste*, not *use* our time; we breathe, not live.
Time *wasted* is existence, *us'd* is life.
And *bare existence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,

Wrings, and oppreſſes with enormous weight.
And why? ſince *Time* was giv'n for uſe, not waſte,
Injoin'd to fly; with tempeſt, tide, and ſtars,
To keep his ſpeed, nor ever wait for man;
Time's uſe was doom'd a pleaſure: Waſte, a pain;
That man might *feel* his error, if unſeen:
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not, blund'ring, ſplit on idleneſs for eaſe.
Life's cares are comforts; ſuch by heav'n deſign'd;
He that has none, muſt make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and without employ
The ſoul is on a rack; the rack of *reſt*,
To ſouls moſt adverſe; action all their joy.
Here then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wreſtle, with *Great Nature's Plan*;
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, ſhall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourſelves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our boſom-broils;
We puſh time from us, and we wiſh him back;
Laviſh of luſtrums, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and ſhort; *Death* ſeek, and ſhun;
Body and ſoul, like peeviſh man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How taſteleſs! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when paſt, they haunt us ſtill;
The ſpirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd;
And ſmiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delight us. If time *paſt*,
And time *poſſeſt*, both pain us, what can pleaſe?
That which the Deity to pleaſe ordain'd,
Time *us'd*. The man who conſecrates his hours

By

By vig'rous effort, and an honeſt aim,
At once he draws the ſting of life and death;
He *walks with Nature*; and her paths are peace.
Our error's cauſe and cure are ſeen: See next
Time's *Nature*, *Origin*, *Importance*, *Speed*;
And thy great *Gain* from urging his career.—
All-ſenſual man, becauſe untouch'd, unſeen,
He looks on *Time* as nothing. Nothing elſe
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's.—Time's a god.
Haſt *thou* ne'er heard of *Time*'s omnipotence?
For, or *againſt*, what wonders he can do!
And *will*: To ſtand blank *neuter* he diſdains.
Not on *thoſe terms* was *Time* (heav'n's ſtranger!) ſent
On his important embaſſy to man.
LORENZO! no: On the long-deſtin'd hour,
From everlaſting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wondrous birth,
When the DREAD SIRE, on emanation bent,
And big with nature, riſing in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then *Time* was born),
By Godhead ſtreaming thro' a thouſand worlds;
Not on *thoſe terms*, from the great days of heaven,
From old eternity's myſterious orb,
Was *Time* cut off, and caſt beneath the ſkies;
The ſkies, which watch him in his new abode,
Meaſuring his motions by revolving ſpheres;
That horologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play,
Like num'rous wings around him, as he flies:
Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they ſhape
His ample pinions, ſwift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his antient reſt,
And join anew *Eternity* his ſire;
In his *immutability* to neſt,

When

When worlds, that count his circles *now*, unhing'd,
(Fate the loud ſignal ſounding) headlong ruſh
To *timeleſs* night and chaos, whence they roſe.
Why ſpur the ſpeedy? Why with levities
New wing thy ſhort, ſhort-day's too rapid flight?
Know'ſt thou, or what thou doſt, or what is done?
Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from man; too ſoon
In ſad divorce this double flight muſt end:
And then, where are we? where, LORENZO! then
Thy ſports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a ſtate
Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* ſhroud,
Thy *Parian* tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.
Has *Death* his fopperies? Then well may *Life*
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow ſhine.
Ye *well-array'd!* Ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies *male!* who neither toil, nor ſpin,
(As fiſter lilies *might*) if not ſo wiſe
As *Solomon*, more ſumptuous to the ſight!
Ye *delicate!* who nothing can ſupport,
Yourſelves moſt inſupportable! for whom
The winter roſe muſt blow, the ſun put on
A brighter beam in *Leo*; ſilky-ſoft
Favonius breathe ſtill ſofter, or be chid;
And other worlds ſend odours, ſauce, and ſong,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye LORENZOS of our age! who deem
One moment unamus'd, a miſery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For ev'ry bawble drivel'd o'er by ſenſe;
For rattles, and conceits of ev'ry caſt,
For change of follies, and relays of joy,
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a ſhort winter's *day*—ſay, ſages! ſay,
Wit's oracles! ſay, dreamers of gay-dreams!

How

How will you weather an *eternal night*,
Where ſuch expedients fail?
O treach'rous *Conſcience!* while ſhe ſeems to ſleep
On *roſe* and *myrtle*, lull'd with ſyren ſong;
While ſhe ſeems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong *Appetite* the ſlacken'd rein,
And give us up to *licence*, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—ſee, from behind her ſecret ſtand,
The ſly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the groſs *Act* alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres *Fancy*'s airy band,
A watchful foe! the formidable ſpy,
Liſt'ning, o'erhears the whiſpers of our camp:
Our dawning purpoſes of heart explores,
And ſteals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious uſurers conceal
Their doomſday-book from all-conſuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence moſt ſevere, ſhe treats
Us ſpendthrifts of ineſtimable *Time*;
Unnoted, notes each moment miſapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of braſs,
Writes our whole hiſtory; which *Death* ſhall read
In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear;
And *Judgment* publiſh; publiſh to more worlds
Than this; and endleſs age in groans reſound.
Lorenzo, *ſuch* that *Sleeper* in thy breaſt!
Such is her ſlumber; and her vengeance *ſuch*
For ſlighted counſel; *ſuch* thy future peace!
And think'ſt thou ſtill thou canſt be wiſe *too ſoon?*
But why on *Time* ſo laviſh is my ſong?
On this great *theme* kind *Nature* keeps a ſchool,
To teach her ſons herſelf. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: Each day, a life!

And

And ſhall we kill each day? If *Trifling* kills;
Sure *Vice* muſt butcher. O what heaps of ſlain
Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* deſtroy'd
Is *Suicide*, where more than *Blood* is ſpilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call, heav'n invites,
Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort, all;
More than creation labours!—labours *more*?
And is there in creation, what, amidſt
This tumult univerſal, wing'd diſpatch,
And ardent energy, ſupinely yawns?——
Man ſleeps; and *Man* alone; and *Man*, whoſe fate,
Fate irreverſible, intire, extreme,
Endleſs, hair-hung, breeze-ſhaken, o'er the gulph
A moment trembles; drops! and *Man*, for whom
All elſe is in alarm! *Man*, the ſole cauſe
Of this ſurrounding ſtorm! and yet he ſleeps,
As the ſtorm rock'd to reſt.—Throw *Years* away?
Throw *Empires*, and be blameleſs. Moments ſeize;
Heav'n's on their wing: A moment we may wiſh,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *Day* ſtand ſtill,
Bid him drive back his car, and reimport
The period paſt, regive the given hour.
LORENZO, *more* than miracles we want;
LORENZO—O for yeſterdays to come!
Such is the language of the man *awake*;
His ardor ſuch, for what *oppreſſes* thee.
And is his ardor vain, LORENZO? No;
That *more* than miracle the gods indulge;
To-day is *Yeſterday* return'd; return'd
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raiſe, adorn,
And reinſtate us on the Rock of peace.
Let it not ſhare its predeceſſor's fate;
Nor, like its elder ſiſters, die a fool.
Shall it evaporate in fume? Fly off

Fuliginous,

Fuliginous, and ſtain us deeper ſtill?
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of heav'n?
Where ſhall I find *Him?* Angels! tell me where.
You know him: He is near you: Point him out:
Shall I ſee glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footſteps by the riſing flowers?
Your golden wings, *now* hov'ring o'er him, ſhed
Protection; now, are waving in applauſe
To that bleſt ſon of foreſight! lord of fate!
That awful independent on *To-morrow!*
Whoſe *work is done*; who triumphs in the *Paſt*;
Whoſe *Yeſterdays* look backwards with a ſmile;
Nor, like the *Parthian*, wound him as they fly;
That common, but opprobrious lot! paſt hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our proſpect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
All god-like paſſion for eternals quencht;
All reliſh of realities expir'd;
Renounc'd all correſpondence with the ſkies;
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingleſs our deſire;
In ſenſe dark-priſon'd all that ought to ſoar;
Prone to the centre; crawling in the duſt;
Diſmounted ev'ry great and glorious aim;
Embruted ev'ry faculty divine;
Heart-bury'd in the rubbiſh of the world.
The world, that gulph of ſouls, immortal ſouls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the diſtant ſkies, and triumph there
On thrones, which ſhall not mourn their maſters chang'd,
Tho' we from *Earth*; *Ethereal*, they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man, to man.

Who

Who venerate themſelves, the world deſpiſe.
For what, gay friend! is this *eſcutcheon'd* world,
Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal night?
A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the ſhroud.
Life's little ſtage is a ſmall eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
We read their monuments; we ſigh; and while
We ſigh, we ſink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

Is death at diſtance? No: He has been on thee;
And giv'n ſure earneſt of his final blow.
Thoſe hours that lately ſmil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghaſtly! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing diſembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee ſmall renown.
The reſt are on the wing: How fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up *to thee*;
The ſun is darkneſs, and the ſtars are duſt.

'Tis greatly wiſe to talk with our paſt hours;
And aſk them, what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their anſwers form what men *Experience* call;
If *Wiſdom*'s friend, her beſt; if not, worſt foe.
O reconcile them! Kind *Experience* cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
"The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
"And by ſucceſs are tutor'd to deſpair."
Nor *is* it only thus, but *muſt* be ſo.
Who knows not this, tho' grey, is ſtill a child.
Looſe then from earth the graſp of fond deſire,
Weigh anchor, and ſome happier clime explore.

Art

Art thou ſo moor'd thou canſt not diſengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future ſcenes?
Since, by *Life*'s paſſing breath, blown up from earth,
Light, as the ſummer's duſt, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
Join the dull maſs, increaſe the trodden ſoil,
And ſleep, till earth herſelf ſhall be no more;
Since *then* (as emmets, their ſmall world o'erthrown)
We, ſore-amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,
And riſe to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controuler of the ſkies!)
As man's deſpotic will, perhaps *one* hour,
(O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;
Should not each *warning* give a ſtrong alarm?
Warning, far leſs than that of boſom torn
From boſom, bleeding o'er the ſacred dead!
Should not each *dial* ſtrike us as we paſs,
Portentous, as the *written wall*, which ſtruck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud *Aſſyrian* pale,
Ere-while high-fluſht, with inſolence, and wine?
Like *that*, the dial ſpeaks; and points to thee,
Lorenzo! loth to break thy banquet up:
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
"And, while it laſts, is emptier than my ſhade."
Its ſilent language ſuch: Nor need'ſt thou call
Thy *Magi*, to decypher what it means.
Know, like the *Median*, fate is in thy walls:
Doſt aſk, *How? Whence? Belſhazzar*-like, amaz'd?
Man's make incloſes the ſure ſeeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer: Ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurſe devours.
But, here, Lorenzo, the deluſion lies;
That *ſolar ſhadow*, as it meaſures life,
It life reſembles too: Life ſpeeds away

From point to point, tho' ſeeming to ſtand ſtill.
The cunning fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth:
Too ſubtle is the movement to be ſeen;
Yet ſoon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; *Gnomons*, time:
As *theſe* are uſeleſs when the ſun is ſet:
So *thoſe*, but when more glorious *Reaſon* ſhines.
Reaſon ſhould judge in all; in reaſon's eye,
That ſedentary ſhadow travels hard.
But ſuch our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whiſper what we wiſh,
'Tis later with the wiſe than he's aware:
A *Wilmington* goes ſlower than the ſun:
And all mankind miſtake their time of day;
Ev'n age itſelf. Freſh hopes are hourly ſown
In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's deſcent
We ſhut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter, for the ſpring;
And turn our bleſſings into bane. Since oft
Man muſt *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
He ſcarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's lateſt eve, we keep in ſtore
One diſappointment ſure, to crown the reſt;
The diſappointment of a promis'd hour.
On *This*, or ſimilar, PHILANDER! thou
Whoſe mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue;
And ſtrong, to wield all ſcience, worth the name;
How often we talk'd down the ſummer's ſun,
And cool'd our paſſions by the breezy ſtream!
How often thaw'd and ſhorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that ſtruck out latent truth,
Beſt found, ſo ſought; to the *Recluſe* more coy!
Thoughts diſentangle paſſing o'er the lip;
Clean runs the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,

Or kept to tie up nonſenſe for a ſong;
Song, faſhionably fruitleſs; ſuch as ſtains
The *Fancy*, and unhallow'd *Paſſion* fires;
Chiming her ſaints to *Cytherea*'s fane.
Know'ſt thou, LORENZO! what a friend contains?
As bees *mixt Nectar* draw from fragrant flow'rs,
So men from FRIENDSHIP, *Wiſdom* and *Delight*;
'Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
Haſt thou no friend to ſet thy mind abroach?
Good Senſe will ſtagnate. Thoughts ſhut up, want air,
And ſpoil, like bales unopen'd to the ſun.
Had thought been all, ſweet ſpeech had been deny'd;
Speech, thought's canal! ſpeech, thought's criterion too!
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold, or droſs;
When coin'd in words, we know its *real* worth.
If ſterling, ſtore it for thy future uſe;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps, renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more poſſeſt;
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burniſhes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for uſe.
What numbers, ſheath'd in erudition, lie,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And ruſted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a ſprightly beam, if born to ſpeech;
If born bleſt heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate puſh
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned ſcum,
And defecates the ſtudent's ſtanding pool.
In *Contemplation* is his proud reſource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by *Converſe* unſuſtain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in *Contemplation*'s field;

Converſe, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due reſtraint; and *emulation*'s ſpur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'Tis converſe qualifies for ſolitude;
As exerciſe, for ſalutary reſt.
By that untutor'd, *Contemplation* raves;
And *Nature*'s fool, by *Wiſdom* is undone.
Wiſdom, tho' richer than *Peruvian* mines,
And ſweeter than the ſweet ambroſial hive,
What is ſhe, but the means of *Happineſs*?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendſhip, the means of wiſdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wiſdom wiſe.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopoliſts: It calls for *Two*;
Rich fruit! heav'n-planted! never pluckt by *One*.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To *ſocial* man true reliſh of himſelf.
Full on ourſelves, deſcending in a line,
Pleaſure's bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intenſe, is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleaſures fire the breaſt.
Celeſtial *Happineſs*, whene'er ſhe ſtoops
To viſit earth, one ſhrine the goddeſs finds,
And one alone, to make her ſweet amends
For abſent heav'n—the boſom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally ſoft,
Each other's pillow to repoſe divine.
Beware the counterfeit: In *Paſſion*'s flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, ſoon harder froze.
True love ſtrikes root in *Reaſon*; paſſion's foe:

Virtue alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much—entenders us for ever:
Of *Friendſhip*'s faireſt fruits, the fruit moſt fair
Is *Virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulouſly*, rapid in her race.
O the ſoft enmity! endearing ſtrife!
This carries friendſhip to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.
From *Friendſhip*, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious ſurvivor of old *Time* and *Death!*
From Friendſhip, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly ſeed,
The wiſe extract earth's moſt *Hyblean* bliſs,
Superior wiſdom, crown'd with ſmiling joy.
But for whom bloſſoms this *Elyſian flower?*
Abroad They find, who cheriſh it at *Home*.
LORENZO! pardon what my love extorts,
An honeſt love, and not afraid to frown.
Tho' choice of follies faſten on the *Great*,
None clings more obſtinate, than fancy fond
That ſacred friendſhip is their eaſy prey;
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
Or faſcination of a high-born ſmile.
Their ſmiles, the *Great*, and the *Coquet*, throw out
For Others hearts, tenacious of their Own;
And we no leſs of ours, when *ſuch* the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye pow'rs of wealth!
Can gold gain friendſhip? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and Love only, is the loan for love.
LORENZO! pride repreſs; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in Thee.
All like the purchaſe; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends ſuch miracles below.
What if (ſince daring on ſo nice a theme)

I ſhew thee friendſhip Delicate, as Dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?
Reverſe will wound it; and *Diſtruſt*, deſtroy,
Deliberate on all things with thy friend.
But ſince friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;
Firſt, on thy friend, delib'rate with Thyſelf;
Pauſe, ponder, ſift; not Eager in the choice,
Nor Jealous of the choſen; Fixing, Fix;
Judge before friendſhip, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for Thee;
How gallant danger for earth's higheſt prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
" Poor is the friendleſs maſter of a world:
" A world in purchaſe for a friend is gain."
So ſung He (angels hear that angel ſing!
Angels from friendſhip gather half their joy)
So ſung PHILANDER, as his friend went round
In the rich *ichor*, in the gen'rous blood
Of BACCHUS, purple god of joyous wit,
A brow ſolute, and ever-laughing eye.
He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend;
His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inſpir'd.
Friendſhip's the wine of life; but friendſhip *new*
(Not ſuch was His) is neither Strong, nor Pure.
O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating ſpirit, of a friend,
For twenty ſummers ripening by my ſide;
All feculence of falſhood long thrown down;
All ſocial virtues riſing in his ſoul;
As cryſtal clear; and ſmiling, as they riſe!
Here nectar flows; it ſparkles in our ſight;
Rich to the taſte, and genuine from the heart.
High-flavour'd bliſs for gods! on earth how rare!
On earth how *loſt!*—PHILANDER is no more.

Think'ſt thou the theme intoxicates my ſong?
Am I too warm?—Too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.
Like birds, whoſe beauties languiſh, half-conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their gloſſy plumes
Expanded ſhine with azure, green, and gold;
How bleſſings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight PHILANDER took; his upward flight,
If ever ſoul aſcended. Had he dropt,
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall
One feather as he flew; I, then, had wrote,
What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;
Rivals ſcarce damn; and ZOILUS reprieve.
Yet what I can, I muſt: It were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the ſkies,
And caſt in ſhadows his illuſtrious cloſe.
Strange! the theme moſt affecting, moſt ſublime,
Momentous moſt to man, ſhould ſleep unſung!
And yet it ſleeps, by genius unawak'd,
Painim or *Chriſtian*; to the bluſh of wit.
Man's higheſt triumph! man's profoundeſt fall!
The *Death-bed* of the juſt! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand; it merits a Divine:
Angels ſhould paint it, angels ever *There*;
There, on a poſt of honour, and of joy.
Dare I preſume, then? But PHILANDER bids;
And glory tempts, and inclination calls——
Yet am I ſtruck; as ſtruck the ſoul, beneath
Aërial *Groves* impenetrable gloom;
Or, in ſome mighty *Ruin*'s ſolemn ſhade;
Or, gazing by pale lamps on *high-born Duſt*,
In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings;
Or, at the midnight *Altar*'s hallow'd flame.
Is it religion to proceed: I pauſe——

And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
Is it his death-bed? No: It is his ſhrine:
Behold him, there, juſt riſing to a god.
The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heav'n.
Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the bleſſing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this *Bethesda* your diſeaſe;
If unreſtor'd by This, deſpair your cure.
For *Here*, reſiſtleſs demonſtration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd *diſſimulation* drops her maſque,
Thro' life's grimace, that miſtreſs of the ſcene!
Here Real, and Apparent, are the Same.
You ſee the *Man*; you ſee his hold on heav'n;
If ſound his virtue; as PHILANDER's, ſound.
Heav'n waits not the laſt moment; owns her friends
On this ſide death; and points them out to men,
A lecture, ſilent, but of ſov'reign pow'r!
To vice, confuſion; and to virtue, peace.
Whatever farce the boaſtful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majeſty in death;
And greater ſtill, the more the tyrant frowns.
PHILANDER! he ſeverely frown'd on thee.
"No warning giv'n! Unceremonious fate!
"A ſudden ruſh from life's meridian joy!
"A wrench from all we *love!* from all we *are!*
"A reſtleſs bed of pain! a plunge opaque
"Beyond conjecture! feeble *Nature*'s dread!
"Strong *Reaſon*'s ſhudder at the dark unknown!
"A ſun extinguiſht! a juſt opening grave!
"And Oh! the laſt, laſt, what? (can words expreſs?
"Thought reach it?) the laſt—*Silence* of a friend!"

Where

Where are thoſe horrors, that amazement, where,
This hideous group of ills, which *ſingly* ſhock,
Demand from man?—I thought him man till *now*.
Thro' nature's wreck, thro' vanquiſht agonies,
(Like the ſtars ſtruggling thro' this midnight gloom)
What gleams of joy? what more than human peace?
Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the *Mortal* to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for All.
Richer than *Mammon*'s for his ſingle heir.
His comforters he comforts; Great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*
His ſoul ſublime; and cloſes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the ſcene!
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man?
His God ſuſtains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory heav'n vouchſafes to call her own.
We gaze, we weep; mixt tears of grief and joy!
Amazement ſtrikes! devotion burſts to flame!
Chriſtians Adore! and *Infidels* Believe!
As ſome tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the ſun, Illuſtrious from its height;
While riſing vapours, and deſcending ſhades,
With damps, and darkneſs, drown the ſpacious vale;
Undampt by doubt, undarken'd by deſpair,
PHILANDER, thus, auguſtly rears his head,
At that black hour, which gen'ral horror ſheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng:
Sweet *Peace*, and heav'nly *Hope*, and humble *Joy*,
Divinely beam on his exalted ſoul;
Deſtruction gild, and crown him for the ſkies,
With incommunicable luſtre, bright.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

N A R C I S S A.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

NARCISSA.

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF *P*——.

Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes. VIRG.

FROM *Dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To *Reaſon*, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the deſtin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment ſworn,
I keep my aſſignation with my woe.
O! Loſt to virtue, loſt to manly thought,
Loſt to the noble ſallies of the ſoul!
Who think it ſolitude, to be Alone.
Communion ſweet! communion large and high!
Our *Reaſon*, *Guardian Angel*, and our *God!*
Then neareſt Theſe, when Others moſt remote;
And All, ere long, ſhall be remote, *but* Theſe.
How dreadful, *Then*, to meet them all alone,
A ſtranger!

A ſtranger! unacknowledg'd! unapprov'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breaſt;
To win thy wiſh, creation has no more.
Or if we wiſh a *fourth*, it is a Friend——
But friends, how mortal! dang'rous the deſire.
Take PHOEBUS to yourſelves, ye baſking bards!
Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain-head;
And reeling thro' the wilderneſs of joy;
Where *Senſe* runs ſavage, broke from *Reaſon*'s chain,
And ſings falſe peace, till ſmother'd by the pall.
My fortune is unlike; unlike my ſong;
Unlike the deity my ſong invokes.
I to *Day*'s ſoft-ey'd ſifter pay my court,
(ENDYMION's rival!) and her aid implore;
Now firſt implor'd in ſuccour to the *Muſe*.
Thou, who didſt lately borrow * CYNTHIA's form,
And modeſtly forego thine Own! O Thou,
Who didſt thyſelf, at midnight hours, inſpire!
Say, why not CYNTHIA patroneſs of ſong?
As Thou her creſcent, ſhe thy character
Aſſumes; ſtill more a goddeſs by the change.
Are there demurring wits, who dare diſpute
This revolution in the world *inſpir'd?*
Ye train *Pierian!* to the *Lunar* ſphere,
In ſilent hour, addreſs your ardent call
For aid immortal; leſs her brother's right.
She, with the ſpheres harmonious, nightly leads
The mazy dance, and hears their matchleſs ſtrain,
A ſtrain for gods, deny'd to mortal ear.
Tranſmit it heard, thou ſilver queen of heav'n!
What title, or what name, endears thee moſt?
CYNTHIA! CYLLENE! PHOEBE!—or doſt hear

* At the duke of NORFOLK's maſquerade.

With

With higher guſt, fair P——D of the ſkies!
Is that the ſoft inchantment calls thee down,
More pow'rful than of old *Circean* charm?
Come; but from heav'nly banquets with thee bring
The ſoul of ſong, and whiſper in my ear
The theft divine; or in propitious dreams
(For dreams are Thine) transfuſe it thro' the breaſt
Of thy firſt votary——But not thy laſt;
If, like thy *Nameſake*, thou art ever kind.
And kind thou wilt be; kind on ſuch a theme;
A theme ſo like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
Soft, modeſt, melancholy, female, fair!
A theme that roſe all pale, and told my ſoul,
'Twas *Night*; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
A night which ſtruck a damp, a deadlier damp,
Than that which ſmote me from PHILANDER's tomb.
NARCISSA follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.
Woes cluſter; rare are *ſolitary* woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel;
Her death invades *his* mournful right, and claims
The grief that ſtarted from my lids for Him:
Seizes the faithleſs, alienated tear,
Or ſhares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,
Sorrow he *more* than cauſes, he confounds;
For human ſighs his rival ſtrokes contend,
And make diſtreſs, diſtraction. Oh PHILANDER!
What was thy fate? A double fate to me;
Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!
Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,
Not leſs a bird of omen, than of prey.
It call'd NARCISSA long before her hour;
It call'd her tender ſoul, by break of bliſs,
From the firſt bloſſom, from the buds of joy;

Thoſe

Thoſe few our noxious fate unblaſted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.
Sweet harmoniſt! and Beautiful as ſweet!
And Young as beautiful! and Soft as young!
And Gay as ſoft! and Innocent as gay!
And Happy (if aught Happy *here*) as good!
For fortune fond had built her neſt on high.
Like birds quite exquiſite of note and plume,
Transfixt by *fate* (who loves a lofty mark)
How from the ſummit of the grove ſhe fell,
And left it unharmonious! All its charms
Extinguiſht in the wonders of her ſong!
Her ſong ſtill vibrates in my raviſht ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!
Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! this group
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradiſe,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and preſent it to the ſkies; as All
We gueſs of heav'n: And *thoſe* were all her own.
And ſhe was mine; and I was—*was!*—moſt bleſt—
Gay title of the deepeſt miſery!
As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life;
Good loſt weighs more in grief, than gain'd, in joy.
Like bloſſom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal ſtorm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death ſtill lovely, lovelier There;
Far lovelier! pity ſwells the tide of love.
And will not the ſevere excuſe a ſigh?
Scorn the proud man that is aſham'd to weep;
Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deſerve our ſhame.
Ye that e'er loſt an angel! pity me.
Soon as the luſtre languiſht in her eye,

Dawning

Dawning a dimmer day on human ſight;
And on her cheek, the reſidence of ſpring,
Pale omen ſat; and ſcatter'd fears around
On all that ſaw (and who would ceaſe to gaze,
That once had ſeen?) with haſte, parental haſte,
I flew, I ſnatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak *Boreas* blew,
And bore her nearer to the ſun; the ſun
(As if the ſun could envy) checkt his beam,
Deny'd his wonted ſuccour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; faireſt lilies, not ſo fair!

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambroſial lives;
In morn and ev'ning dew, your beauties bathe,
And drink the ſun; which gives your cheeks to glow;
And out-bluſh (*mine* excepted) ev'ry fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incenſe meet
To thought ſo pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coeval race with man! for man you ſmile;
Why not ſmile *at* him too? You ſhare indeed
His ſudden paſs; but not his conſtant pain.

So man is made, nought miniſters delight,
By what his glowing paſſions can engage;
And glowing paſſions, bent on aught below,
Muſt, ſoon or late, with anguiſh turn the ſcale;
And anguiſh, after rapture, how ſevere!
Rapture? Bold man! who tempts the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taſte,
While *here*, preſuming on the rights of heav'n.
For tranſport doſt thou call on ev'ry hour,
LORENZO? At thy friend's expence be wiſe;
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;

A broken

And contumelious his humanity:
What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye ſtars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the ſound;
Man is to man the ſoreſt, ſureſt ill.
A previous blaſt foretels the riſing ſtorm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they diſembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And ſmoke betrays the wide-conſuming fire:
Ruin from man is moſt conceal'd when near,
And ſends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heav'n's Sovereign ſaves all beings, but himſelf,
That hideous ſight, a *naked* human heart.

Fir'd is the muſe? And let the muſe be fir'd:
Who not inflam'd, when what he ſpeaks, he feels,
And in the nerve moſt tender, in his friends?
Shame to mankind! PHILANDER had his foes;
He felt the truths I ſing, and I in Him.
But He, nor I, feel more: Paſt ills, NARCISSA!
Are ſunk in Thee, thou recent wound of heart!
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Pangs num'rous, as the num'rous ills that ſwarm'd
O'er thy diſtinguiſh'd fate, and, cluſt'ring There
Thick as the locuſts on the land of *Nile*,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
How was each circumſtance with aſpics arm'd!
An aſpic, Each! and All, an *Hydra* woe:
What ſtrong *Herculean* virtue could ſuffice?——
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd Here?
This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews;
And each tear mourns its own *diſtinct* diſtreſs;
And each diſtreſs, diſtinctly mourn'd, demands

Of

Of grief ſtill more, as heighten'd by the whole.
A grief like *this* proprietors excludes:
Not friends alone ſuch obſequies deplore;
They make Mankind the mourner; carry ſighs
Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her way;
And turn the gayeſt thought of gayeſt age,
Down their right channel, through the vale of death.
The vale of death! that huſht *Cimmerian* vale,
Where *darkneſs*, brooding o'er unfiniſht fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!
That ſubterranean world, that land of ruin!
Fit walk, LORENZO, for proud human thought!
There let my thought expatiate, and explore
Balſamic truths, and healing ſentiments,
Of all moſt wanted, and moſt welcome, *here*.
For gay LORENZO's ſake, and for thy own,
My ſoul! "The fruits of dying friends ſurvey;
"Expoſe the *vain* of life; weigh life and death;
"Give death his eulogy; thy fear ſubdue;
"And labour that firſt palm of noble minds,
"A manly ſcorn of terror from the tomb."
This harveſt reap from thy NARCISSA's grave.
As poets feign'd from AJAX' ſtreaming blood
Aroſe, with grief inſcrib'd, a mournful flow'r;
Let wiſdom bloſſom from my mortal wound.
And *firſt*, of dying friends; what fruit from theſe?
It brings us more than triple aid; an aid
To chaſe our *thoughtleſſneſs*, *fear*, *pride*, and *guilt*.
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainleſs ardors; and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wiſe.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to ſmooth
Our rugged paſs to death; to break thoſe bars

Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
Croſs our obſtructed way; and, thus to make
Welcome, as *ſafe*, our port from ev'ry ſtorm.
Each friend by fate ſnatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluckt from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us ſtoop from our aërial heights,
And, dampt with omen of our own deceaſe,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Juſt ſkim earth's ſurface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to ſcratch a little duſt,
And ſave the world a nuiſance. Smitten friends
Are angels ſent on errands full of love;
For us they languiſh, and for us they die:
And ſhall they languiſh, ſhall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, ſhall we grieve their hov'ring ſhades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we diſdain their ſilent, ſoft addreſs;
Their poſthumous advice, and pious pray'r?
Senſeleſs, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans;
Fruſtrate their anguiſh, and deſtroy their deaths?
LORENZO! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholeſome empire! let it reign,
That kind chaſtiſer of thy ſoul in joy!
Its reign will ſpread thy glorious conqueſts far,
And ſtill the tumults of thy ruffled breaſt:
Auſpicious Æra! golden days, begin!
The thought of death ſhall, like a god, inſpire.
And why not think on death? Is life the theme
Of ev'ry thought? and wiſh of ev'ry hour?
And ſong of ev'ry joy? Surpriſing truth!
The beaten ſpaniel's fondneſs not ſo ſtrange.
To wave the num'rous *ills* that ſeize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey;

Ere

Ere man has meaſur'd half his weary ſtage,
His *luxuries* have left him no reſerve,
No maiden reliſhes, unbroacht delights;
On cold ſerv'd repetitions he ſubſiſts,
And in the taſteleſs *preſent* chews the *paſt*;
Diſguſted chews, and ſcarce can ſwallow down.
Like laviſh anceſtors, his earlier years
Have diſinherited his future hours,
Which ſtarve on *orts*, and *glean* their former field.
Live ever here, LORENZO!—ſhocking thought!
So ſhocking, they who wiſh, diſown it too;
Diſown from ſhame, what they from folly crave.
Live ever in the womb, nor ſee the light?
For what live ever here?—With lab'ring ſtep
To tread our former footſteps? Pace the round
Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,
Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat
The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
The former mock? To ſurfeit on the *ſame*,
And yawn our joys? Or thank a miſery
For change, tho' ſad? To ſee what we have ſeen?
Hear, till unheard, the ſame old ſlabber'd tale?
To taſte the taſted, and at each return
Leſs taſteful? O'er our palates to decant
Another vintage? Strain a ſlatter year,
Thro' loaded veſſels, and a laxer tone?
Crazy machines to grind earth's waſted fruits!
Ill-ground, and worſe concocted! Load, not life!
The *rational* foul kennels of exceſs!
Still-ſtreaming thorough-fares of dull debauch!
Trembling each gulp, leſt death ſhould ſnatch the bowl.
Such of our *fine ones* is the wiſh refin'd!
So would they have it: Elegant deſire!
Why not invite the bellowing ſtalls, and wilds?

But ſuch examples might their riot awe.
Thro' want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
(Tho' on *bright thought* they father all their flights)
To what are they reduc'd? To love, and hate,
The ſame vain world; to cenſure, and eſpouſe,
This painted ſhrew of life, who calls them fool
Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
Thro' dread of worſe; to cling to this rude rock
Barren, *to them*, of good, and ſharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending ſtorms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope——
Scar'd at the gloomy gulph, that yawns beneath,
Such are their triumphs! ſuch their pangs of joy!
'Tis time, high time, to ſhift this diſmal ſcene.
This *hugg'd*, this *hideous* ſtate, what art can cure?
One only; but that one, what all may reach;
VIRTUE—ſhe, wonder-working goddeſs! charms
That *rock* to bloom; and tames the *painted ſhrew*;
And what will more ſurpriſe, LORENZO! gives
To life's ſick, nauſeous *iteration*, change;
And ſtraitens nature's circle to a line.
Believ'ſt thou this, LORENZO? lend an ear,
A patient ear, thou'lt bluſh to diſbelieve.
A languid, leaden, iteration reigns,
And ever muſt, o'er thoſe, whoſe joys are joys
Of ſight, ſmell, taſte: The cuckow-ſeaſons ſing
The ſame dull note to ſuch as nothing prize,
But what thoſe ſeaſons, from the teeming earth,
To doating *ſenſe* indulge. But nobler minds,
Which reliſh fruits unripen'd by the *ſun*,
Make their days various; various as the dyes
On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays.
On minds of dove-like innocence poſſeſt,
On lighten'd minds, that bask in virtue's beams,

Nothing hangs tedious, nothing *old* revolves
In *that*, for which they long; for which they live.
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heav'nly hope,
Each riſing morning ſees ſtill higher riſe;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty preſents
To worth maturing, *new* ſtrength, luſtre, fame;
While nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel
Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
Makes their fair proſpect fairer ev'ry hour;
Advancing *virtue*, in a Line to *bliſs*;
Virtue, which Chriſtian motives beſt inſpire!
And *bliſs*, which Chriſtian ſchemes alone enſure!
And ſhall we then, for virtue's ſake, commence
Apoſtates? And turn infidels for joy?
A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer truſt,
"He ſins againſt *this* life, who ſlights the *next*."
What is this life? How few their fav'rite know!
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By paſſionately loving life, we make
Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to Time Eternity's regard;
And, dreaming, take our paſſage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worſe than nought;
A neſt of pains: when held as nothing, much:
Like ſome fair hum'rifts, life is moſt enjoy'd,
When courted leaſt; moſt worth, when diſeſteem'd;
Then 'tis the ſeat of comfort, rich in peace;
In proſpect richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd, but with ſhouts of praiſe!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!
The mighty baſis of eternal bliſs!
Where now the *barren rock*? the *painted ſhrew*?

Where now, LORENZO! life's *eternal round?*
Have I not made my triple promiſe good?
Vain *is* the world; but only to the vain.
To what compare we then this varying ſcene,
Whoſe worth ambiguous riſes, and declines?
Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, *Night*
Aſſiſts me here) compare it to the moon;
Dark in herſelf, and indigent; but rich
In *borrow'd* luſtre from a higher ſphere.
When groſs guilt interpoſes, lab'ring earth,
O'erſhadow'd, mourns a deep eclipſe of joy;
Her joys, at brighteſt, pallid, to that font
Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.
Nor is that glory diſtant: Oh LORENZO!
A good man, and an angel! theſe between
How thin the barrier! What divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
Or, if an age, it is a moment ſtill;
A moment, or eternity's forgot.
Then be, what once they were, who now are gods;
Be what PHILANDER was, and claim the ſkies.
Starts timid nature at the gloomy paſs?
The *ſoft tranſition* call it; and be chear'd:
Such it is often, and why not to Thee?
To hope the beſt, is pious, brave, and wiſe;
And may itſelf *procure*, what it *preſumes*.
Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd;
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
"*Strange Competition!*"—True, LORENZO! ſtrange!
So little *Life* can caſt into the ſcale.
Life makes the ſoul dependent on the duſt;
Death gives her wings to mount above the ſpheres.
Thro' chinks, ſtyl'd organs, dim *life* peeps at light;
Death burſts th' involving cloud, and all is day;

All

All eye, all ear, the diſembody'd power.
Death has feign'd evils, *nature* ſhall not feel;
Life, ills ſubſtantial, *wiſdom* cannot ſhun.
Is not the mighty *mind*, that ſon of heaven!
By tyrant *life* dethron'd, impriſon'd, pain'd?
By *death* enlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd?
Death but intombs the body; *life* the ſoul.
" Is *death* then guiltleſs? How he marks his way
" With dreadful waſte of what deſerves to ſhine!
" Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!
" With various luſtres *theſe* light up the world,
" Which *death* puts out, and darkens human race."
I grant, LORENZO! this indictment juſt;
The ſage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
Death humbles theſe; more barb'rous *life*, the *man*.
Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay;
Death, of the ſpirit infinite! divine!
Death has no dread, but what frail *life* imparts;
Nor *life* true joy, but what kind *death* improves.
No bliſs has *life* to boaſt, till death can give
Far greater; *life*'s a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.
LORENZO! bluſh at *fondneſs* for a *life*,
Which ſends celeſtial ſouls on errands vile,
To cater for the ſenſe; and ſerve at boards,
Where ev'ry ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, juſtly claims our upper hand.
Luxurious feaſt! a ſoul, a ſoul immortal,
In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd!
LORENZO! bluſh at *terror* for a *death*,
Which gives thee to repoſe in feſtive bowers,
Where nectars ſparkle, angels miniſter,
And more than angels ſhare, and raiſe, and crown,

And

And eternize, the birth, bloom, burſts of bliſs.
What need I more? O *death*, the palm is thine.
Then welcome, death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age and *diſeaſe*; diſeaſe, tho' long my gueſt;
That plucks my nerves, thoſe tender ſtrings of life;
Which, pluckt a little more, will toll the bell,
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While reaſon and religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory;
It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
Luſt and *ambition*, *wrath* and *avarice*,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
That ills corroſive, cares importunate,
Are not *immortal* too, O death! is thine.
Our day of diſſolution!—name it right;
'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harveſt, rich
And ripe: What tho' the ſickle, ſometimes keen,
Juſt ſcars us as we reap the golden grain?
More than thy balm, O *Gilead!* heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and *death*'s deep diſmal groan,
Are ſlender tributes low-taxt nature pays
For mighty gain: The gain of each, a life!
But O! the laſt the former ſo tranſcends,
Life dies, compar'd; *Life* lives beyond the grave.
And feel I, *death!* no joy from thought of thee?
Death, the great counſellor, who man inſpires
With ev'ry nobler thought, and fairer deed!
Death, the deliverer, who reſcues man!
Death, the rewarder, who the reſcu'd crowns!
Death, that abſolves my birth; a curſe without it!
Rich *death*, that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a chimera!

Death,

Death, of all pain the period, not of joy;
Joy's *ſource*, and *ſubject*, ſtill ſubſiſt unhurt;
One, in my ſoul; and one, in her great Sire;
Tho' the four winds were warring for my duſt.
Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
Tho' priſon'd there, my duſt too I reclaim,
(To duſt when drop proud nature's proudeſt ſpheres)
And live *intire*. Death is the crown of life:
Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain;
Were death deny'd, to live would not be life;
Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wiſh to die.
Death wounds to cure: we fall; we riſe; we reign!
Spring from our fetters; faſten in the ſkies;
Where blooming *Eden* withers in our ſight:
Death gives us more than was in *Eden* loſt.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When ſhall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When ſhall I *die?*—When ſhall I live for ever?

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

THE

CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH:

CONTAINING

OUR ONLY CURE FOR THE FEAR OF DEATH;

AND

PROPER SENTIMENTS OF HEART ON THAT INESTIMABLE BLESSING.

TO THE HONOURABLE MR. YORKE.

A Much indebted muſe, O Yorke! intrudes.
Amid the ſmiles of fortune, and of youth,
Thine ear is patient of a ſerious ſong.
How deep implanted in the breaſt of man
The dread of death! I ſing its ſov'reign cure.
Why ſtart at death? Where is he? Death arriv'd,
Is paſt; not come, or gone, he's never *here*.
Ere *hope*, *ſenſation* fails; black-boding man

Receives,

Receives, not *ſuffers*, death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the ſhroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkneſs, and the worm;
Theſe are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and *error*'s wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thouſand deaths, in fearing one.
But were death frightful, what has *age* to fear?
If prudent, age ſhould meet the friendly foe,
And ſhelter in his hoſpitable gloom.
I ſcarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger; ev'ry date cries—"Come away."
And what recalls me? Look the world around,
And tell me what: The wiſeſt cannot tell.
Should any born of woman give his thought
Full range, on juſt *diſlike*'s unbounded field;
Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
Flaws in the *beſt*; the many, flaw all o'er;
As *leopards*, ſpotted, or, as *Ethiops*, dark;
Vivacious *ill*; *good* dying immature;
(How immature, NARCISSA's marble tells!)
And at his death bequeathing endleſs pain;
His heart, tho' bold, would ſicken at the ſight,
And ſpend itſelf in ſighs, for *future* ſtones.
But grant to life (and juſt it is to grant
To *lucky* life) ſome perquiſites of joy;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life of ſweet can yield no more,
But from our *comment* on the comedy,
Pleaſing *reflections* on parts well-ſuſtain'd,
Or purpos'd *emendations* where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid Judge,

When,

When, on their exit, ſouls are bid unrobe,
Toſs *fortune* back her tinſel, and her plume,
And drop this maſk of fleſh behind the ſcene.
With me, that time is come; my world is dead;
A new world riſes, and new manners reign:
Foreign comedians, a ſpruce band! arrive,
To puſh me from the ſcene, or hiſs me there.
What a pert race ſtarts up! the ſtrangers gaze,
And I at them; my neighbour is unknown;
Nor that the worſt: Ah me! the dire effect
Of loit'ring here, of death defrauded long;
Of old ſo gracious (and let that ſuffice),
My very maſter knows me not.——
Shall I dare ſay, peculiar is the fate?
I've been ſo long remember'd, I'm forgot.
An object ever preſſing dims the ſight,
And hides behind its ardor to be ſeen.
When in his courtiers ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the great;
And ſqueeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow.
Refuſal! canſt thou wear a ſmoother form?
Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme:
Who cheapens life, abates the *Fear of Death:*
Twice told the period ſpent on ſtubborn *Troy*,
Court favour, yet untaken, I beſiege;
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.
Alas! ambition makes my little leſs;
Embitt'ring the poſſeſs'd: Why wiſh for more?
Wiſhing, of all employments, is the worſt;
Philoſophy's reverſe; and health's decay!
Were I as plump as ſtall'd theology,
Wiſhing would waſte me to this ſhade again.
Were I as wealthy as a *South-Sea* dream,
Wiſhing is an expedient to be poor.

Wiſhing,

Wiſhing, that conſtant *hectic* of a fool;
Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
And ſimpler diet; gifts of rural life!
Bleſt be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at reſt, beneath this humble ſhed.
The world's a ſtately bark, on dang'rous ſeas,
With pleaſure ſeen, but boarded at our peril;
Here, on a ſingle plank, thrown ſafe aſhore,
I hear the tumult of the diſtant throng,
As that of ſeas remote, or dying ſtorms:
And meditate on ſcenes, more ſilent ſtill;
Purſue my theme, and fight the *Fear of Death*.
Here, like a ſhepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his ſtaff,
Eager *ambition*'s fiery chace I ſee;
I ſee the circling hunt, of noiſy men,
Burſt law's incloſure, leap the mounds of right,
Purſuing, and purſu'd, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;
Till *Death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What tho' we wade in wealth, or ſoar in fame?
Earth's higheſt ſtation ends in "Here he lies:"
And "duſt to duſt" concludes her nobleſt ſong.
If this ſong lives, poſterity ſhall know
One, tho' in *Britain* born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his ſubtle death-bed plann'd his ſcheme
For future vacancies in church or ſtate;
Some avocation deeming it——to die,
Unbit by rage canine of *dying rich*;
Guilt's blunder!. and the loudeſt laugh of hell.
O my coëvals! remnants of yourſelves!
Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!

Shall we, ſhall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and cloſer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched ſoil?
Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be ſtill ſtretch'd out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerneſs and age?
With av'rice, and convulſions, graſping hard?
Graſping at air! for what has earth beſide?
Man wants but little; nor that little, long;
How ſoon muſt he reſign his very duſt,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!
Years *unexperienc'd* ruſh on num'rous ills;
And ſoon as man, *expert* from time, has found
The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death.
When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miſs ſuch numbers, numbers too of ſuch,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And ſtricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's ſubtle game, I ſcarce believe
I ſtill ſurvive: And am I fond of life,
Who ſcarce can think it poſſible, I live?
Alive by miracle! or, what is next,
Alive by MEAD! if I am ſtill alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmneſs of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee is not more *ſhallow*, than *impure*,
And *vapid*; *Senſe* and *Reaſon* ſhew the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the duſt.
O thou great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial ſun!
Whoſe all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkneſs, teeming darkneſs, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The duſt I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the ſpirit of the golden day,

And triumph in exiſtence; and could know
No motive, but my bliſs; and haſt ordain'd
A riſe in bleſſing! with the *Patriarch's* joy,
Thy call I follow to the land *unknown*;
I truſt in thee, and know in whom I truſt;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs:
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!
Tho' *nature's* terrors, *thus*, may be repreſt;
Still frowns grim *Death*; guilt points the tyrant's ſpear.
And whence all human guilt? From death forgot.
Ah me! too long I ſet at nought the ſwarm
Of friendly warnings, which around me flew;
And ſmil'd, unſmitten: Small my cauſe to ſmile!
Death's admonitions, like ſhafts upwards ſhot,
More dreadful by delay, the longer ere
They ſtrike our hearts, the deeper is their wound;
O think how deep, LORENZO! *here* it ſtings:
Who can appeaſe its anguiſh? How it burns!
What hand the barb'd, invenom'd, thought can draw?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace?
And turn my ſight undaunted on the tomb?
With joy,—with grief, that *healing hand* I ſee;
Ah! too conſpicuous! it is fix'd on high.
On *high*?—What means my phrenſy? I blaſpheme;
Alas! how *low!* how far beneath the ſkies!
The ſkies it form'd; and now it bleeds for *me*—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet ſtill it *bleeds*;
Draw the dire ſteel—ah no! the *dreadful* bleſſing
What heart or can ſuſtain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope? that nail ſupports
The falling univerſe: That gone, we drop;
Horror receives us, and the diſmal wiſh
Creation had been ſmother'd in her birth—
Darkneſs his curtain, and his bed the duſt;

When

When ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath his throne!
In heav'n itſelf can ſuch indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! A groan *not His*.
He ſeiz'd our dreadful right; the load ſuſtain'd;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thouſand worlds, *ſo* bought, were bought too dear;
Senſations *new* in angels boſoms riſe;
Suſpend their ſong; and make a pauſe in bliſs.
O for *their* ſong; to reach my lofty theme!
Inſpire me, *Night!* with all thy tuneful ſpheres;
Whilſt I with *ſeraphs* ſhare ſeraphic themes,
And ſhew to men the dignity of man;
Leſt I blaſpheme my ſubject with my ſong.
Shall *pagan* pages glow celeſtial flame,
And *chriſtian* languiſh? On our hearts, not heads,
Falls the foul infamy: My heart! awake.
What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,
"Expended deity on human weal?"
Feel the *great truths*, which burſt the tenfold night
Of *heathen* error, with a golden flood
Of endleſs day: To feel, is to be fir'd;
And to believe, LORENZO! is to feel.
Thou moſt indulgent, moſt tremendous Pow'r!
Still more tremendous, for thy wond'rous love!
That arms, with awe more aweful, thy commands;
And foul tranſgreſſion dips in ſev'nfold night;
How our hearts tremble at thy love immenſe!
In love immenſe, inviolably juſt!
Thou, rather than thy *juſtice* ſhould be ſtain'd,
Did'ſt ſtain the *Croſs*; and work of wonders far
The greateſt, that thy deareſt far might bleed.
Bold thought! ſhall I dare ſpeak it, or repreſs?
Should man more *execrate*, or *boaſt*, the guilt
Which rous'd ſuch vengeance? which ſuch love inflam'd?

O'er guilt (how mountainous!) with out-ſtretcht arms,
Stern *juſtice*, and ſoft-ſmiling *love* embrace,
Supporting, in full majeſty, thy throne,
When ſeem'd its majeſty to need ſupport,
Or *that*, or *man*, inevitably loſt:
What, but the *fathomleſs* of thought divine,
Could labour ſuch expedient from deſpair,
And reſcue *both*? Both reſcue! both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the *deed!*
The wond'rous deed! or ſhall I call it *more*?
A wonder in Omnipotence itſelf!
A myſtery no leſs to gods than men!
Not, *thus*, our infidels th' *Eternal* draw,
A God all o'er, conſummate, abſolute,
Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They ſet at odds heav'n's jarring attributes;
And, with one excellence, another wound;
Maim heav'n's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himſelf,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praiſe:
A God *all* mercy, is a God unjuſt.
Ye brainleſs wits! ye baptiz'd infidels!
Ye worſe for mending! waſh'd to fouler ſtains!
The ranſom was paid down; the fund of heav'n,
Heav'n's inexhauſtible, exhauſted fund,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: Tho' curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to caſt the mighty ſum:
Its value vaſt, ungraſpt by minds *create*,
For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme*.
And was the ranſom paid? It was: And paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for *you*.
The ſun beheld it—No, the ſhocking ſcene
Drove back his chariot: *Midnight* veil'd his face;

Not

Not ſuch as *this*; not ſuch as nature makes;
A *midnight* nature ſhudder'd to behold;
A *midnight* new! a dread eclipſe (without
Oppoſing ſpheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didſt thou fly thy Maker's pain? Or ſtart
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his bleſſed head; o'erwhelm'd his croſs;
Made groan the centre; burſt earth's marble womb,
With pangs, ſtrange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
Hell howl'd; and heav'n that hour let fall a tear;
Heav'n wept, that men might ſmile! Heav'n bled, that man
Might never die!———

And is devotion virtue? 'Tis *compell'd:*
What heart of ſtone but glows at thoughts like theſe?
Such contemplations mount us; and ſhould mount
The mind ſtill higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
To reſt from wonders? Other wonders riſe;
And ſtrike where'er they roll: my ſoul is caught:
Heav'n's ſovereign bleſſings, cluſt'ring from the Croſs,
Ruſh on her, in a throng, and cloſe her round,
The priſ'ner of amaze!—In his bleſt *life*,
I ſee the *path*, and, in his *death*, the *price*,
And in his great *aſcent*, the *proof* ſupreme
Of immortality.—And did he riſe?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He roſe! He roſe! He burſt the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates!
And give the King of glory to come in.
Who is the King of glory? He who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death:
Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates!
And give the King of glory to come in.
Who is the King of glory? He who ſlew

The rav'nous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
The king of glory, He, whoſe glory fill'd
Heav'n with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Pow'rs moſt illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.
The theme, the joy, how then ſhall *man* ſuſtain?
Oh the burſt gates! cruſh'd ſting! demoliſh'd throne!
Laſt gaſp! of vanquiſh'd death. Shout earth and heav'n!
This *ſum of good* to man. *Whoſe* nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then, I roſe; then firſt *humanity*
Triumphant paſt the cryſtal ports of light,
(Stupendous gueſt!) and ſeiz'd eternal youth,
Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er ſince, 'tis blaſphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality
Was, then, transferr'd to death; and heav'n's duration
Unalienably ſeal'd to this frail frame,
This child of duſt—Man, all-immortal! hail;
Hail, heav'n! all laviſh of ſtrange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory; man's the boundleſs bliſs.
Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On chriſtian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' *Aonian* mount!—Alas! ſmall cauſe for joy!
What if to pain immortal? If extent
Of being, to preclude a cloſe of woe?
Where, then, my boaſt of immortality?
I boaſt it ſtill, tho' cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd;
'Tis guilt alone can juſtify his death;
Nor that, unleſs his death can juſtify
Relenting guilt in heav'n's indulgent ſight.
If, ſick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in heav'n, with that inverted ſpear
(A ſpear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his ſide,

And

And open'd there a font for all mankind,
Who ſtrive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only *this*, ſubdues the *fear of death*.
And what is *this*?—Survey the wond'rous cure:
And at each ſtep, let higher wonder riſe!
" Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
" Thro' means that ſpeak its value infinite!
" A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
" With blood divine of Him, I made my foe!
" Perſiſted to provoke! tho' woo'd, and aw'd,
" Bleſt, and chaſtis'd, a flagrant rebel ſtill!
" A rebel, 'midſt the thunders of his throne!
" Nor I alone! a rebel univerſe!
" My ſpecies up in arms! not one exempt!
" Yet for the fouleſt of the foul, he dies,
" Moſt joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepeſt guilt!
" As if our race were held of higheſt rank;
" And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man!"
Bound, ev'ry heart! and ev'ry boſom, burn!
O what a ſcale of miracles is here!
Its loweſt round, high planted on the ſkies;
Its tow'ring ſummit loſt beyond the thought
Of man or angel! O that I could climb
The wonderful aſcent, with equal praiſe!
Praiſe! flow for ever, (if aſtoniſhment
Will give thee leave) my praiſe! for ever flow;
Praiſe ardent, cordial, conſtant, to high heav'n
More fragrant, than *Arabia* ſacrific'd,
And all her ſpicy mountains in a flame.
So dear, ſo due to heav'n, ſhall *praiſe* deſcend,
With her ſoft plume (from *plauſive* angels wing
Firſt pluck'd by man) to tickle mortal ears,
Thus diving in the pockets of the great?
Is *praiſe* the perquiſite of ev'ry paw,

Tho' black as hell, that grapples well for gold?
Oh love of gold! thou meaneſt of amours!
Shall *praiſe* her odours waſte on VIRTUE's dead,
Embalm the baſe, perfume the ſtench of guilt,
Earn dirty bread by waſhing *Æthiops* fair,
Removing filth, or ſinking it from ſight,
A ſcavenger in *ſcenes*, where *vacant* poſts,
Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
Their future ornaments? From courts and thrones,
Return, apoſtate *praiſe!* thou vagabond!
Thou proſtitute! to thy firſt love return,
Thy firſt, thy greateſt, once unrival'd theme.
There flow redundant; like *Meander* flow,
Back to thy fountain; to that Parent Pow'r,
Who gives the tongue to ſound, the thought to ſoar,
The ſoul to *be*. Men homage pay to men,
Thoughtleſs beneath whoſe dreadful eye they bow
In mutual awe profound, of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt; and turn their back on thee,
Great Sire! whom thrones celeſtial ceaſeleſs ſing;
To proſtrate angels, an amazing ſcene!
O the preſumption of man's awe for man!—
Man's Author! End! Reſtorer! Law! and Judge!
Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of *night*,
With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
What, night eternal, but a frown from thee?
What, heav'n's meridian glory, but thy ſmile?
And ſhall not *praiſe* be thine, not human praiſe?
While heav'n's high hoſt on *hallelujahs* live?
O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My ſoul in praiſe to Him, who gave my ſoul,
And all her infinite of proſpect fair,
Cut thro' the ſhades of hell, *great Love!* by thee
Oh moſt Adorable! moſt Unador'd!

Where

Where ſhall that praiſe begin which ne'er ſhould end?
Where'er I turn, what claim on all applauſe!
How is *night*'s ſable mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What *wiſdom* ſhines! what *love!* This midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd!
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
For others this profuſion: Thou, apart,
Above! beyond! Oh tell me, mighty Mind!
Where art thou? Shall I dive into the *deep?*
Call to the *ſun*, or aſk the roaring *winds*,
For their Creator? Shall I queſtion loud
The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
Or holds HE furious *ſtorms* in ſtreighten'd reins,
And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car?
What mean theſe queſtions?—Trembling I retract;
My proſtrate ſoul adores the *preſent* God:
Praiſe I a diſtant deity? He tunes
My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes, ſuſtains:
Wrap'd in his being, I reſound his praiſe:
But tho' paſt *all* diffus'd, without a ſhore,
His eſſence; *local* is his throne (as meet),
To gather the diſperſt (as ſtandards call
The lifted from afar): to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his ſons,
Since *finite* ev'ry nature but his own.
The nameleſs *He*, whoſe nod is *nature*'s birth;
And *nature*'s ſhield, the ſhadow of his hand;
Her diſſolution, his ſuſpended ſmile!
The great *Firſt-Laſt!* pavilion'd high he ſits
In darkneſs from exceſſive ſplendor born;
By gods unſeen, unleſs thro' luſtre loſt.
His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrors; he looks down
On all that ſoars; and ſpans immenſity.

Tho'

Tho' *night* unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,
Boundleſs creation! what art thou? A beam,
A mere effluvium of his majeſty:
And ſhall an atom of this atom-world
Mutter in duſt and ſin, the theme of heav'n?
Down to the centre ſhould I ſend my thought
Thro' beds of glitt'ring ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants luſtre for my lay;
Goes out in darkneſs: if, on tow'ring wing,
I ſend it thro' the boundleſs vault of ſtars!
The ſtars, tho' rich, what droſs their gold to *thee*,
Great! good! wiſe! wonderful! eternal King!
If to thoſe *conſcious ſtars* thy throne around,
Praiſe ever-pouring, and imbibing bliſs;
And aſk their ſtrain; they want it, *more* they want,
Poor their abundance, humble their ſublime,
Languid their energy, their ardor cold,
Indebted ſtill, their higheſt rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, tho' divine.
Still more—This theme is man's, and man's alone;
Their vaſt appointments reach it not: They ſee
On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;
And *downward* look for heav'n's ſuperior praiſe!
Firſt-born of Ether! high in fields of light!
View man, to ſee the glory of your God!
Could angels envy, they had envy'd *here*;
And ſome *did* envy; and the reſt, tho' gods,
Yet ſtill gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the duſt againſt the ſkies)
They leſs would *feel*, tho' more adorn, my theme.
They ſung *Creation* (for in that they ſhar'd);
How roſe in melody, that child of love!
Creation's great ſuperior, man! is thine;
Thine is *redemption*; they juſt gave the key:

'Tis thine to raiſe, and eternize, the ſong;
Tho' human, yet divine; for ſhould not *this*
Raiſe man o'er man, and kindle ſeraphs *here?*
Redemption! 'twas creation more ſublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the ſkies;
Far *more* than labour—It was *death* in heav'n.
A truth ſo ſtrange! 'twere bold to think it true;
If not far bolder ſtill, to diſbelieve.
Here pauſe, and ponder: Was there death in heav'n?
What then on earth? On earth, which ſtruck the blow?
Who ſtruck it? Who?—O how is *man* enlarg'd,
Seen thro' this medium! How the pigmy tow'rs!
How counterpois'd his origin from duſt!
How counterpois'd, to duſt his ſad return!
How voided his vaſt diſtance from the ſkies!
How near he preſſes on the ſeraph's wing!
Which is the ſeraph? Which the born of clay?
How this demonſtrates, thro' the thickeſt cloud
Of guilt, and clay condenſt, the ſon of heav'n!
The *double* ſon; the made, and the re-made!
And ſhall heav'n's double property be loſt?
Man's double madneſs only can deſtroy.
To man the bleeding croſs has promis'd *all*;
The bleeding croſs has ſworn eternal grace;
Who gave his life, what grace ſhall He deny?
O ye! who, from this *Rock of ages*, leap,
Apoſtates, plunging headlong in the deep!
What cordial joy, what conſolation ſtrong,
Whatever winds ariſe, or billows roll,
Our int'reſt in the Maſter of the ſtorm!
Cling *there*, and in wreck'd nature's ruins *ſmile*;
While vile apoſtates *tremble* in a calm.
Man! know thyſelf. All wiſdom centres there;
To none man ſeems ignoble, but to man;

Angels

Angels that grandeur, men o'er-look, admire:
How long ſhall human nature be *their* book,
Degen'rate mortal! and *unread* by Thee?
The beam dim *reaſon* ſheds ſhews wonders There;
What high contents! Illuſtrious faculties!
But the grand *comment*, which diſplays at full
Our human height, ſcarce ſever'd from divine,
By heav'n compos'd, was publiſh'd on the *Croſs*.
Who looks on That, and ſees not in himſelf
An awful ſtranger, a terreſtrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm:
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting ſoul
Catches ſtrange fire, Eternity! at Thee;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys:
How chang'd the face of nature! how improv'd!
What ſeem'd a chaos, ſhines a glorious world,
Or, what a world, an *Eden*; heighten'd all!
It is another ſcene! another ſelf!
And ſtill another, as time rolls along;
And that a *ſelf* far more illuſtrious ſtill.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in ſhades
Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keeneſt ray,
What evolutions of ſurpriſing fate!
How nature opens, and receives my ſoul
In boundleſs walks of raptur'd thought! where gods
Encounter and embrace me! What new births
Of ſtrange adventure, foreign to the ſun,
Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exiſts,
Old *time*, and fair *creation*, are forgot!
Is this extravagant? Of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be juſt:
Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him:

Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals; one ſpirit pour'd
From ſpirit's aweful fountain; pour'd Himſelf
Thro' all their ſouls; but not in equal ſtream,
Profuſe, or frugal, of th' inſpiring God,
As his wiſe plan demanded; and when paſt
Their various trials, in their various ſpheres,
If they *continue* rational, as made,
Reſorbs them all into Himſelf again;
His throne their centre, and his ſmile their crown.
Why doubt we, then, the *glorious truth* to ſing,
Tho' yet *unſung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold?
Angels are men of a ſuperior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celeſtial mountains wing'd in flight;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And ſlipp'ry ſtep, the bottom of the ſteep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their praiſe;
While *Here*, of corps ethereal, ſuch enroll'd,
And ſummon'd to the *glorious Standard* ſoon,
Which flames eternal crimſon thro' the ſkies.
Nor are our *brothers* thoughtleſs of their kin,
Yet abſent; but not abſent from their love.
MICHAEL has fought our battles; RAPHAEL ſung
Our triumphs; GABRIEL on our errands flown,
Sent by the SOV'REIGN: and are theſe, O man!
Thy friends, thy warm allies? And Thou (ſhame burn
The cheek to cinder!) rival to the brute?
Religion's All. Deſcending from the ſkies
To wretched man, the goddeſs in her left
Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next*;
Religion! the ſole voucher man is man;

Supporter

Supporter ſole of man above himſelf;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the ſoul a ſoul that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an After-ſtate!
Here is firm footing; *here* is ſolid rock!
This can ſupport us; all is ſea beſides;
Sinks under us; beſtorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man faſtens on the ſkies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkneſs, and ſtench, and ſuffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate, diſcharg'd,
Climbs ſome fair eminence, where Ether pure
Surrounds him, and *Elyſian* proſpects riſe,
His heart exults, his ſpirits caſt their load;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change;
So joys the ſoul, when from inglorious aims,
And ſordid ſweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terreſtrial, ſet at large, ſhe mounts
To *Reaſon*'s region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the ſkies.

Religion! thou the ſoul of happineſs;
And, groaning *Calvary*, of thee! *There* ſhine
The nobleſt truths; *there* ſtrongeſt motives ſting;
There ſacred violence aſſaults the ſoul;
There, nothing but *compulſion* is forborn.
Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the ſun;
He ſighs—the ſigh earth's deep foundation ſhakes.
If in his love ſo terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderneſs on fire?
Like ſoft, ſmooth oil, outblazing other fires?
Can pray'r, can praiſe avert it?—Thou, my *All!*
My theme! my inſpiration! and my crown!

My

My ſtrength in age! my riſe in low eſtate!
My ſoul's ambition, pleaſure, wealth!—my world!
My light in darkneſs! and my life in death!
My boaſt thro' time! bliſs thro' eternity!
Eternity, too ſhort to ſpeak thy praiſe!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
To man of men the meaneſt, ev'n to me;
My ſacrifice! my God!—what things are theſe!
What then art THOU? by what name ſhall I call Thee?
Knew I the name devout archangels uſe,
Devout archangels ſhould the name enjoy,
By me unrival'd; thouſands more ſublime,
None half ſo dear, as that, which, tho' unſpoke
Still glows at heart: O how omnipotence
Is loſt in love! Thou great PHILANTHROPIST!
Father of angels! but the friend of man!
Like JACOB, fondeſt of the younger born!
Thou, who didſt ſave him, ſnatch the ſmoking brand
From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood!
How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to diſtreſs!
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
Too big for birth! to favour, and confound;
To challenge, and to diſtance all return!
Of laviſh love ſtupendous heights to ſoar,
And leave praiſe panting in the diſtant vale!
Thy right too great, defrauds thee of thy due;
And ſacrilegious our ſublimeſt ſong.
But ſince the naked *will* obtains thy ſmile,
Beneath this monument of praiſe *unpaid*,
And future life ſymphonious to my ſtrain,
(That nobleſt hymn to heav'n!) for ever lie
Intomb'd my *fear of death!* and ev'ry fear,
The dread of ev'ry evil, but Thy frown.
Whom ſee I yonder, ſo demurely ſmile?

Laughter

Laughter a labour, and might break their reſt.
Ye quietiſts, in homage to the ſkies!
Serene! of ſoft addreſs! who mildly make
An unobtruſive tender of your hearts,
Abhorring violence! who *halt* indeed;
But, for the bleſſing, *wreſtle* not with heav'n!
Think you my ſong too turbulent? too warm?
Are *paſſions*, then, the pagans of the ſoul?
Reaſon alone baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd*
To touch things ſacred? Oh for warmer ſtill!
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my pow'rs;
Oh for an humbler heart, and prouder ſong!
THOU, my much-injur'd theme! with that ſoft eye,
Which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign to look
Compaſſion to the coldneſs of my breaſt;
And pardon to the winter in my ſtrain.
Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formaliſts!
On ſuch a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
Paſſion is reaſon, tranſport temper, *here*.
Shall heav'n, which gave us ardor, and has ſhewn
Her own for man ſo ſtrongly, not diſdain
What ſmooth emollients in theology,
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
That proſe of piety, a lukewarm praiſe?
Riſe odours ſweet from incenſe *uninflam'd*?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is ſtruck to heav'n;
To human hearts her golden harps are ſtrung;
High heav'n's *orcheſtra* chaunts *amen* to man.
Hear I, or dream I hear, their diſtant ſtrain,
Sweet to the ſoul, and taſting ſtrong of heav'n,
Soft-wafted on celeſtial *pity*'s plume,
Thro' the vaſt ſpaces of the univerſe,
To chear me in this melancholy gloom?

Oh!

Oh when will *death* (now ſtingleſs) like a friend,
Admit me of their choir? O when will *death*,
This mould'ring, old, partition-wall throw down?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
Oh death divine! that giv'ſt us to the ſkies!
Great *future!* glorious patron of the *paſt*,
And *preſent!* when ſhall I thy ſhrine adore?
From nature's *continent*, immenſely wide,
Immenſely bleſt, this little *iſle of life*,
This dark, incarcerating *colony*,
Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain;
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to nature's great *metropolis*,
And re-admits us, thro' the *guardian* hand
Of elder brothers, to our *Father*'s throne;
Who hears our Advocate, and, thro' his wounds
Beholding man, allows *that* tender name.
'Tis this makes *Chriſtian triumph* a command:
'Tis this makes joy a *duty* to the wiſe;
'Tis impious in a good man to be ſad.
See thou, LORENZO! where hangs all our hope!
Touch'd by the *Croſs*, we live; or, *more* than die;
That *touch* which touch'd not angels; more divine
Than that which touch'd confuſion into form,
And darkneſs into glory; partial *touch!*
Ineffably pre-eminent regard!
Sacred to man, and ſov'reign thro' the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From heav'n thro' all duration, and ſupports
In one illuſtrious, and amazing plan,
Thy welfare, *nature!* and thy God's renown;
That touch, with charm celeſtial, heals the ſoul
Diſeas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,

Turns earth to heav'n, to heav'nly thrones transforms
The ghaſtly ruins of the mould'ring tomb.
Doſt aſk me when? When He who dy'd returns;
Returns, how chang'd! Where then the man of woe?
In glory's terrors all the godhead burns;
And all his courts, exhauſted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in his train,
Leave a ſtupendous ſolitude in heav'n;
Repleniſht ſoon, repleniſht with increaſe
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new; of angels from the *tomb*.
Is this by fancy thrown remote? and riſe
Dark doubts between the promiſe, and event?
I ſend thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read Nature; Nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is *Chriſtian*; preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Haſt thou ne'er ſeen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger paſſing, terror ſheds
On gazing nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Thro' depths of Ether; coaſts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than ſolar glory; doubles wide
Heav'n's mighty cape; and then reviſits earth,
From the long travel of a thouſand years.
Thus, at the deſtin'd period, ſhall return
HE, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze:
And, with Him, *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.
Nature is dumb on this important point;
Or hope precarious in low whiſper breathes;
Faith ſpeaks aloud, diſtinct; ev'n *adders* hear;
But turn, and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge acroſs the gulph of death,
To break the ſhock blind *nature* cannot ſhun,

And

And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace.
'Tis *faith* disarms destruction; and absolves
From ev'ry clam'rous charge, the guiltless tomb.
Why disbelieve? LORENZO!—"*Reason* bids,
"All-sacred reason."—Hold her sacred still;
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame:
All-sacred *reason!* source, and soul, of all
Demanding praise, on earth, or earth above!
My heart is thine: Deep in its inmost folds,
Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
Wear I the blessed Cross, by fortune stampt
On passive nature, before thought was born?
My birth's blind bigot! fir'd with *local* zeal!
No; *reason* re-baptiz'd me when adult;
Weigh'd true, and false, in her impartial scale;
My heart became the convert of my head;
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
"On argument alone my faith is built:"
Reason pursu'd is *faith*; and, unpursu'd
Where proof invites, 'tis reason, then, no more:
And such our *proof*, That, or our *faith*, is *right*,
Or *reason* lyes, and heav'n design'd it *wrong*:
Absolve we This? What, then, is blasphemy?
Fond as we are, and justly fond, of *faith*,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard;
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reason the root, fair *faith* is but the flower;
The fading flower shall die; but *reason* lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
When *faith* is virtue, *reason* makes it so.
Wrong not the Christian; think not reason *yours*:
'Tis *reason* our great *Master* holds so dear;

'Tis *reaſon*'s injur'd rights His wrath reſents;
'Tis *reaſon*'s voice obey'd His glories crown;
To give loſt *reaſon* life, He pour'd his own:
Believe, and ſhew the reaſon of a man;
Believe, and taſte the pleaſure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Thro' *reaſon*'s wounds alone thy *faith* can die;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal ſting.
Learn hence what honours, what loud *pæans*, due
To thoſe, who puſh our *antidote* aſide;
Thoſe boaſted friends to *reaſon*, and to *man*,
Whoſe fatal love ſtabs ev'ry joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.
Theſe pompous ſons of *reaſon* idoliz'd
And vilify'd at once; of *reaſon* dead,
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow?
While *love of truth* thro' all their camp reſounds,
They draw *pride*'s curtain o'er the noon-tide ray,
Spike up their inch of reaſon, on the point
Of philoſophic wit, *call'd* Argument;
And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
"Behold the ſun:" And, *Indian*-like, adore.
Talk they of *morals*? O thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of *new* morals to mankind!
The *grand* morality is love of Thee.
As wiſe as SOCRATES, if ſuch they were,
(Nor will they 'bate of that ſublime renown)
As wiſe as SOCRATES, might juſtly ſtand
The definition of a modern fool.
A CHRISTIAN is the higheſt ſtile of man:
And is there, who the bleſſed Croſs wipes off,
As a foul blot from his diſhonour'd brow?

If angels tremble, 'tis at ſuch a ſight:
The wretch they quit, deſponding of their charge,
More ſtruck with grief or wonder, who can tell?
Ye ſold to ſenſe! ye citizens of earth!
(For ſuch alone the Chriſtian banner fly)
Know ye how wiſe your choice, how great your gain?
Behold the picture of earth's happieſt man:
"He calls his wiſh, it comes; he ſends it back,
"And ſays, he call'd another; that arrives,
"Meets the ſame welcome; yet he ſtill calls on;
"Till *one* calls him, who varies not his call,
"But holds him faſt, in chains of darkneſs bound,
"Till nature dies, and judgment ſets him free;
"A freedom far leſs welcome than his chain."
But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's higheſt prize her lateſt hour;
That hour, ſo late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a poſt, comes on in full career:
How ſwift the ſhuttle flies, that weaves thy ſhroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years?
Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from Thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird ſtruggling to get looſe, is going;
Scarce now poſſeſs'd, ſo ſuddenly 'tis gone;
And each ſwift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By ſtrides as ſwift: Eternity is All;
And whoſe Eternity? Who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliſs!
For ever baſking in the Deity!
LORENZO! who?—Thy conſcience ſhall reply.
O give it leave to ſpeak; 'twill ſpeak ere long,
Thy leave unaſkt: LORENZO! hear it now,
While uſeful its advice, its accent mild.
By the great edict, the divine decree,

Truth is depoſited with man's *laſt hour*;
An honeſt hour, and faithful to her truſt;
Truth, eldeſt daughter of the Deity;
Truth, of his council, when he made the worlds;
Nor leſs, when he ſhall judge the worlds he made;
Tho' ſilent long, and ſleeping ne'er ſo ſound,
Smother'd with errors, and oppreſs'd with toys,
That heav'n-commiſſion'd hour no ſooner calls,
But from her cavern in the ſoul's abyſs,
Like him they fable under *Ætna* whelm'd,
The goddeſs burſts in thunder, and in flame;
Loudly convinces, and ſeverely pains.
Dark *dæmons* I diſcharge, and *Hydra*-ſtings;
The keen vibration of bright *truth*—is Hell:
Juſt definition! tho' by ſchools untaught.
Ye deaf to truth! peruſe this Parſon'd page,
And truſt, for once, a prophet, and a prieſt;
"Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*."

NIGHT

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

THE

RELAPSE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF LITCHFIELD.

LORENZO! to recriminate is juſt.
Fondneſs for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praiſe.
Praiſe no man e'er deſerv'd, who ſought no more.
As juſt thy *ſecond charge*. I grant the *muſe*
Has often bluſht at her degen'rate ſons,
Retain'd by *ſenſe* to plead her filthy cauſe;
To raiſe the low, to magnify the mean,
And ſubtilize the groſs into refin'd:
As if to magic numbers' powerful charm
'Twas given, to make a *civet* of their ſong
Obſcene, and ſweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our ſwine-enjoyments from the mire.

The fact notorious, nor obſcure the cauſe.
We wear the chains of *pleaſure*, and of *pride*.
Theſe ſhare the man; and theſe diſtract him too;
Draw diff'rent ways, and claſh in their commands.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the ſtars;
But *pleaſure*, lark-like, neſts upon the ground.
Joys ſhar'd by brute-creation, *pride* reſents;
Pleaſure embraces: Man would *both* enjoy,
And both *at once:* A point ſo hard how gain!
But, what can't wit, when ſtung by ſtrong deſire?
Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
Since joys of *ſenſe* can't riſe to *reaſon*'s taſte;
In ſubtle *ſophiſtry*'s laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reaſon *new*, that ſtoops
To ſordid ſcenes, and meets them with applauſe.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaſte zone to looſe;
Nor leſs than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:
A thouſand phantoms, and a thouſand ſpells,
A thouſand opiates ſcatters, to delude,
To faſcinate, inebriate, lay aſleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
Thus that which ſhock'd the *judgment*, ſhocks no more;
That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends.
Pleaſure and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man ſhall reign,
By *wit*'s addreſs, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, curſed art! wipes off th' indebted bluſh
From nature's cheek, and bronzes ev'ry ſhame.
Man ſmiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy ſtands candidate for praiſe.
All writ by man in favour of the ſoul,
Theſe *ſenſual ethics* far, in bulk, tranſcend.

The

The flow'rs of eloquence, profuſely pour'd
O'er ſpotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.
Can pow'rs of genius exorciſe their page,
And conſecrate enormities with ſong?
  But let not theſe inexpiable ſtrains
Condemn the muſe that knows her dignity;
Nor meanly ſtops at *time*, but holds the world
As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
A point in her eſteem; from whence to ſtart,
And run the round of univerſal ſpace,
To viſit Being univerſal there,
And Being's Source, that utmoſt flight of mind!
Yet, ſpite of this ſo vaſt circumference,
Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*:
Sing *ſyrens* only? Do not angels ſing?
There is in *poeſy* a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when ſhe ſpeaks to *proſe*,
Her younger ſiſter; haply, not more wiſe.
  Think'ſt thou, LORENZO! to find paſtimes here?
No guilty paſſion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity diſgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flow'r,
No rainbow colours, *here*, or ſilken tale:
But ſolemn *counſels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, thro' theſe revolving ſpheres,
This death-deep ſilence, and incumbent ſhade:
Thoughts, ſuch as ſhall reviſit your laſt hour;
Viſit uncall'd, and live when life expires;
And thy dark pencil, *midnight!* darker ſtill
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.
  Yet this, ev'n *this*, my laughter-loving friends!
LORENZO! and thy brothers of the ſmile!
If, what imports you moſt, can moſt engage,

Shall

Shall ſteal your ear, and chain you to my ſong.
Or if you fail me, know, the wiſe ſhall taſte
The truths I ſing; the truths I ſing ſhall feel;
And, feeling, give aſſent; and their aſſent
Is ample recompence; is more than praiſe.
But chiefly thine, O LITCHFIELD! nor miſtake;
Think not un-introduc'd I force my way;
NARCISSA, not unknown, not unally'd,
By virtue, or by blood, illuſtrious youth!
To thee, from blooming *amaranthine* bow'rs,
Where all the language *harmony*, deſcends
Uncall'd, and aſks admittance for the muſe:
A muſe that will not pain thee with thy praiſe;
Thy praiſe ſhe drops, by *nobler* ſtill inſpir'd.
O Thou! Bleſt Spirit! *whether* the ſupreme,
Great antemundane Father! in whoſe breaſt
Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions roll'd
Preſent, tho' future; prior to themſelves;
Whoſe breath can blow it into nought again;
Or, from his throne ſome delegated pow'r,
Who, ſtudious of our peace, doſt turn the thought
From vain and vile, to ſolid and ſublime!
Unſeen thou lead'ſt me to delicious draughts
Of inſpiration, from a purer ſtream,
And fuller of the god, than that which burſt
From fam'd *Caſtalia:* Nor is yet allay'd
My ſacred thirſt; tho' long my ſoul has rang'd
Thro' pleaſing paths of *moral*, and *divine*,
By Thee ſuſtain'd, and lighted by the STARS.
By *them* beſt lighted are the paths of *thought*;
Nights are their *days*, their moſt illumin'd hours.
By *day*, the ſoul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,

Reels

Reels far from reaſon, joſtled by the throng.
By *day* the ſoul is paſſive, all her thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken ere mature.
By *night*, from objects free, from paſſion cool,
Thoughts uncontroul'd, and unimpreſs'd, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd;
But from *ethereal* travels light on *earth*,
As voyagers drop anchor, for repoſe.
Let *Indians*, and the gay, like *Indians*, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the ſun adore:
Darkneſs has more divinity for me;
It ſtrikes thought inward; it drives back the ſoul
To ſettle on Herſelf, our point ſupreme!
There lies our theatre! there ſits our judge.
Darkneſs the curtain drops o'er life's dull ſcene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence ſtretcht out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *reaſon*'s reign,
And *virtue*'s too; theſe tutelary ſhades
Are man's *aſylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too;
It no leſs *reſcues* virtue, than *inſpires*.
Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature ſuffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world, without a ſtain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we *thought*, is blotted; we *reſolv'd*,
Is ſhaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
Each *ſalutation* may ſlide in a ſin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it ſtrange: *Light*, *motion*, *concourſe*, *noiſe*,
All, ſcatter us abroad; thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off

In

In fume and diſſipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breaſt unguarded to the foe.
Preſent example gets within our guard,
And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; *love of gain*
Strikes, like a peſtilence, from breaſt to breaſt;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe;
And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
From ſmiling man. A ſlight, a ſingle glance,
And ſhot at random, often has brought home
A ſudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
Of *envy, rancour*, or *impure deſire*.
We ſee, we hear, with peril; *ſafety* dwells
Remote from *multitude*; the world's a ſchool
Of *wrong*, and what proficients ſwarm around!
We muſt, or imitate, or diſapprove;
Muſt liſt as their accomplices, or foes;
That ſtains our innocence; *this* wounds our peace.
From nature's birth, hence, *wiſdom* has been ſmit
With ſweet receſs, and languiſht for the ſhade.
This ſacred ſhade, and ſolitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt preſence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone.
Vice ſinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an Atheiſt half-believes a God.
Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conſcious moon, thro' ev'ry diſtant age,
Has held a lamp to *wiſdom*, and let fall,
On *contemplation*'s eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from heav'n
Philoſophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to moleſt

His

His lab'ring mind, the ſtars in ſilence ſlide,
And ſeem all gazing on their future gueſt,
See him ſoliciting his ardent ſuit
In *private* audience: All the live-long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionleſs, he ſtands;
Nor quits his theme, or poſture, till the ſun
(Rude drunkard riſing roſy from the main!)
Diſturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments! ſtol'n from the black waſte
Of murder'd time! Auſpicious *midnight!* hail!
The world excluded, ev'ry paſſion huſh'd,
And open'd a calm intercourſe with heav'n,
Here the ſoul ſits in council; ponders *paſt*,
Predeſtines *future* action; ſees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reaſons with the ſtorm;
All her lyes anſwers, and *thinks* down her charms.
What aweful joy! What mental liberty!
I am not pent in darkneſs; rather ſay
(If not too bold) in darkneſs I'm embower'd.
Delightful gloom! the cluſt'ring thoughts around
Spontaneous riſe, and bloſſom in the ſhade;
But droop by day, and ſicken in the *ſun*.
Thought borrows light elſewhere; from that *firſt* fire,
Fountain of animation! whence deſcends
URANIA, my celeſtial gueſt! who deigns
Nightly to viſit me, ſo mean; and *now*
Conſcious how needful diſcipline to man,
From pleaſing dalliance with the charms of *night*
My wand'ring thought recalls, to what excites
Far other beat of heart! NARCISSA's tomb!
Or is it feeble nature calls me back,
And breaks my ſpirit into grief again?
Is it a *Stygian* vapour in my blood?

A cold,

A cold, ſlow puddle, creeping thro' my veins?
Or is it thus with all men?—Thus with all.
What are we? How unequal! Now we ſoar,
And now we ſink; to be the *ſame*, tranſcends
Our preſent proweſs. Dearly pays the *ſoul*
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay.
Reaſon, a baffled counſellor! but adds
The bluſh of weakneſs to the bane of woe.
The nobleſt ſpirit fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, duſky region, charg'd with ſtorms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
Or, flying, ſhort her flight, and ſure her fall.
Our utmoſt ſtrength, when down, to riſe again;
And not to *yield*, tho' *beaten*, all our praiſe.
'Tis vain to ſeek in men for more than man.
Tho' proud in promiſe, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,
Emerging from the ſhadows of the grave,
Where *grief* detain'd me priſoner, mounting high,
Threw wide the gates of everlaſting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, ſhook off *pain*,
Mortality ſhook off, in Ether pure,
And ſtruck the ſtars; *now* feel my ſpirits fail;
They drop me from the zenith; down I ruſh,
Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
In ſorrow drown'd—but not in ſorrow loſt.
How wretched is the man who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl in *ſorrow*'s ſtream:
Not ſo the thoughtleſs man that *only* grieves;
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain
(Ineſtimable gain!); and gives heav'n leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wiſe.
If wiſdom is our leſſon (and what elſe
Ennobles man? What elſe have angels learnt?)

Grief!

Grief! more proficients in thy ſchool are made,
Than *genius*, or *proud learning*, e'er cou'd boaſt.
Voracious *learning*, often over-fed,
Digeſts not into ſenſe her motley meal.
This *book-caſe*, which dark booty almoſt burſt,
This *forager* on others' wiſdom, leaves
Her native farm, her *reaſon*, quite untill'd.
With mixt manure ſhe ſurfeits the rank ſoil,
Dung'd, but not dreſt; and rich to beggary.
A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.
Her *ſervant*'s wealth, incumber'd *wiſdom* mourns.
And what ſays *genius?* "*Let the dull be wiſe.*"
Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong;
And loves to boaſt, where bluſh men leſs inſpir'd.
It pleads exemption from the laws of *ſenſe*;
Conſiders *reaſon* as a leveller;
And ſcorns to ſhare a bleſſing with the croud.
That wiſe it *could* be, thinks an ample claim
To *glory*, and to *pleaſure* gives the reſt.
CRASSUS but ſleeps, ARDELIO is undone.
Wiſdom leſs ſhudders at a fool, than wit.
But *wiſdom* ſmiles, when humbled mortals weep.
When *ſorrow* wounds the breaſt, as ploughs the glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel her ſoft'ning ſhower;
Her ſeed celeſtial, then, glad *wiſdom* ſows;
Her golden harveſt triumphs in the ſoil.
If ſo, NARCISSA! welcome my *Relapſe*;
I'll raiſe a tax on my calamity,
And reap rich compenſation from my pain.
I'll range the plenteous intellectual field;
And gather ev'ry thought of ſov'reign power
To chaſe the moral maladies of man;
Thoughts, which may bear tranſplanting to the ſkies,
Tho' natives of this coarſe penurious ſoil;

Nor wholly wither *there*, where *ſeraphs* ſing,
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heav'n.
Reaſon, the ſun that gives them birth, the ſame
In either clime, tho' more illuſtrious *there*.
Theſe choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
Shall form a garland for NARCISSA's tomb;
And, peradventure, of no fading flowers.
Say on what themes ſhall puzzled choice deſcend?
" Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
" *Why* men decline it; *ſuicide*'s foul birth;
" The various *kind of grief*; the *faults of age*;
" And *death's dread character*—invite my ſong."
And, firſt th' importance of our end ſurvey'd.
Friends counſel quick diſmiſſion of our grief:
Miſtaken kindneſs! our hearts heal *too ſoon*.
Are *they* more kind than *he*, who ſtruck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And baniſh peace, till *nobler gueſts* arrive,
And bring it back, a true, and endleſs peace?
Calamities are *friends*: As glaring *day*
Of theſe unnumber'd luſtres robs our ſight;
Proſperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine, to man.
The man how bleſt, who, ſick of gaudy ſcenes,
(Scenes apt to thruſt between Us and Ourſelves!)
Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk,
Beneath *death*'s gloomy, ſilent, cypreſs ſhades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantaſtic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his duſt,
Viſit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
LORENZO! read with me NARCISSA's ſtone;
(NARCISSA was thy fav'rite) let us read
Her *moral* ſtone; few doctors preach ſo well;
Few orators ſo tenderly can touch

The

The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the *date!*
Apt words can ſtrike: and yet in them we ſee
Faint images of what we, *here*, enjoy.
What cauſe have *we* to build on length of life?
Temptations ſeize, when *fear* is laid aſleep;
And ill foreboded is our ſtrongeſt guard.
See from her tomb, as from an humble ſhrine,
Truth, radiant goddeſs! ſallies on my ſoul,
And puts *deluſion*'s duſky train to flight;
Diſpels the miſts our ſultry *paſſions* raiſe,
From objects low, terreſtrial, and obſcene;
And ſhews the *real* eſtimate of things;
Which no man, unafflicted, ever ſaw;
Pulls off the veil from *virtue*'s riſing charms;
Detects *temptation* in a thouſand lyes.
Truth bids me look on men, as *autumn* leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the ſummer's duſt,
Driv'n by the whirlwind: Lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things inviſible, feel things remote,
Am preſent with futurities; think nought
To man ſo foreign, as the joys *poſſeſt*;
Nought ſo much his, as thoſe beyond the grave.
No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* ſight;
Pale *worldly wiſdom* loſes all her charms;
In pompous promiſe, from her ſchemes profound,
If future fate ſhe plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like *Sibyl*, unſubſtantial, fleeting bliſs!
At the firſt blaſt it vaniſhes in air.
Not ſo, *celeſtial:* Would'ſt thou know, LORENZO!
How differ *worldly wiſdom*, and *divine?*
Juſt as the waning, and the waxing moon.
More empty *worldly* wiſdom ev'ry day;
And ev'ry day more fair her *rival* ſhines.

When *later*, there's leſs time to play the fool.
Soon our whole term for wiſdom is expir'd
(Thou know'ſt ſhe calls no council in the grave):
And everlaſting fool is writ in fire,
Or *real* wiſdom wafts us to the ſkies.
As worldly ſchemes reſemble *Sibyl*'s leaves,
The good man's days to *Sibyl*'s books compare,
(In antient ſtory read, thou know'ſt the tale)
In price ſtill riſing, as in number leſs,
Ineſtimable quite his final hour.
For That who thrones can offer, offer thrones;
Inſolvent worlds the purchaſe cannot pay.
"O let me die his death!" all nature cries.
"Then live his life."—All nature faulters there.
Our great phyſician daily to conſult,
To commune with the *grave*, our only cure.
What grave preſcribes the beſt?—A friend's; and yet,
From a friend's grave, how ſoon we diſengage?
Ev'n to the deareſt, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends raviſht from us? 'Tis to bind,
By ſoft *affection*'s tyes, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which *reaſon*, too ſupine,
Or miſemploy'd, ſo rarely faſtens *there*.
Nor reaſon, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold, th' inexorable hour at hand!
Behold, th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief *aim* of life,
Tho' well to ponder it, is life's chief *end*.
Is death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only ſure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected gueſt?
Nay, tho' invited by the loudeſt calls
Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected ſtill?

Tho' numerous meſſengers are ſent before,
To warn his great arrival. What the cauſe,
The wond'rous cauſe, of this myſterious ill?
All heav'n looks down aſtoniſh'd at the ſight.
Is it, that life has ſown her *joys* ſo thick,
We can't thruſt in a ſingle care between?
Is it, that life has ſuch a ſwarm of *cares*,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that *time* ſteals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream?
To-day is ſo like *yeſterday*, it cheats;
We take the lying ſiſter for the ſame.
Life glides away, LORENZO! like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the ſame brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the ſame life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the ſame; the ſame we think
Our life, tho' ſtill more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the *much*, irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the ſea. Or ſhall we ſay
(Retaining ſtill the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a veſſel on the ſtream?
In life embark'd, we ſmoothly down the tide
Of *time* deſcend, but not on *time* intent;
Amus'd, unconſcious of the gliding wave;
Till on a ſudden we perceive a ſhock;
We ſtart, awake, look out; what ſee we there?
Our brittle bark is burſt on *Charon*'s ſhore.
Is this the cauſe *death* flies all human thought?
Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* ſtruck blind,
That domineering miſtreſs of the ſoul!
Like *him* ſo ſtrong, by *Dalilah* the fair?
Or is it *fear* turns ſtartled *reaſon* back,
From looking down a precipice ſo ſteep?

'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wiſely plac'd,
By nature, conſcious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming ſword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, in life's moſt ſmiling hour,
The *good man* would repine; would *ſuffer* joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd ſkies.
The *bad*, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein;
Bound o'er the barrier, ruſh into the dark,
And mar the ſchemes of Providence below.
What groan was that, LORENZO?—Furies! riſe;
And drown in your leſs execrable yell,
Britannia's ſhame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black ſullen ſoul,
Blaſted from hell, with horrid luſt of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant *Altamont*,
So call'd, ſo thought—And *then* he fled the field.
Leſs baſe the fear of death, than fear of life.
O *Britain*, infamous for Suicide!
An *iſland* in thy manners! far disjoin'd
From the whole world of *rationals* beſide!
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Waſh the dire ſtain, nor ſhock the continent.
But thou be ſhock'd, while I detect the cauſe
Of *ſelf-aſſault*, expoſe the monſter's birth,
And bid *abhorrence* hiſs it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the diſtant ſun;
The ſun is innocent, thy clime abſolv'd:
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
The cauſe I ſing, in *Eden* might prevail,
And proves, It is thy folly, not thy fate.
The ſoul of man (let man in homage bow,
Who names his *ſoul*), a native of the ſkies!

High-born,

High-born, and free, her freedom ſhould maintain,
Unfold, unmortgag'd for *earth*'s little bribes.
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger, in this foreign land,
Like ſtrangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of *earth* ſuſpicious, *earth*'s inchanted cup
With cool reſerve light touching, ſhould indulge,
On *immortality*, her godlike taſte;
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet *there*.
But ſome reject this ſuſtenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites deſcend;
Aſk alms of *earth*, for gueſts that came from *heav'n!*
Sink into ſlaves; and ſell, for *preſent* hire,
Their rich reverſion, and (what ſhares its fate)
Their native *freedom*, to the prince who ſways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his foul baſket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd palates loath the baſket full;
Are inſtantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And burſting their confinement; tho' faſt barr'd
By laws divine and human; guarded ſtrong
With *horrors* doubled to defend the paſs,
The blackeſt, *nature*, or *dire guilt* can raiſe;
And moated round with fathomleſs *deſtruction*,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.
Such, *Britons!* is the *cauſe*, to you unknown,
Or worſe, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magiſtrates,
Thus criminals themſelves. I grant the deed
Is madneſs; but the madneſs of the *heart*,
And what is that? Our utmoſt bound of guilt.
A ſenſual, unreflecting life, is big
With monſtrous births, and *Suicide*, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break

Heav'n's law ſupreme, and deſperately ruſh
Thro' ſacred *nature's* murder, on their own,
Becauſe they never *think of death*, they die.
'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to ſhun, and meditate, his end.
When by the bed of languiſhment we ſit,
(The ſeat of *wiſdom!* if our choice, not fate)
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguiſh hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or ſtay the ſinking head,
Number their moments, and, in ev'ry clock,
Start at the voice of an Eternity;
See the dim lamp of life juſt feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then ſink again, and quiver into death,
That moſt pathetic herald of our own;
How read we ſuch ſad ſcenes? As ſent to man
In perfect vengeance? No; in pity ſent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impreſs,
Indelible, *death's* image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himſelf.
We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we ſmile.
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
Our quick-returning *folly* cancels all;
As the tide ruſhing raſes what is writ
In yielding ſands, and ſmooths the letter'd ſhore.
Lorenzo! haſt thou ever weigh'd a *ſigh?*
Or ſtudy'd the philoſophy of *tears?*
(A ſcience, yet unlectur'd in our ſchools!)
Haſt thou deſcended deep into the breaſt,
And ſeen their ſource? If not, deſcend with me,
And trace theſe briny riv'lets to their ſprings.
Our ſun'ral tears, from diff'rent cauſes, riſe.
As if from ſep'rate ciſterns in the ſoul,
Of *various kinds*, they flow. From tender hearts,

By

By ſoft contagion call'd, *ſome* burſt at once,
And ſtream obſequious to the leading eye.
Some aſk more time, by curious *art* diſtill'd.
Some hearts, in ſecret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like MOSES' ſmitten rock, guſh out amain.
Some weep to ſhare the fame of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them ſo dear.
They dwell on praiſes, which they think they ſhare;
And thus, without a bluſh, commend Themſelves.
Some mourn, in proof, that ſomething they could love:
They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *ſhew*.
Some weep in perfect juſtice to the dead,
As conſcious all their love is in arrear.
Some miſchievouſly weep, not unappris'd
Tears, ſometimes, aid the conqueſt of an eye.
With what addreſs the ſoft *Epheſians* draw
Their ſable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
As ſeen thro' chryſtal, how their roſes glow,
While *liquid pearl* runs trickling down their cheek?
Of her's not prouder *Egypt*'s wanton queen,
Carouſing gems, herſelf diſſolv'd in love.
Some weep at *death*, abſtracted from the *dead*,
And celebrate, like CHARLES, their own deceaſe.
By kind conſtruction ſome are *deem'd* to weep,
Becauſe a decent veil conceals their joy.
Some weep in earneſt, and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiſcretion, as in woe.
Paſſion, blind paſſion! impotently pours
Tears, that deſerve more tears; while *reaſon* ſleeps;
Or gazes like an idiot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the ſtorm;
Knows not it ſpeaks to *her*, and her *alone*.
Irrationals all ſorrow are beneath,

That noble gift! that privilege of man!
From *ſorrow*'s pang, the birth of endleſs joy.
But *theſe* are barren of that birth divine;
They weep impetuous, as the ſummer ſtorm,
And full as ſhort! The cruel *grief* ſoon tam'd,
They make a paſtime of the ſtingleſs tale;
Far as the deep reſounding knell, they ſpread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of *wiſdom* pays them for their *woe*.
Half-round the globe, the tears pumpt up by *death*
Are ſpent in wat'ring vanities of life;
In making *folly* flouriſh ſtill more fair.
When the ſick ſoul, her wonted ſtay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and ſorrows in the duſt;
Inſtead of learning, *there*, her *true ſupport*,
Tho' there thrown down her true ſupport to learn,
Without heav'n's aid, impatient to be bleſt,
She crawls to the next ſhrub, or bramble vile,
Tho from the ſtately cedar's arms ſhe fell;
With ſtale, forſworn embraces, clings anew,
The ſtranger weds, and bloſſoms, as before,
In all the fruitleſs fopperies of life:
Preſents her *weed*, well-fancy'd, at the ball,
And raffles for the *death's-head* on the ring.
So wept AURELIA, till the deſtin'd youth
Stept in, with his receipt for making ſmiles,
And blanching ſables into bridal bloom.
So wept LORENZO fair CLARISSA's fate;
Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doats;
And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth!
Not ſuch, NARCISSA, my diſtreſs for Thee.
I'll make an altar of thy ſacred tomb,
To ſacrifice to wiſdom.—What waſt Thou?
"*Young, gay*, and *fortunate!*" Each yields a theme.

I'll

I'll dwell on each, to ſhun thought more ſevere;
(Heav'n knows I labour with ſeverer ſtill!)
I'll dwell on each, and quite exhauſt thy death.
A ſoul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.
And, firſt, thy *youth*. What ſays it to grey hairs!
NARCISSA, I'm become *thy* pupil *now*—
Early, bright, tranſient, chaſte, as morning dew,
She ſparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heav'n.
Time on this head has ſnow'd; yet ſtill 'tis borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on *another's* grave.
Cover'd with ſhame I ſpeak it, *age* ſevere
Old worn-out vice ſets down for virtue fair;
With graceleſs gravity, chaſtiſing youth,
That youth chaſtis'd ſurpaſſing in a fault,
Father of all, forgetfulneſs of death:
As if, like objects preſſing on the ſight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be ſeen:
Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right;
And men might plead preſcription from the grave;
Deathleſs, from repetition of reprieve.
Deathleſs? far from it! *ſuch* are dead already;
Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.
Tell me, ſome god! my guardian angel! tell,
What thus infatuates? what inchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us, and death
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thouſand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily ſhunn'd?
We ſtand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourſelves;
Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal ſtill!

We

We ſee time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his aſſault;
How few themſelves, in that juſt mirror, ſee!
Or, ſeeing, draw their inference as ſtrong!
There death is certain; doubtful *here*: He *muſt*,
And *ſoon*; We *may*, within an *age*, expire.
Tho' grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green;
Like damag'd clocks, whoſe hand and bell diſſent;
Folly ſings Six, while *nature* points at Twelve.
Abſurd *longevity!* More, More, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more traſh of ev'ry kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when reliſh fails?
Object, and *appetite*, muſt club for joy;
Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow,
Baubles, I mean, that ſtrike us from *without*,
While *nature* is relaxing ev'ry ſtring?
Aſk *thought* for joy; grow rich, and hoard *within*.
Think you the ſoul, when this life's rattles ceaſe,
Has nothing of more manly to ſucceed?
Contract the taſte immortal; learn ev'n Now
To reliſh what *alone* ſubſiſts hereafter.
Divine, or *none*, henceforth your joys for ever.
Of *age* the glory is, to *wiſh* to die.
That wiſh is *praiſe*, and *promiſe*; it applauds
Paſt life, and promiſes our future bliſs.
What weakneſs ſee not children in their ſires?
Grand-climacterical abſurdities!
Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
How ſhocking: It makes folly thrice a fool;
And our firſt childhood might our laſt deſpiſe.
Peace and *eſteem* is all that age can hope.
Nothing but *wiſdom* gives the *firſt*; the *laſt*,
Nothing, but the *repute of being wiſe*.
Folly bars both; our age is quite undone.

What

What folly can be ranker? Like our ſhadows,
Our wiſhes lengthen, as our ſun declines.
No wiſh ſhould loiter, *then*, this ſide the grave.
Our hearts ſhould leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcaſes to mend the ſoil.
Enough to live in tempeſt, die in port;
Age ſhould fly concourſe, cover in retreat
Defects of *judgment*; and the *will*'s ſubdue;
Walk thoughtful on the ſilent, ſolemn ſhore
Of that vaſt ocean it muſt ſail ſo ſoon;
And put *good-works* on board; and wait the wind
That ſhortly blows us into worlds unknown;
If *unconſider'd* too, a dreadful ſcene!

All ſhould be prophets to themſelves; foreſee
Their future fate; their future fate foretaſte;
This art would waſte the bitterneſs of death.
The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* deſtroys.
A diſaffection to that precious thought
Is more than *midnight* darkneſs on the ſoul,
Which ſleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
Puff'd off by the firſt blaſt, and loſt for ever.

Doſt aſk, LORENZO, why ſo warmly preſt,
By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
The thought of death? That thought is the machine,
The grand machine! that heaves us from the duſt,
And rears us into men. That thought, ply'd home,
Will ſoon reduce the ghaſtly *precipice*
O'er-hanging hell, will ſoften the deſcent,
And gently ſlope our paſſage to the grave;
How warmly to be wiſht! What heart of fleſh
Would trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? What hand,
Beyond the blackeſt brand of cenſure bold,

(To

(To ſpeak a language *too well* known to Thee)
Would at a moment give its *All* to chance,
And *ſtamp* the die for an eternity?
Aid me, NARCISSA! aid me to keep pace
With *deſtiny*; and ere her ſciſſars cut
My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
Of moral death, that ties me to the world.
Sting thou my ſlumb'ring *reaſon* to ſend forth
A thought of obſervation on the foe;
To ſally; and ſurvey the rapid march
Of his ten thouſand meſſengers to man;
Who, JEHU-like, behind him turns them all.
All *accident* apart, by *nature* ſign'd,
My warrant is gone out, tho' dormant yet;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.
Muſt I then *forward* only look for death?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there.
Man is a ſelf-ſurvivor ev'ry year.
Man, like a ſtream, is in perpetual flow.
Death's a deſtroyer of quotidian prey.
My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, His; my *yeſterday*;
The bold invader ſhares the *preſent* hour.
Each moment on the former ſhuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in decreaſe;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers waſte, that inſtant they take fire.
Shall we then fear, leſt that ſhould come to paſs,
Which comes to paſs each moment of our lives?
If fear we muſt, let *that* death turn us pale,
Which murders *ſtrength* and *ardour*; what remains
Should rather call on death, than dread his call.
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline!

Thoughtleſs of death, but when your neighbour's knell
(Rude viſitant!) knocks hard at your dull ſenſe,
And with its thunder ſcarce obtains your ear!
Be death your theme, in ev'ry place and hour;
Nor longer want, ye monumental Sires!
A brother tomb to tell you you ſhall die.
That death you *dread* (ſo great is nature's ſkill!)
Know, you ſhall *court* before you ſhall enjoy.
But you are learn'd; in volumes, deep you ſit;
In wiſdom, ſhallow: Pompous ignorance!
Wou'd you be ſtill more learned, than the learn'd?
Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your *ſenſe*.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feaſt.
You ſcorn what lies before you in the page
Of *nature*, and *experience*, moral truth;
Of indiſpenſable, eternal fruit;
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods:
And dive in *ſcience* for diſtinguiſht names,
Diſhoneſt fomentation of your pride;
Sinking in virtue, as you riſe in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while ſpeculation ſhines.
Awake, ye curious indagators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
If you would learn *death's character*, attend.
All caſts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together ſhook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random: Or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite *ſarcaſtic*, and inſults

All

All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
What countleſs multitudes not only *leave*,
But deeply *diſappoint* us, by their deaths!
Tho' great our ſorrow, greater our ſurprize.
Like other tyrants, *death* delights to ſmite,
What, ſmitten, moſt proclaims the pride of pow'r,
And arbitrary nod. His joy ſupreme,
To bid the wretch ſurvive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his ſhroud;
And weeping fathers build their childrens tomb:
Me Thine, NARCISSA!—What tho' ſhort thy date?
Virtue, not rolling ſuns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which anſwers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deſerves no name;
The man of wiſdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth METHUSALEMS may die;
O how *miſdated* on their flatt'ring tombs!
NARCISSA's *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her *gaiety* give counſel too?
That, like the *Jews* fam'd oracle of gems,
Sparkles inſtruction; ſuch as throws new light,
And opens more the *character of death*;
Ill known to thee, LORENZO! *This* thy vaunt:
"Give death his due, the wretched, and the old;
"Ev'n let him ſweep his rubbiſh to the grave;
"Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
"But own man born to *live* as well as *die*."
Wretched and *old* thou giv'ſt him; *young* and *gay*
He takes; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy.
What if I prove, "The fartheſt from the *fear*,
"Are often neareſt to the *ſtroke* of Fate?"
All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life:
As if bright embers ſhould emit a flame,

Glad

Glad ſpirits ſparkled from NARCISSA's eye,
And made youth younger, and taught life to live,
As nature's oppoſites wage endleſs war,
For *this* offence, as treaſon to the deep
Inviolable ſtupor of his reign,
Where *luſt*, and turbulent *ambition*, ſleep,
Death took ſwift vengeance. As he life deteſts,
More life is ſtill more odious; and, reduc'd
By conqueſt, aggrandizes more his pow'r.
But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd? By heav'n's decree,
To plant the ſoul on her eternal guard,
In aweful expectation of our end.
Thus runs death's dread commiſſion: "Strike, but *ſo*,
"As moſt alarms the living by the dead."
Hence *ſtratagem* delights him, and *ſurprize*,
And cruel ſport with man's ſecurities.
Not ſimple conqueſt, triumph is his aim;
And, where leaſt fear'd, there conqueſt triumphs moſt.
This proves my bold aſſertion not too bold.
What are *his* arts to lay our fears aſleep?
Tiberian arts his purpoſes wrap up
In deep diſſimulation's darkeſt night.
Like princes unconfeſt in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, *death* aſſumes
The name and look of *life*, and dwells among us.
He takes all ſhapes that ſerve his black deſigns:
Tho' maſter of a wider empire far
Than that, o'er which the *Roman* eagle flew.
Like *Nero*, he's a fiddler, charioteer,
Or drives his *phaeton*, in female guiſe;
Quite unſuſpected, till, the wheel beneath,
His diſarray'd oblation he devours.
He moſt affects the forms leaſt like himſelf,
His ſlender ſelf. Hence burly corpulence

Is his familiar wear, and ſleek diſguiſe.
Behind the roſy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambuſh in a ſmile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and ſink them in deſpair.
Such, on NARCISSA's couch he loiter'd long
Unknown; and, when detected, ſtill was ſeen
To *ſmile*; ſuch peace has innocence in death!
Moſt happy they! whom leaſt his arts deceive.
One eye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *heav'n*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous ſpy,
I've ſeen, or dreamt I ſaw, the tyrant *dreſs*;
Lay by his horrors, and put on his ſmiles.
Say, muſe, for thou remember'ſt, call it back,
And ſhew LORENZO the ſurpriſing ſcene;
If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain.
'Twas in a circle of the *gay* I ſtood.
Death would have enter'd; *Nature* puſht him back;
Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd. Then artfully *diſmiſt*
The ſage; for *death* deſign'd to be conceal'd.
He gave an old vivacious *uſurer*
His meagre aſpect, and his naked bones;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
A pamper'd *ſpendthrift*; whoſe fantaſtic air,
Well-faſhion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of coſtly linen, tuck'd his filthy ſhroud.
His crooked bow he ſtraiten'd to a cane;
And hid his deadly ſhafts in MYRA's eye.
The dreadful maſquerader, thus equipt,
Out-ſallies on adventures. Aſk you where?
Where is he not? For his peculiar haunts,

Let

Let *this* ſuffice; ſure as night follows day,
Death treads in *pleaſure*'s footſteps round the world,
When *pleaſure* treads the paths, which *reaſon* ſhuns.
When, againſt *reaſon*, *riot* ſhuts the door,
And *gaiety* ſupplies the place of *ſenſe*,
Then, foremoſt at the banquet, and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or ſtamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carouſing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to ſee them laugh at him,
As abſent far: And when the revel burns,
When *fear* is baniſht, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Againſt him turns the key; and bids him ſup
With their progenitors—He drops his maſk;
Frowns out at full; they ſtart, deſpair, expire.
Scarce with more ſudden terror and ſurprize,
From his black maſque of nitre, touch'd by fire,
He burſts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And *more than ſimple conqueſt*, in the fiend?
And now, LORENZO, doſt thou wrap thy ſoul
In ſoft ſecurity, becauſe unknown
Which moment is commiſſion'd to deſtroy?
In *death*'s uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is *death* uncertain? Therefore Thou be fixt;
Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouſe, ſtand in arms, nor lean againſt thy ſpear;
Leſt ſlumber ſteal one moment o'er thy ſoul,
And *fate* ſurprize thee nodding. Watch, be ſtrong;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well; tho' doom'd but once to die.
Nor let life's *period* hidden (as from moſt)

Hide too from Thee the precious *uſe* of life.
Early, not ſudden, was NARCISSA's fate.
Soon, not ſurpriſing, *death* his viſit paid.
Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
Nor *gaiety* forgot it was to die:
Tho' *fortune* too (our third and final theme),
As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And ev'ry glitt'ring gewgaw, on her ſight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;
And ev'ry thought that miſſes it, is blind.
Fortune, with *youth* and *gaiety*, conſpir'd
To weave a *triple* wreath of happineſs
(If happineſs on earth) to crown her brow.
And could *death* charge thro' ſuch a ſhining ſhield?
That ſhining ſhield *invites* the tyrant's ſpear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And ſtrongly preach humility to man.
O how portentous is proſperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it ſhines!
Few years but yield us proof of *death*'s ambition,
To cull his victims from the faireſt fold,
And ſheath his ſhafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliſs,
Set up in oſtentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
When *fortune* thus has toſs'd her child in air,
Snatcht from the covert of an humble ſtate,
How often have I ſeen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy! and our ev'ning's ſigh!
As if her bounties were the ſignal giv'n,
The flow'ry wreath to mark the ſacrifice,
And call death's arrows on the deſtin'd prey.

High

High fortune ſeems in cruel league with *fate*.
Aſk you for what? To give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illuſtrious ſpoil;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns LORENZO ſtill for the ſublime
Of life? to hang his airy neſt on high,
On the ſlight timber of the topmoſt bough,
Rockt at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
Granting grim *death* at equal diſtance *there*;
Yet *peace* begins juſt where *ambition* ends.
What makes man wretched? Happineſs *deny'd*?
LORENZO! no: 'Tis happineſs *diſdain'd*.
She comes too meanly dreſt to win our ſmile;
And calls herſelf *Content*, a homely name!
Our flame is *tranſport*, and *content* our ſcorn.
Ambition turns, and ſhuts the door againſt her,
And weds a *toil*, a *tempeſt*, in her ſtead;
A *tempeſt* to warm *tranſport* near of kin.
Unknowing what our mortal ſtate admits,
Life's modeſt joys we ruin, while we raiſe;
And all our ecſtaſies are wounds to peace;
Peace, the full portion of mankind below.
And ſince thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
Of fortune fond! as thoughtleſs of thy fate!
As late I drew *death*'s picture, to ſtir up
Thy wholeſome fears; now, drawn in contraſt, ſee
Gay *fortune*'s, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
See, high in air, the ſportive goddeſs hangs,
Unlocks her caſket, ſpreads her glittering ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All ruſh rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
Sons o'er their fathers, ſubjects o'er their kings,
Prieſts o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
(Still *more* ador'd) to ſnatch the golden ſhow'r.

Gold glitters moſt, where *virtue* ſhines no more;
As ſtars from abſent ſuns have leave to ſhine.
O what a precious pack of votaries
Unkennell'd from the priſons, and the ſtews,
Pour in, all op'ning in their idol's praiſe;
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
Morſel on morſel ſwallow down unchew'd,
Untaſted, thro' mad appetite for more;
Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and rav'nous ſtill.
Sagacious All, to trace the ſmalleſt game,
And bold to ſeize the greateſt. If (bleſt chance!)
Court-zephyrs ſweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,
O'er juſt, o'er ſacred, all-forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning ſcent of place or pow'r,
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.
Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their various fates ſurvey.
With aim miſ-meaſur'd, and impetuous ſpeed,
Some darting, ſtrike their ardent wiſh far off,
Thro' fury to poſſeſs it: *Some* ſucceed,
But ſtumble, and let fall the taken prize.
From *ſome*, by ſudden blaſts, 'tis whirl'd away,
And lodg'd in boſoms that ne'er dreamt of gain.
To *ſome* it ſticks ſo cloſe, that, when torn off,
Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Together *ſome* (unhappy rivals!) ſeize,
And rend abundance into poverty;
Loud croaks the raven of the law, and ſmiles:
Smiles too the goddeſs; but ſmiles moſt at thoſe,
(Juſt victims of exorbitant deſire!)
Who periſh at their own requeſt, and, whelm'd
Beneath her load of laviſh grants, expire.

Fortune

Fortune is famous for her numbers ſlain,
The number ſmall, which happineſs can bear.
Tho' *various* for a while their fates; at laſt
One curſe involves them all: At death's approach,
All read their riches backward into loſs,
And mourn, in juſt proportion to their ſtore.
And *death*'s approach (if orthodox my ſong)
Is haſten'd by the lure of *fortune*'s ſmiles.
And art thou ſtill a glutton of bright gold?
And art thou ſtill rapacious of thy ruin?
Death loves a ſhining mark, a ſignal blow;
A blow, which, while it executes, alarms;
And ſtartles thouſands with a ſingle fall.
As when ſome ſtately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly ſpreads her ſhade,
The ſun's defiance, and the flock's defence;
By the ſtrong ſtrokes of lab'ring hinds ſubdu'd,
Loud groans her laſt, and, ruſhing from her height,
In cumbrous ruin, thunders to the ground:
The conſcious foreſt trembles at the ſhock,
And hill, and ſtream, and diſtant dale, reſound.
Theſe high-aim'd darts of *death*, and theſe alone,
Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
A quiver, which, ſuſpended in mid-air,
Or near heav'n's *archer*, in the zodiack, hung,
(So could it be) *ſhould* draw the public eye,
The gaze and contemplation of mankind!
A conſtellation awful, yet benign,
To guide the *gay* through life's tempeſtuous wave;
Nor ſuffer them to ſtrike the common rock,
" From greater danger to grow more ſecure,
" And, wrapt in happineſs, forget their fate."
LYSANDER, happy paſt the common lot,
Was warn'd of danger, but too *gay* to fear.
He woo'd the fair ASPASIA: She was kind:

In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were bleſt:
All who knew, envy'd; yet in envy lov'd:
Can fancy form more finiſht happineſs?
Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her ſtately dome
Roſe on the ſounding beach. The glittering ſpires
Float in the wave, and break againſt the ſhore:
So break thoſe glitt'ring ſhadows, human joys.
The faithleſs morning ſmil'd: he takes his leave,
To re-embrace, in ecſtaſies, at eve.
The riſing ſtorm forbids. The news arrives:
Untold, ſhe ſaw it in her ſervant's eye.
She felt it ſeen (her heart was apt to feel);
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid
In ſuffocating ſorrows, ſhares his tomb.
Now, round the ſumptuous, bridal monument,
The guilty billows innocently roar;
And the rough ſailor paſſing, drops a tear.
A tear?—Can tears ſuffice?—But not for *me*.
How vain our efforts! and our arts, how vain!
The *diſtant* train of thought I took, to ſhun,
Has thrown me on my fate—*Theſe* died together;
Happy in ruin! *undivorc'd* by death!
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
NARCISSA! Pity bleeds at thought of thee.
Yet thou waſt only *near* me; not *myſelf*.
Survive *myſelf*?—*That* cures all other woe.
NARCISSA lives; PHILANDER is forgot.
O the ſoft commerce! O the tender ties,
Cloſe-twiſted with the fibres of the heart!
Which, broken, break them; and drain off the ſoul
Of human joy; and make it pain to live—
And is it then to live? When *ſuch* friends part,
'Tis the ſurvivor dies—My heart, no more.

NIGHT

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

THE

INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

CONTAINING

The NATURE, PROOF, and IMPORTANCE, of
IMMORTALITY.

PART THE FIRST.

Where, among other Things, GLORY and RICHES are particularly considered.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY PELHAM,

FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY, AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

PREFACE.

FEW ages have been deeper in diſpute about religion, than this. The diſpute about religion, and the practice of it, ſeldom go together. The ſhorter, therefore, the diſpute, the better. I think it may be reduc'd to this ſingle queſtion, Is man immortal, or is he not? *If he is not, all our diſputes are mere amuſements, or trials of ſkill. In this caſe,* truth, reaſon, religion, *which give our diſcourſes ſuch pomp and ſolemnity, are (as will be ſhewn) mere empty ſound, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very ſerious about eternal conſequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, uneſtabliſhed, or unawaken'd in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the* real *ſource and ſupport of all our infidelity; how remote ſoever the particular objections advanced may ſeem to be from it.*

Senſible appearances *affect moſt men much more than* abſtract reaſonings; *and we daily ſee* bodies *drop around us, but the* ſoul *is inviſible. The power which* inclination *has over the* judgment, *is greater than can be well conceived by thoſe that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the ſad intereſt that ſouls ſhould not ſurvive! The heathen world confeſſed, that they rather* hoped, *than firmly* believed *immortality! And how many heathens have we ſtill amongſt us! The ſacred page aſſures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the Goſpel: but by how many is the Goſpel rejected,*

rejected, or overlooked! From these considerations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded that most, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable error, by some doubt of their immortality, *at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, inquire after the surest means of escaping one, and securing the other. And of such an earnest and impartial inquiry, I well know the consequence.*

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered; arguments derived from principles which Infidels admit in common with Believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irresistible; and such as, I am satisfied, will have great weight with all, who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world. If some arguments shall, here, *occur, which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points the* most *important. For, as to the Being of a God, that is no longer disputed; but it is undisputed for this reason only;* viz. *because, where the least pretence to reason is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable. And of consequence no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature by* vanity; *which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our Belief.*

SHE * (for I know not yet her name in heav'n)
Not early, like NARCISSA, left the ſcene;
Nor ſudden, like PHILANDER. What avail?
This ſeeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancy'd med'cine heightens the diſeaſe.
The longer known, the cloſer ſtill ſhe grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts,
By tardy preſſure's ſtill-increaſing weight,
From hardeſt hearts, confeſſion of diſtreſs.
O the long, dark approach through years of pain,
Death's gall'ry! (might I dare to call it ſo)
With diſmal *doubt*, and ſable *terror*, hung;
Sick *hope*'s pale lamp its only glimm'ring ray:
There, fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
Forbid *ſelf-love* itſelf to flatter, there.
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically ſad!
How oft I ſaw her dead, while yet in ſmiles!
In ſmiles ſhe ſunk *her* grief to leſſen *mine*.
She ſpoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
By ſlow, and ſilent, but reſiſtleſs ſap,
In his pale progreſs gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly ſiege; in ſpite of art,

* Referring to Night the Fifth.

Of

Of all the balmy bleſſings nature lends
To ſuccour frail humanity. Ye ſtars!
(Not now *firſt* made familiar to my ſight)
And thou, O moon! bear witneſs; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Ty'd down my ſore attention to the ſhock,
By ceaſeleſs depredations on a life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful poſt
Of obſervation! darker ev'ry hour!
Leſs dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below;
When my ſoul ſhudder'd at futurity;
When, on a moment's point, th' important dye
Of life and death ſpun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.
But why more woe? More comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but that which wiſh'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedneſs and pain;
Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the paſs, and barr'd from *real life*.
Where dwells *that* wiſh moſt ardent of the wiſe?
Too dark the ſun to ſee it; higheſt ſtars
Too low to reach it; *death*, great *death* alone,
O'er ſtars and ſun, triumphant, lands us there.
Nor dreadful our *tranſition*; tho' the mind,
An artiſt at creating ſelf-alarms,
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never *ſat*.
Our ſketch all random ſtrokes, conjecture all;
Cloſe ſhuts the grave, nor tells one ſingle tale.
Death, and his image riſing in the brain,
Bear faint reſemblance; never are alike;
Fear ſhakes the pencil; *fancy* loves exceſs;

Dark

Dark *ignorance* is laviſh of her ſhades:
And *theſe* the formidable picture draw.
But grant the worſt; 'tis paſt; new proſpects riſe;
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the rigors of our life;
Views that ſuſpend our agonies in death.
Wrapt in the thought of *immortality*,
Wrapt in the ſingle, the triumphant thought!
Long life might lapſe, age unperceiv'd come on;
And find the ſoul unfated with her theme.
Its *nature, proof, importance*, fire my ſong.
O that my ſong could emulate my ſoul!
Like her, immortal. No!—the ſoul diſdains
A mark ſo mean; far nobler hope inflames;
If endleſs ages can outweigh an hour,
Let not the *laurel*, but the *palm*, inſpire.
Thy *nature*, immortality! who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In ſtronger thread of brighter colour ſpun,
And ſpun for ever; dipt by cruel fate
In *Stygian* dye, how *black*, how *brittle here!*
How ſhort our correſpondence with the ſun!
And while it laſts, inglorious! Our beſt deeds,
How wanting in their weight! Our higheſt joys
Small cordials to ſupport us in our pain,
And give us ſtrength to ſuffer. But how *great*
To mingle int'reſts, converſe, amities,
With all the ſons of *reaſon*, ſcatter'd wide
Thro' habitable ſpace, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! To live free citizens
Of univerſal nature! To lay hold
By more than feeble *faith* on the *Supreme!*
To call heav'n's rich unfathomable mines

(Mines,

(Mines, which ſupport archangels in their ſtate)
Our own! To riſe in ſcience, as in bliſs,
Initiate in the ſecrets of the ſkies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare boſom of the Deity!
The plan, and execution, to collate!
To ſee, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all ſhadow, blown remote; and leave
No myſtery—but that of Love Divine,
Which lifts us on the ſeraph's flaming wing,
From earth's *aceldama*, this field of blood,
Of inward anguiſh, and of outward ill,
From darkneſs, and from duſt, to *ſuch* a ſcene!
Love's element! true joy's illuſtrious home!
From earth's ſad contraſt (now deplor'd) more fair!
What exquiſite viciſſitude of fate!
Bleſt abſolution of our blackeſt hour!

LORENZO, theſe are thoughts that make man Man,
The wiſe illumine, aggrandize the great.
How Great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And ev'ry moment fear to ſink beneath
The clod we tread; ſoon trodden by our ſons)
How great, in the wild whirl of *time*'s purſuits,
To ſtop, and pauſe, involv'd in high preſage,
Thro' the long viſto of a thouſand years,
To ſtand contemplating our diſtant ſelves,
As in a magnifying mirror ſeen,
Enlarg'd, Ennobled, Elevate, Divine!
To propheſy our own futurities;
To gaze in thought on what all thought tranſcends!
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
As far beyond conception as deſert,
Ourſelves th' aſtoniſh'd talkers, and the tale!

LORENZO,

Lorenzo, ſwells thy boſom at the thought?
The ſwell becomes thee: 'Tis an honeſt pride.
Revere thyſelf;—and yet thyſelf deſpiſe.
His *nature* no man can o'er-rate; and none
Can under-rate his *merit*. Take good heed,
Nor there be modeſt, where thou ſhould'ſt be proud;
That almoſt univerſal error ſhun.
How *juſt* our pride, when we behold *thoſe* heights!
Not thoſe *ambition* paints in air, but thoſe
Reaſon points out, and ardent *virtue* gains;
And angels emulate; our pride how juſt!
When mount we? When theſe ſhackles caſt? When quit
This cell of the creation? This ſmall neſt,
Stuck in a corner of the univerſe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-ſpun air?
Fine-ſpun to ſenſe; but groſs and feculent
To ſouls celeſtial; ſouls ordain'd to breathe
Ambroſial gales, and drink a purer ſky;
Greatly triumphant on *time's* farther ſhore,
Where *virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears;
While *pomp imperial* begs an alms of peace.
In empire high, or in proud ſcience deep,
Ye born of earth! on what can you confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The guſt, the glow of rational delight,
As on *this* theme, which angels praiſe and ſhare?
Man's fates and favours are a theme in heaven.
What wretched repetition cloys us *here!*
What periodic potions for the ſick!
Diſtemper'd bodies! and diſtemper'd minds!
In an *Eternity*, what ſcenes ſhall ſtrike!
Adventures thicken! novelties ſurpriſe!
What webs of wonder ſhall unravel, *there!*
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,

And

And light th' Almighty's footſteps in the deep!
How ſhall the bleſſed day of our diſcharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And ſtraiten its inextricable maze!
If inextinguiſhable thirſt in man
To know; how rich, how full, our banquet *there!*
There, not the *moral* world alone unfolds;
The world *material*, lately ſeen in ſhades,
And, in thoſe ſhades, by fragments only ſeen,
And ſeen thoſe fragments by the *lab'ring* eye,
Unbroken, then, illuſtrious, and intire,
Its ample ſphere, its univerſal frame,
In full dimenſions, ſwells to the ſurvey;
And enters, at one glance, the raviſht ſight.
From ſome ſuperior point (where, who can tell?
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reſide)
How ſhall the ſtranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vaſt ocean of unbounded ſpace,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the cryſtal waves of Ether pure,
In endleſs voyage, without port? The *leaſt*
Of theſe diſſeminated orbs, how great!
Great as they are, what numbers Theſe ſurpaſs,
Huge, as *Leviathan*, to that ſmall race,
Thoſe twinkling multitudes of little life,
He ſwallows unperceiv'd! *Stupendous* Theſe!
Yet what are theſe ſtupendous to the *whole?*
As particles, as atoms ill perceiv'd;
As circulating globules in our veins;
So vaſt the plan. Fecundity divine!
Exub'rant Source! perhaps, I wrong thee ſtill.
If admiration is a ſource of joy,
What tranſport hence! Yet this the leaſt in heaven.
What *this* to that illuſtrious robe *He* wears,

Who toſt this maſs of wonders from his hand,
A ſpecimen, an earneſt of his power?
'Tis to *that glory*, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meaneſt flow'ret to the ſun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this ſun of heaven?
This bliſs ſupreme of the ſupremely bleſt?
Death, only death, the queſtion can reſolve.
By death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;
The *bare* ideas! Solid happineſs
So diſtant from its ſhadow chas'd below.
And chaſe we ſtill the phantom thro' the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?
And toil we ſtill for ſublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, ſpider-like, ſpin out our precious All,
Our *more* than vitals ſpin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of ſubtle thought, and exquiſite deſign;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly!
The momentary buz of vain renown!
A *name!* a mortal immortality!
Or (meaner ſtill!) inſtead of graſping air,
For ſordid *lucre* plunge me in the mire?
Drudge, ſweat, thro' ev'ry ſhame, for ev'ry gain,
For vile contaminating traſh; throw up
Our hope in heav'n, our dignity with man?
And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold?
Ambition, *Avarice*; the two *dæmons* theſe,
Which goad thro' every ſlough our human herd,
Hard-travell'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches ſtoop! How ſteep they climb!
Theſe *dæmons* burn mankind; but moſt poſſeſs
Lorenzo's boſom, and turn out the ſkies.

To beings pompouſly ſet up, to ſerve
The meaneſt ſlave; *all more* is merit's due,
Her ſacred and inviolable right;
Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to ſuperior *worth*;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
And vote the *mantle* into majeſty.
Let the *ſmall ſavage* boaſt his ſilver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His *own*, deſcending fairly from his ſires.
Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
And ſouls in *ermin* ſcorn a ſoul without?
Can *place* or leſſen us, or aggrandize?
Pygmies are pygmies ſtill, tho' percht on *Alps*;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own ſtature, builds himſelf:
Virtue alone outbuilds the *pyramids*:
Her monuments ſhall laſt, when *Egypt*'s fall.
Of theſe ſure truths doſt thou demand the cauſe?
The cauſe is lodg'd in *immortality*.
Hear, and aſſent. Thy boſom burns for pow'r;
What ſtation charms thee? I'll inſtall thee there;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before*?
Then thou before waſt ſomething *leſs* than man.
Has thy new poſt betray'd thee into pride?
That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which *ſtaffs* or *ſtrings* can raiſe.
That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkneſs ſoars,
From blindneſs bold, and tow'ring to the ſkies.
'Tis born of *ignorance*, which knows not man:
An angel's ſecond; nor his ſecond, long.
A NERO quitting his imperial throne,

And

And courting glory from the tinkling ſtring.
But faintly ſhadows an immortal ſoul,
With empire's ſelf, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.
If nobler motives miniſter no cure,
Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.
High worth is elevated place: Tis more;
It makes the poſt ſtand candidate for Thee;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honeſt man;
Tho' no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth;
And tho' it wears no *ribband*, 'tis renown;
Renown, that would not quit thee, tho' diſgrac'd,
Nor leave thee pendent on a maſter's ſmile.
Other ambition *nature* interdicts;
Nature proclaims it moſt abſurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end;
Milk, and a ſwathe, *at firſt*, his whole demand;
His whole domain, *at laſt*, a turf, or ſtone;
To whom, *between*, a world may ſeem too ſmall.
Souls *truly* great dart forward on the wing
Of *juſt* ambition, to the grand reſult,
The *curtain*'s fall; *there*, ſee the buſkin'd chief
Unſhod behind this momentary ſcene;
Reduc'd to his own ſtature, low or high,
As vice, or virtue, ſinks him, or ſublimes;
And laugh at this fantaſtic mummery,
This antic prelude of groteſque events,
Where dwarfs are often ſtilted, and betray
A littleneſs of ſoul by worlds o'er-run,
And nations laid in blood. Dread ſacrifice
To *Chriſtian* pride! which had with horror ſhockt
The darkeſt *pagans*, offer'd to their gods.
O thou *moſt Chriſtian* enemy to peace!
Again in arms? Again provoking fate?
That prince, and That alone, is truly great,

Who draws the ſword reluctant, gladly ſheathes;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a ſcaffold to the ſkies.
Why *this* ſo rare? Becauſe forgot of all
The day of death; that venerable day,
Which ſits as judge; that day, which ſhall pronounce
On all our days, abſolve them, or condemn.
Lorenzo, never ſhut thy thought againſt it;
Be *levees* ne'er ſo full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the *cabinet*.
That friend conſulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.
To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is That *ambition?* Then let flames *deſcend*,
Point to the centre their inverted ſpires,
And learn humiliation from a ſoul,
Which boaſts her lineage from celeſtial fire.
Yet *theſe* are they, the world pronounces wiſe;
The world, which cancels nature's right and wrong,
And caſts *new* wiſdom! Ev'n the grave man lends
His ſolemn face, to countenance the coin.
Wiſdom for parts is madneſs for the whole.
This ſtamps the paradox, and gives us leave
To call the wiſeſt weak, the richeſt poor,
The moſt ambitious, unambitious, mean;
In triumph, mean; and abject, on a throne.
Nothing can make it leſs than mad in man,
To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
And give his ſoul her full unbounded flight,
But reaching *Him*, who gave her wings to fly.
When blind ambition quite miſtakes her road,
And downward pores, for that which ſhines above,
Subſtantial happineſs, and true renown;
Then, like an idiot, gazing on the brook,

We

We leap at ſtars, and faſten in the mud;
At glory graſp, and ſtalk in infamy.
Ambition! pow'rful ſource of good and ill!
Thy ſtrength in man, like length of wing in birds,
When diſengag'd from earth, with greater eaſe
And ſwifter flight tranſports us to the ſkies;
By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
It turns a curſe; it is our chain, and ſcourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
Cloſe grated by the ſordid bars of *ſenſe*;
All proſpect of eternity ſhut out;
And, but for *execution*, ne'er ſet free.
With error in *ambition* juſtly charg'd,
Find we LORENZO wiſer in his *wealth*?
What if thy rental I reform? and draw
An inventory *new* to ſet thee right?
Where, thy *true* treaſure? Gold ſays, "Not in me:"
And, "Not in me," the di'mond. Gold is poor;
India's inſolvent: Seek it in thyſelf,
Seek in thy naked ſelf, and find it there;
In *being* ſo deſcended, form'd, endow'd;
Sky-born, ſky-guided, ſky-returning race!
Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
In *ſenſes*, which inherit earth, and heav'n;
Enjoy the various riches *nature* yields;
Far nobler! *give* the riches they enjoy;
Give taſte to fruits; and harmony to groves;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire;
Take in, at once, the landſcape of the world,
At a ſmall inlet, which a grain might cloſe,
And half create the wond'rous world they ſee.
Our *ſenſes*, as our *reaſon*, are divine.
But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos ſtill.

Objects are but th' occaſion; ours th' *exploit*;
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which nature's admirable picture draws;
And beautifies creation's ample dome.
Like *Milton's Eve*, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchleſs image, man admires.
Say then, Shall man, his thoughts all ſent abroad,
Superior wonders in himſelf forgot,
His admiration waſte on objects round,
When Heav'n makes him the ſoul of all he ſees?
Abſurd! not rare! ſo great, ſo mean, is man.
What wealth in *ſenſes* ſuch as theſe! What wealth
In *fancy*, fir'd to forth a fairer ſcene
Than *ſenſe* ſurveys! In *mem'ry's* firm record,
Which, ſhould it periſh, could this world recall
From the dark ſhadows of o'erwhelming years!
In colours freſh, originally bright,
Preſerve its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in *intellect*, that ſov'reign pow'r!
Which *ſenſe* and *fancy*, ſummons to the bar;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
And from the maſs thoſe *underlings* import,
From their materials ſifted, and refin'd,
And in *truth's* balance accurately weigh'd,
Forms *art*, and *ſcience*, *government*, and *law*;
The ſolid baſis, and the beauteous frame,
The vitals, and the grace of *civil* life!
And *manners* (ſad exception!) ſet aſide,
Strikes out, with maſter hand, a copy fair
Of *His* idea, whoſe indulgent thought
Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* bliſs.
What *wealth* in ſouls that ſoar, dive, range around,
Diſdaining limit, or from place, or time;
And hear at once, in thought extenſive, hear

Th'

Th' Almighty *Fiat*, and the *Trumpet's ſound!*
Bold, on creation's outſide walk, and view
What was, and is, and *more* than e'er ſhall be;
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new in fancy's field to riſe!
Souls, that can graſp whate'er th' Almighty made,
And wander wild thro' things impoſſible!
What *wealth*, in *faculties* of endleſs growth,
In quenchleſs *paſſions* violent to crave,
In *liberty* to chuſe, in *pow'r* to reach,
And in *duration* (how thy riches riſe!)
Duration to *perpetuate*——boundleſs bliſs!

Aſk you, what *pow'r* reſides in feeble man
That bliſs to gain? Is *virtue's*, then, unknown?
Virtue, our preſent peace, our future prize.
Man's unprecarious, natural eſtate,
Improveable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure ſure; its income is divine.

High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then, make a richer ſcramble for the throng?
Soon as this feeble pulſe, which leaps ſo long
Almoſt by miracle, is tir'd with play,
Like rubbiſh from diſploding engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverſe; fly to foreigners, to foes;
New maſters court, and call the former fool
(How juſtly!) for dependance on their ſtay.
Wide ſcatter, firſt, our play-things; then, our duſt.

Doſt court abundance for the ſake of peace?
Learn, and lament thy ſelf-defeated ſcheme:
Riches enable to be richer ſtill;
And, *richer ſtill*, what mortal can reſiſt?
Thus wealth (a cruel taſk-maſter!) enjoins

New toils, ſucceeding toils, an endleſs train!
And murders peace, which taught it firſt to ſhine.
The poor are *half* as wretched as the rich;
Whoſe proud and painful privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double load of woe;
To feel the ſtings of *envy*, and of *want*,
Outrageous want! both *Indies* cannot cure.
A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not diſeaſe;
Sick, or incumber'd, is our happineſs,
A *competence* is all we can *enjoy*.
O be content, where heav'n can give no more!
More, like a flaſh of water from a lock,
Quickens our ſpirits' movement for an hour;
But ſoon its force is ſpent, nor riſe our joys
Above our native temper's common ſtream.
Hence diſappointment lurks in ev'ry prize,
As bees in flow'rs; and ſtings us with ſucceſs.
The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns;
Nor knows the wife are privy to the lye.
Much learning ſhews how little mortals *know*;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can *enjoy*:
At beſt, it babies us with endleſs toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to duſt.
As monkeys at a mirror ſtand amaz'd,
They fail to find what they ſo plainly ſee;
Thus men, in ſhining riches, ſee the face
Of happineſs, nor know it is a ſhade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wiſh, and wonder it is abſent ſtill.
How few can reſcue opulence from want!
Who lives to *nature*, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to *fancy*, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,

In

In debt to *fortune*, trembles at her pow'r.
The man of *reaſon* ſmiles at her, and death.
O what a patrimony this! A *being*
Of ſuch inherent ſtrength and majeſty,
Not worlds poſſeſt can raiſe it; worlds deſtroy'd
Can't injure; which holds on its glorious courſe,
When thine, O *Nature!* ends; too bleſt to mourn
Creation's obſequies. What treaſure, *this!*
The *Monarch* is a beggar to the Man.
Immortal! Ages paſt, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unſhorten'd by progreſſion infinite!
Futurity for ever future! Life
Beginning ſtill where computation ends!
'Tis the deſcription of a *Deity!*
'Tis the deſcription of the *meaneſt ſlave:*
The meaneſt ſlave dares then LORENZO ſcorn?
The meaneſt ſlave thy *ſov'reign* glory ſhares.
Proud youth! faſtidious of the *lower* world!
Man's *lawful* pride includes humility;
Stoops to the loweſt; is too great to find
Inferiors; all immortal! brothers all!
Proprietors *eternal* of thy love.
IMMORTAL! What can ſtrike the *ſenſe* ſo ſtrong,
As this the *ſoul?* It thunders to the thought;
Reaſon amazes; *gratitude* o'erwhelms;
No more we ſlumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the ſound, th' exulting ſoul aſcends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the ſtars.
Has not LORENZO's boſom caught the flame?
Immortal! Were but *one* immortal, how

Would

Would others envy! How would thrones adore!
Becauſe 'tis common, is the bleſſing loſt?
How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of heav'n!
O vain, vain, vain, all elſe! *Eternity!*
A glorious, and a *needful* refuge, *that*,
From vile impriſonment, in abject views.
'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's *pains*, *abaſements*, *emptineſs*,
The ſoul can *comfort*, *elevate*, and *fill*.
That only, and that amply, this performs;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;
Their terror *thoſe*, and *theſe* their luſtre loſe;
Eternity depending covers all;
Eternity depending all atchieves;
Sets earth at diſtance; caſts her into ſhades;
Blends her diſtinctions; abrogates her pow'rs;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and ſevere,
Fortune's dread frowns, and faſcinating ſmiles,
Make one promiſcuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath; if I may call him man,
Whom *Immortality*'s full force inſpires.
Nothing terreſtrial touches his high thought;
Suns ſhine unſeen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conſcious of their high deſcent,
Their preſent province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward ev'ry wiſh,
Warm on the wing, in glorious *abſence* loſt!
Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?
If earth's whole orb by ſome due diſtanc'd eye
Were ſeen at once, her tow'ring *Alps* would ſink,
And levell'd *Atlas* leave an even ſphere.
Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is ſwallow'd in *Eternity*'s vaſt round.
To that ſtupendous view, when ſouls awake,

So

So large of late, ſo mountainous to man,
Time's toys ſubſide; and *equal* all below.
Enthuſiaſtic, this? Then all are weak,
But rank enthuſiaſts. To this godlike height
Some ſouls have ſoar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled,
And all *may* do, what has by *man* been done.
Who, beaten by theſe ſublunary ſtorms,
Boundleſs, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?
What ſlave *unbleſt*, who from to-morrow's dawn
Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,
And, thron'd in thought, his *abſent* ſceptre waves.
And what a ſceptre waits us! what a throne!
Her own immenſe appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
In this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human ſoul divine!
Too great the bounty ſeems for earthly joy;
What heart but *trembles* at ſo ſtrange a bliſs?
In ſpite of all the truths the muſe has ſung,
Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!
Are there who wrap the world ſo cloſe about them,
They ſee no farther than the clouds; and dance
On heedleſs vanity's fantaſtic toe,
Till, ſtumbling at a ſtraw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and ſong?
Are there, LORENZO? Is it poſſible?
Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
Who lodge a ſoul immortal in their breaſts;
Unconſcious as the mountain of its ore;
Or rock, of its ineſtimable gem?
When rocks ſhall melt, and mountains vaniſh, *theſe*
Shall know their treaſure; treaſure, *then*, no more.
Are there (ſtill more amazing!) who reſiſt

The

The rising thought? Who smother, in its birth,
The glorious truth? Who struggle to be brutes?
Who thro' this bosom-barrier burst their way,
And, with reverst ambition, strive to sink?
Who labour downwards thro' th' opposing pow'rs
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night; night darker than the grave's?
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their engines, level their black fires,
To blot from man this attribute divine,
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise)
Blasphemers, and rank atheists to *themselves*?
To contradict them, see all nature rise!
What object, what event, the moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an after-scene?
To *reason* proves, or weds it to *desire*?
All things proclaim it *needful*; some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure*.
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
From *heav'n*, and *earth*, and *man*. Indulge a few,
By nature, as her *common habit*, worn;
So *pressing* Providence a truth to teach,
Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.
THOU! whose all-providential Eye surveys,
Whose Hand directs, whose Spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's Inhabitant august!
Of two Eternities amazing Lord!
One past, ere man's, or angel's, had begun;
Aid! while I rescue from the foe's assault
Thy glorious Immortality in *man*;
A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,

Of

Of moment infinite! but reliſh'd moſt
By thoſe who love Thee moſt, who moſt adore.
Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of Thee the Great *Immutable*, to man
Speaks wiſdom; is his oracle ſupreme;
And he who moſt conſults her, is moſt wiſe.
LORENZO, to this heav'nly *Delphos* haſte;
And come back all-immortal; all-divine:
Look nature through, 'tis *revolution* all;
All change; no death. Day follows night; and night
The dying day; ſtars riſe, and ſet, and riſe;
Earth takes th' example. See, the *Summer* gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrofial flowers,
Droops into pallid *Autumn*: *Winter* grey,
Horrid with froſt, and turbulent with ſtorm,
Blows *Autumn*, and his golden fruits, away:
Then melts into the *Spring*: Soft *Spring*, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the ſouth,
Recalls the *firſt*. All, to re-flouriſh, fades;
As in a wheel, all ſinks, to re-aſcend.
Emblems of man, who paſſes, not expires.
With this minute diſtinction, emblems juſt,
Nature revolves, but man *advances*; both
Eternal, *that* a circle, *this* a line.
That gravitates, *this* ſoars. Th' aſpiring ſoul,
Ardent, and *tremulous*, like flame, aſcends,
Zeal and *humility* her wings, to heav'n.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vaſt maſs, and ſhall for ever roll.
No ſingle atom, once in being, loſt,
With change of counſel charges the Moſt High.
What hence infers LORENZO? Can it be?
Matter immortal? And ſhall *Spirit* die?

Above the nobler, ſhall leſs noble riſe?
Shall Man alone, for whom all elſe revives,
No reſurrection know? Shall Man alone,
Imperial Man! be ſown in barren ground,
Leſs privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is Man, in whom alone is pow'r to prize
The bliſs of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the ſpleen of fate,
Severely doom'd *death*'s ſingle unredeem'd?
If nature's *revolution* ſpeaks aloud,
In her *gradation*, hear her louder ſtill.
Look nature thro', 'tis neat *gradation* all.
By what minute degrees her ſcale aſcends!
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
Parts, into parts reciprocally ſhot,
Abhor divorce: What love of union reigns!
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life;
Half-life, half-death, join there; here, life and ſenſe;
There, ſenſe from reaſon ſteals a glimm'ring ray;
Reaſon ſhines out in man. But how preſerv'd
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? thoſe realms of bliſs,
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy, part,
And part ethereal; grant the ſoul of man
Eternal; or in man the ſeries ends.
Wide yawns the gap; connexion is no more;
Check'd *reaſon* halts; her next ſtep wants ſupport;
Striving to climb, ſhe tumbles from her ſcheme;
A ſcheme, *analogy* pronounc'd ſo true;
Analogy, man's ſureſt guide below.
Thus far, *all nature* calls on thy belief.
And will LORENZO, careleſs of the call,

Falſe

False attestation on all nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with death?
Renounce his reason, rather than renounce
The dust belov'd, and run the *risque* of heav'n?
O what indignity to deathless souls!
What treason to the majesty of man!
Of man *immortal!* Hear the lofty style:
"If so decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.
"Let earth dissolve, yon pond'rous orbs descend,
"And grind us into dust. The *soul* is safe;
"The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck,
"As tow'ring flame from *nature*'s fun'ral pyre;
"O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
"His charter, his inviolable rights,
"Well-pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
"Death's pointless darts, and hell's defeated storms."
But these chimeras touch not thee, LORENZO!
The glories of the world thy sev'nfold *shield.*
Other ambition than of crowns in air,
And superlunary felicities,
Thy bosom warm. I'll cool it, if I can;
And turn those glories that inchant, againſt thee.
What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next.*
If wise, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure.
Come, my *ambitious!* let us mount together.
(To mount, LORENZO never can refuse);
And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
Look down on earth.—What seest thou? Wond'rous things!
Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies.
What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded seas!
Loaded by man, for pleasure, wealth, or war!
Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand;

What levell'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains ſumptuous cities ſwell,
And gild our landſcape with their glitt'ring ſpires.
Some mid the wond'ring waves majeſtic riſe;
And *Neptune* holds a mirror to their charms.
Far greater ſtill! (what cannot mortal might?)
See, wide dominions ravith'd from the deep!
The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
Or ſouthward turn; to *delicate* and *grand*,
The finer arts there ripen in the ſun.
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Aſcend the ſkies! the proud triumphal arch
Shews us half heav'n beneath its ample bend.
High thro' mid-air, *here*, ſtreams are taught to flow;
Whole rivers, *there*, laid by in baſons, ſleep.
Here, plains turn oceans; *there*, vaſt oceans join
Thro' kingdoms channel'd deep from ſhore to ſhore;
And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breaſt for formidable ſcenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the ſword?
See fields in blood; hear naval thunders riſe;
BRITANNIA's voice! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid-ſea, furious waves! Their roar amidſt,
Out-ſpeaks the Deity, and ſays, "O main!
"Thus far, nor farther; *new* reſtraints obey."
Earth's diſembowel'd! meaſur'd are the ſkies!
Stars are detected in their deep receſs!
Creation widens! vanquiſh'd *nature* yields!
Her ſecrets are extorted! *art* prevails!
What monument of genius, ſpirit, power!

And now, LORENZO! raptur'd at this ſcene,
Whoſe glories render heav'n ſuperfluous! ſay,
Whoſe footſteps theſe?—*Immortals* have been here.

Could leſs than ſouls immortal this have done?
Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of ſouls immortal;
And proofs of immortality *forgot*.
To flatter thy grand foible, I confeſs,
Theſe are *ambition*'s works: And theſe are great:
But *this*, the leaſt immortal ſouls can do;
Tranſcend them all—But what can theſe tranſcend?
Doſt aſk me what?—One ſigh for the *diſtreſt*.
What then for *infidels*? A *deeper* ſigh.
'Tis *moral grandeur* makes the mighty man:
How *little* they, who think aught *great* below!
All our ambitions death defeats, but one;
And that it crowns.—Here ceaſe we: But, ere long,
More pow'rful *proof* ſhall take the field againſt thee,
Stronger than death, and ſmiling at the tomb.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.